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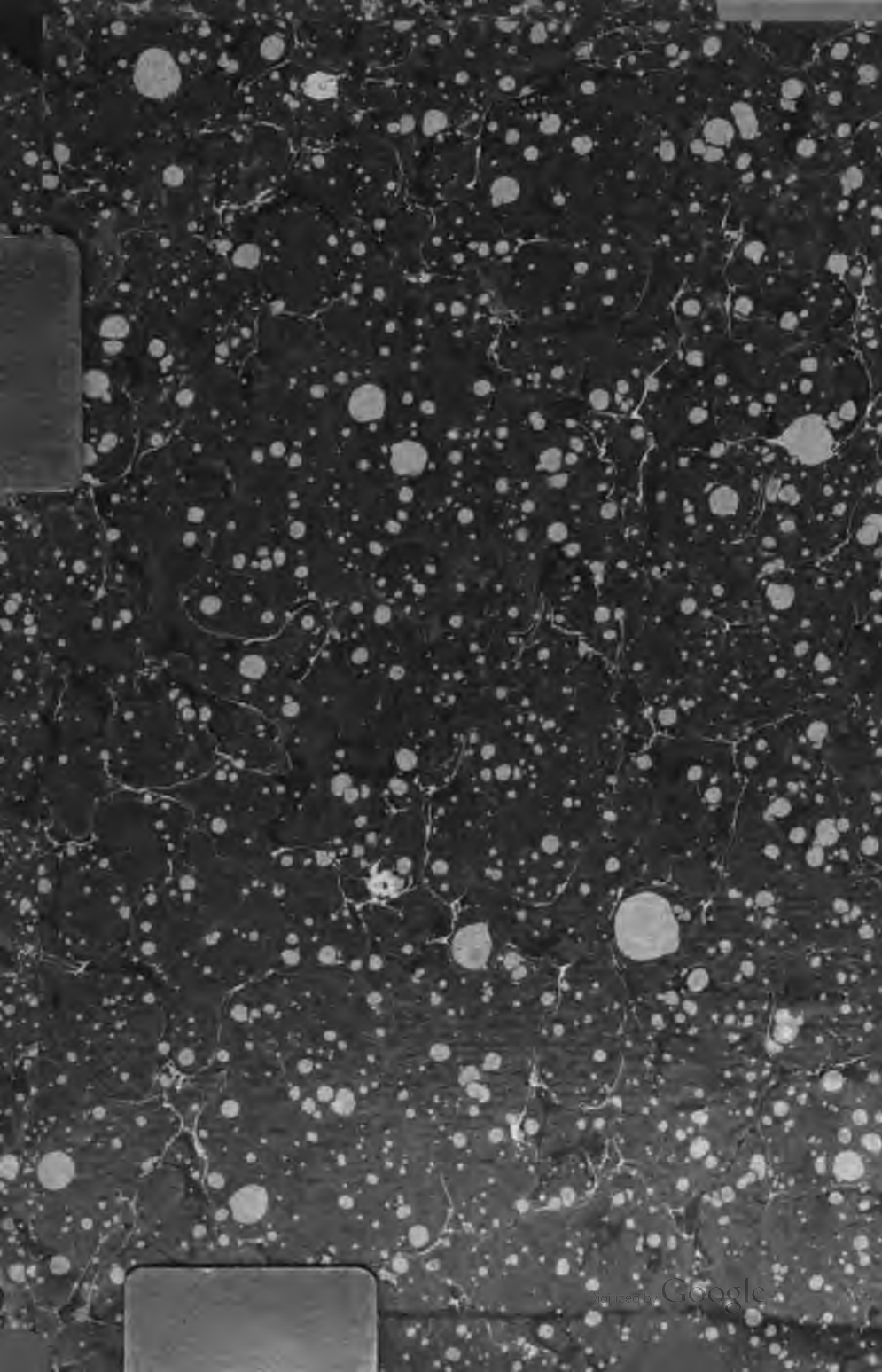
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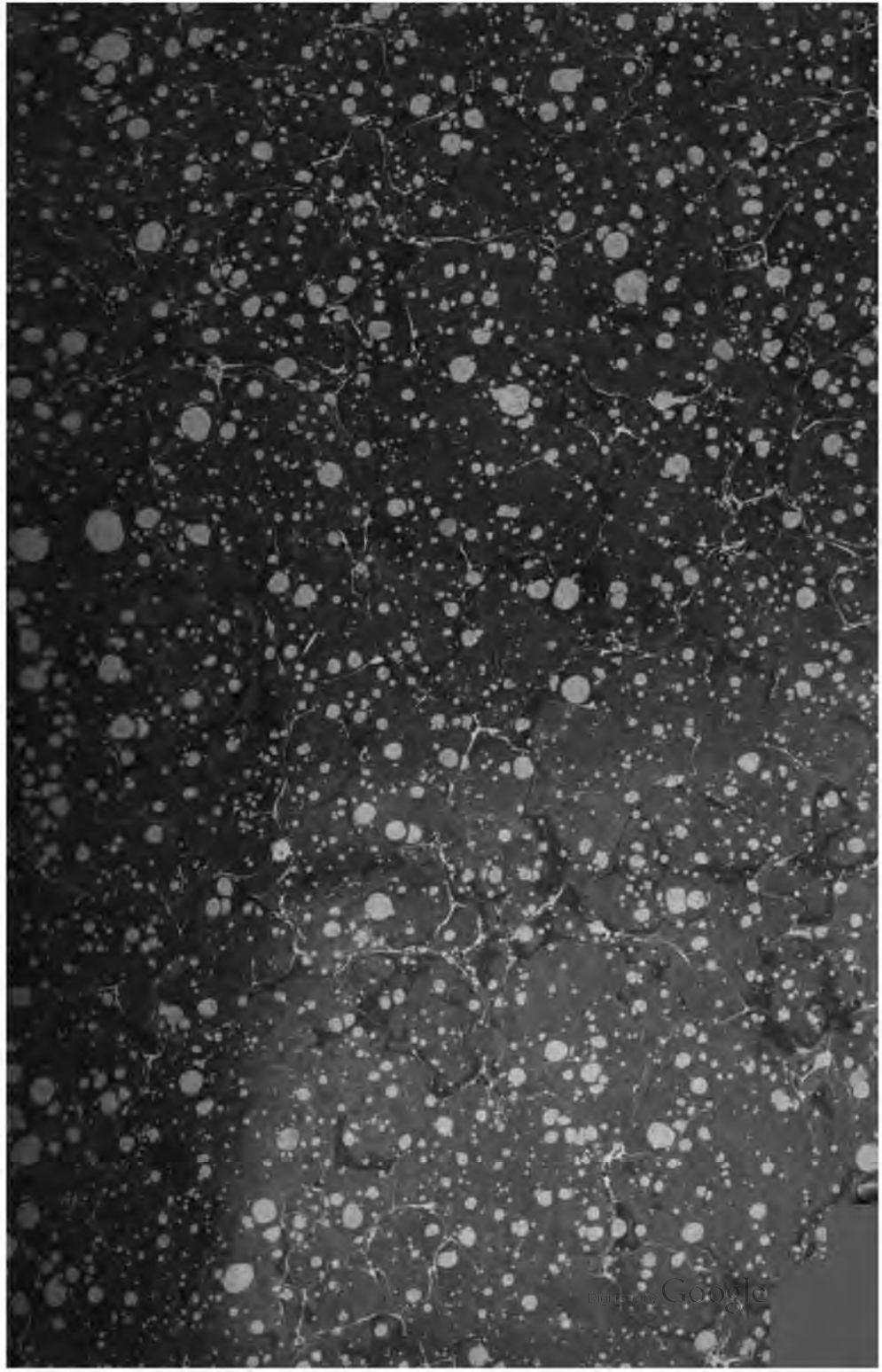
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IN a former article in this Review* we discussed the career of Charles William Ferdinand, Duke of Brunswick, up to the moment when, in August, 1792, he assumed the command of the allied army which was about to invade France, with the view of restoring order in Paris and maintaining Louis XVI. upon his throne. We now propose to follow his later career, which was as much marked by misfortune as the former part of his life had been distinguished by uninterrupted success, and we propose more particularly to examine the vexed historical problems associated with

* July 1897.

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the campaign of 1792, and the reasons which caused the reputation of the Duke, notwithstanding the failure of that campaign, to remain on the whole unimpaired, and to lead to his being again appointed to the command in 1806 in the final struggle with France. To the elucidation of this part of the life of the Duke a valuable contribution has been made by the recent work on the early 'Wars of the French 'Revolution' by M. Chuquet, the name of which stands at the head of this article: a work of thorough impartiality and showing great research, not only into the military events of the time, but also into the political causes which so largely influenced them. It further has the advantage of being founded upon a careful study, hitherto comparatively rare in French historians, of the German as well as of their own national authorities. The Memoirs of Field-Marshal von Boyen are those of a famous man who early in life, as one of the Duke's staff officers, was an eyewitness of the great disaster of 1806. The 'Life of Scharnhorst,' by Herr Max Lehmann, has at length given the world a worthy account of the noble character of the regenerator of the Prussian army, the commencement of whose career is so intimately connected with the closing chapter in the life of the Duke. The report of Marshal Davout on his share in the campaign of 1806, published by his great-nephew, the Duc d'Auerstädt, who recently visited this country as special Ambassador on the occasion of her Majesty's Jubilee, is an important document, and may be taken as the French pendant to the accounts of Scharnhorst and Boyen of the battle of Auerstädt.

The allied army did not reach the French frontier till August 23. The season was late for commencing operations, and the weather at once became detestable. The Austrians, as usual, arrived behind time, and not in the numbers which they had promised. The Duke already complained bitterly of the inefficiency of many of the generals to whom high commands had been assigned, and of the bad marching of some of his own troops. The season was unusually wet, and dysentery of a serious character began to make ravages in the camp. Discipline became relaxed and the effective number of the forces was thus quickly reduced. French historians have given glowing accounts of the splendid condition of the allied army, in order to heighten the contrast with their own new and inexperienced levies; but military eyewitnesses give a very different account of the relative condition of the opposing forces, especially as

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the campaign advanced, and the weather, which M. Chuquet says had decidedly taken sides with the Republic, grew worse and worse, and gradually turned the country into a swamp and made the roads impassable.* The Duke accordingly became more than ever determined not to advance upon Paris, but to hold to his own original conception of the plan of campaign, as described by himself in conversation with François de Custine. He desired to limit it to the capture of the fortresses—Longwy, Montmédy, Sedan—along the line of the Meuse, to outmanœuvre any French armies which might advance to their relief, and then occupy a strong position near the frontier, to form the base of the operations of the next campaign.† It was no part of this plan even to besiege Verdun. To plunge into the heart of France late in the autumn, with the fortresses uncaptured in his rear, and the country, notwithstanding all the promises of the *émigrés*, likely to prove hostile, was, he considered, an enterprise of a most doubtful character. The King, on the other hand, could see no difficulties, and was constantly pushed on by the *émigrés*, who promised that the country would rise in his favour, and that at least one of the French armies would desert. 'I do not at all understand the Duke,' Frederic William is reported to have said; 'he is always in want of 'five hundred men. Whatever directions are given, whatever 'expedition is confided to him, he always alleges a deficiency 'of forces. If I gave him two hundred thousand men, he 'will ask me for a second army, in order to be in a condition 'to act with the first.'‡ 'Let anybody,' Pellenc wrote to Pitt, 'judge the Duke by his conduct. To-day he is dis-'approving; he is combating every plan put before him, 'whether for the Prussian or for the allied army; and by 'these criticisms, which doubtless have an object, he pro-'longs a fatal inaction.'§ But though the Duke objected he yielded.

'Posterity,' says von Sybel in the estimate he makes of the Duke at this moment, 'will not deny him the possession of many of the highest qualifications for command. . . . But he loved too much to look at every side of a subject, and formed the habit, most questionable in a soldier, of recognising the relative claims of an opponent, of giving too great prominence to the difficulties of every

* Chuquet, 'Invasion Prussienne,' 107–112, 215–217. Valmy, 169, 224. Retraite de Brunswick, 253.

† Massenbach, i. 44.

‡ Mallet du Pan, Mémoires, ii. 503.

§ Correspondance de Mirabeau, iii. 396.

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undertaking and the weak points of every plan. As a natural consequence of this disposition, he was extremely unwilling to express an opinion, and liked better to hint at measures than openly to adopt and carry them out. Almost involuntarily he always prepared concealed and unobserved modes of operation. When met by opposition he became incapable of standing his ground, even against the narrowest and most one-sided views, if they were but maintained with warmth and decision. He was angry indeed with his opponents, and doubly so with himself for not being able to maintain the right; but he invariably yielded in every point. And what made the matter worse, he could not once for all entirely give up his own opinion; but partly from self-love, and partly from a sense of duty, he returned ingeniously enough to the course which he had abandoned, and in this way not infrequently incurred the suspicion of double-dealing.' *

These defects were closely allied to another—a pedantic attention to trivial details, which he ought to have been able to overlook altogether at serious moments. It may or may not be true that on one occasion, in 1806, he spent a long time in considering whether he ought to write 'Münchenholzen' or 'Münchholzen;' or that on another, having observed that the last battalions of the rearguard were not marching with the regularity usual on the parade-ground, he made them go back and march over the ground again. What is certain is that even so friendly a critic as Boyen expressed his sorrow at the amount of time he wasted and the attention he gave when on active service to 'Kamaschendienst,' † and at his apparent unwillingness or powerlessness to rise above it. Even the fact that such stories as the above could be invented and found credence, though possibly untrue, is sufficient. Nobody had ever asked that such things should be believed either of 'Uncle Ferdinand' or 'Uncle Fritz.'

The Duke began his concessions by agreeing to besiege Verdun after the fall of Longwy. In the defence published in 1795, which he inspired, and in his conversations with Massenbach, he distinctly states that the plan of campaign adopted was not his own, but was forced on him by the King, and that the King's plan was based on the promises of the *émigrés*, in which he did not believe. He points out that in consequence he was never more than a nominal commander-in-chief, and was obliged in essential matters to yield to 'des volontés supérieures.' The reason was, he said, that

'A king of Prussia is not a king of France—a Louis XIV.

* Sybel, ii. book iv. ch. i.

† 'Pipeclay' or 'red tape.' Boyen, i. 151.

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—who leaves to the Prince de Condé, or to Marshal Turenne, the entire disposal of events. The kings of Prussia are essentially a military family: in them centre during a campaign all the rays of the general direction, and the influence of a commander-in-chief is reduced to a reaction against them.' *

The proof of this was about to be seen. On September 5 Verdun fell, and the cry was 'Forward to Paris.'

'Those,' said Massenbach, 'who asserted that, immediately after the fall of that fortress, the army was to march on to the forest of Argonnes, had learnt the art of war among the Iroquois. † That the Duke might have acquired a greater reputation if in anger and discontent he had quitted the army which was devoted to him; if he had abandoned a King to whom he was devoted; and had deserted Prussia, which was to him a second fatherland—all this I am prepared to argue. But a real man respects his sense of duty more than his reputation, and it may be said in general that it was the constant fate of the Duke to sacrifice his reputation, as he eventually did his life, to the House of Hohenzollern.' ‡

It was accordingly determined to advance on Châlons, and so on Paris. The Duke, it then appears, first proposed to turn the long line of the forest of the Argonnes, into which the French army had thrown itself—the so-called Thermopylæ of France—by a movement in the direction of Bar-le-Duc, Revigny-aux-Vaches and Vitry-le-François, which would have enabled the army to debouch on to the plains to the south, where they could have used their cavalry and cut off the communication at once between Châlons and Paris and Metz and Châlons. But he allowed himself to be persuaded into abandoning this plan, because he would thereby have lost touch with the Austrians on his right. § Besides the route by Bar-le-Duc, there were two alternative lines for a march on Châlons and so on Paris. The first lay through the southern defiles of the Argonnes, known as Les Islettes, which Kalckreuth and the King wished to seize at once before the French had had time to fortify them. But the adoption of this plan meant an immediate attack and a pitched battle; and the Duke, objecting to the risk, characteristically attempted to get rid of the royal wishes by delays. In a few days he found the Islettes so strongly

* Lettre sur la Vie de Dumouriez, London, 1795.
† Massenbach, i. 54.
‡ Ibid. i. 51.
§ Chuquet, 'Retraite de Brunswick,' 252. Valmy, 87. Massenbach, i. 57.

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fortified as to justify his objection, and he then fell back on the second alternative route, that by the north, because it enabled him to keep in easy touch with his Austrian allies. He reckoned that, if he could turn the northern passes, the army of Dumouriez would be forced to evacuate them and the central pass of Grandpré as well without fighting.* The army accordingly moved forward, and the central defiles of the Argonnes were, as proposed, turned by a well-conceived series of manœuvres to the north, which, if slowly executed, owing to the terrible weather and the ravages of illness, were entirely successful. The weather prevented a vigorous pursuit, and saved the retreating French army from destruction on the plain of Montcheutain. Dumouriez was thus able to retire to the south on Ste. Ménehould, taking up a strong position with his back to the hills and forest, where he was joined by Kellermann coming from Metz, who would not have been able to do so if the Duke had moved his army round by Bar-le-Duc. The southern defiles, known as Les Islettes, lay behind the French generals, and were still occupied in force by General Dillon. The Duke then devised a second series of turning operations, of which the certain result—as the reader of M. Chuquet's narrative can hardly doubt—would have been to dislodge the French generals from their positions. 'A single 'manœuvre would have compelled Dumouriez to let go 'of the Argonnes and to retire, not without difficulty, 'behind the Marne.' † But these cautious counsels did not suit the bellicose humour of the King. Unable to realise the difficulties caused by the condition of the army, he had been greatly irritated because the Duke had not attacked Les Islettes and hotly pursued the retreating forces of Dumouriez, after the capture of the passes of Croix-aux-Bois and Grandpré; and now, deceived by some unauthentic intelligence brought in by General Köhler, he overruled the Duke's plan for a turning operation on the very day it was to commence. The Duke did not conceal his mortification. Massenbach met him just after he had received the Royal command. 'I never in my life saw him,' he says, 'more 'discontented, or the expression of his face look stormier. 'His cheeks glowed and his eyes flashed . . . But he 'rapidly resumed his self-command. I admired and I 'pitied him, for he was struggling with hostile fate.' ‡

* Chuquet, 'Valmy,' 90. † Ibid. 172, 173.
‡ Massenbach, i. 79, 80.

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The King now insisted on moving his whole army to the right bank of the Aisne, in order to place himself between Dumouriez and Paris, and so prevent the latter escaping him, instead of operating on the left bank as proposed by the Duke, who saw the danger of separating himself from his base and food supplies at Verdun, with both the river and the forest behind him, and therefore wished at all hazards to restore regular communications with Verdun by the capture of Les Islettes before moving on.* The practice of an army living on the country it invaded had not yet been introduced, and under any circumstances would have been difficult in this campaign, as the French had wasted Champagne. The question of supplies 'hung like a dead weight 'on our legs,' says Massenbach.† It was under these circumstances that the two armies at length stood face to face at La Lune and Valmy on September 20, the allied army being nearer Paris than the French, but at a great distance from its base and supplies and in danger of being entirely cut off from both if defeated. Why, it has often been asked, did the Duke refuse to allow a serious attack on the hostile position? Many answers have been given. The patriotic school of French historians have asked the world to believe that the armies of ancient Europe fled in terror before the courage and enthusiasm of the newly organised levies; in reply to which it has been repeatedly pointed out, not only that no real battle took place, but that the army of Dumouriez and Kellermann was largely composed of the line regiments of the old army of France. It was not till 1794, and under the organising genius of Carnot, that the new armies sprang into existence which were to overrun half Europe before the century was over. Another school of writers have declared that somewhere convincing evidence existed—only they could not produce it—that Dumouriez had taken advantage of the admiration for the Duke, which he shared with so many of the French generals, to open up negotiations with him, and had succeeded in bribing him with the spoils of the captured palaces of Paris into drawing off his army and retiring into Germany.‡ It is hardly

* Massenbach, i. 115. 'Ein heilloser Marsch' is the expression Massenbach applies to the King's strategy. It may be noted that the German army fought the battle of Gravelotte in a similar position, being nearer the French capital than the army of Marshal Bazaine.

† Ibid. i. 68.

‡ Beauchamp, 'Mémoires d'un Homme d'Etat,' whose statements are repeated by Menzel in his German history.

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necessary now to discuss these absurdities. The true explanation has already been indicated. It is admirably stated in detail by M. Chuquet. The Duke considered that his army was in so dangerous a position, owing to the adoption of the Royal plan, that he declined to expose it to the risk of a pitched battle, though from the King to the last private they were all clamouring for it. It is impossible to deny that on this occasion at least the Duke showed great strength of will. His army was decimated by illness and his field artillery was insufficient. The position of the French army at Valmy also, as he told Massenbach two days afterwards, had reminded him of one of his early checks in the Seven Years' War, when he attacked the Prince de Condé under a mistaken impression that the force in front of him was only a detachment, and was in consequence badly beaten.* But this was but a secondary reason for his decision. The real reason was the position of his force. The passage of the army to the right bank of the Aisne was the act of the King, and in the opinion of Massenbach an act of madness.† 'The situation in which his army stood, 'this was the great and real reason which induced the Duke 'to suspend the attack. . . . He was determined not to put 'himself at the mercy of a reverse.'

'The enemy,' wrote Lombard, the King's private secretary, 'had disappointed our hopes. Dumouriez and Kellermann had proved themselves generals not to be despised. They had chosen excellent positions; they had under their orders all that remained of the old French troops of the line; the volunteers helped by their numbers, and were in a position to render real services when attached to the veteran troops; their light cavalry was excellent, and quite fresh. Their army lacked nothing, and we—we lacked everything. They were well fortified in their positions, both front and rear, and their artillery was at least equal to ours. This was what prevented a decisive blow being struck.'‡

The affair at Valmy in itself was little more than a cannonade. The number of killed and wounded was insignificant. But the results were as important as if a great engagement had been fought and lost, and the cannonade has taken a place among the fifteen decisive battles of the world. 'From this place and from this day forth,' said Goethe, who accompanied the Duke of Weimar, 'commences 'a new era in the world's history; and you can all say that

* Massenbach, i. 99–102.
† Ibid. i. 78, 115.
‡ Chuquet, 'Valmy,' pp. 237–238, 242–243.

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'you were present at its birth.' 'The 20th of September,' said Massenbach, 'puts a new face on the world; it is the 'most important day of the century.' *

While the allied army was moving into France the complicated negotiations had been continuing, to which the second dismemberment of Poland projected by Russia and Prussia, and the various schemes of 'compensation' for not at first sharing in it put forward by Austria, had given rise. The Emperor, who was already beginning to show that he intended to be the successor of Joseph II. and not of Leopold II., was pressing for an exchange of the Austrian Netherlands for Bavaria, and the cession by Prussia of the Margraviates of Anspach and Baireuth, or the acquisition of the Sundgau or of part of Alsace, as an addition to his hereditary dominions. These proposals were viewed with alarm by the Prussian statesmen. Dumouriez had quite recently been Minister for Foreign Affairs, and both he and the ministers in Paris were aware of the mutual jealousies of the allies. He believed that he could hold out offers to Prussia of a separate peace with a reasonable prospect of success, thereby striking the first note of the policy which ended in the Treaty of Bâle. Very shortly after the battle of Valmy the news of the events of September and of the proclamation of the Republic had arrived. It became evident that the main object of the expedition, the rescue of the King and Queen of France from their durance in Paris, was no longer possible. With the approach of the winter season the position of the allied army on the right bank of the Aisne, with the forest of Argonnes and the uncaptured fortresses in their rear, was daily becoming more and more critical, and it would evidently be necessary either to advance and risk a battle or retreat. The weather was daily growing worse and worse, and was wasting the Prussian ranks. The moment therefore seemed to Dumouriez a favourable one to commence negotiations. The accidental capture of the King's private secretary, Lombard, opened the way, and the negotiations continued for ten days, and were prolonged by Dumouriez as long as there was any hope of severing Prussia from the Austrian alliance. When the King had definitely declined to give up his ally, and the French Government had equally definitely declined—probably to Dumouriez's disappointment—to make any concessions in regard to the King, the negotiations were then

* Goethe, 'Campaign in France,' 93. Massenbach, i. 94.

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skilfully prolonged by the Duke in order to gain time to withdraw his army from a situation which was now recognised to be utterly untenable, owing to the weather and the dysentery raging in his camp.

The Duke showed extraordinary skill in carrying out the retreat which had now become necessary. The caution and circumspection which impaired his talents as the leader of a forward movement disappeared when, as now, he was obliged to act, and to act quickly.* But, as M. Chuquet points out, it was afterwards universally recognised that the Prussian army owed their escape even more to the skill of the Duke as a diplomatist than as a general.† How completely he deceived Dumouriez and Westermann into thinking that he was really treating seriously, when he was only flattering them in order from day to day to gain precious time for his sickly and diminishing forces to move a step backward, can only be realised by the readers of the account given in the 'Retraite de Brunswick' of this 'great enigma of the Revolution,' an enigma which had baffled every historian till Sybel indicated the explanation, which M. Chuquet has completed and finally established. It was not till safely back on the right bank of the Meuse, which had it not been for his fatal want of determination he would never have quitted, that the Duke showed his true hand, and let the French generals understand that they had been nothing but dupes. 'Brunswick, 'pupil of Minerva as much as of Bellona, had succeeded in 'saving his army.'‡ But at the price of what sacrifices and of how much of his own reputation! Nor were the disasters of the year yet over, for in October Custine crossed the Rhine near Philippsburg, and by a bold dash captured Mayence and Frankfurt, thereby compelling the immediate evacuation of the remaining territories and fortresses still held on the Meuse by the Duke. Meanwhile Dumouriez had transferred his energies to the northern frontier, had gained the great victory of Jemmappes, and was overrunning Belgium.

And yet, in the teeth of these disasters, the allied sovereigns continued their quarrels and selfish rivalries. The King of Prussia demanded to be allowed to take a

* Chuquet, 'Invasion Prussienne,' 123.

† Chuquet, 'La Retraite de Brunswick,' 154.

‡ Pirbeck, 'Neue Bellona,' 1802, i. 161, quoted by Chuquet, 'Retraite de Brunswick,' 182.

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larger compensation out of Poland, if called upon to raise more than the 20,000 men originally stipulated and to enter on a second campaign against France. The Austrian proposals in regard to compensation in Bavaria and the Franconian Principalities he absolutely declined to entertain. The Emperor Francis II. thereupon definitely threw over the last remnant of even the pretence of following in the steps of the Emperor Leopold. A change of ministers took place at Vienna, which installed in power the unscrupulous Thugut, the statesman to whom Sybel, writing in 1867, said that France owed her victory in the Revolutionary War and Austria her position in Europe.* Thugut's whole energies were at once directed to securing a 'compensation' for his Imperial master in Germany if possible, as his predecessors in office had wished; but if that proved impossible, then in Alsace, and, failing everything else, in Poland itself.

Meanwhile France was about to enter on the career of aggression and conquest which did not finally terminate till 1815. But the King of Prussia, blind to the coming danger, and having now forgotten the original objects of the war, was all but entirely occupied in intricate negotiations for the enlargement of his own territories; and he decided that the campaign of 1793 must be limited to clearing Germany of the invader, and that above all things his Austrian allies were to be prevented getting a firm footing in Alsace, which, if once it became theirs, might give them a preponderating power in Western Germany. The Duke, on the other hand, believed that, if the war was extended to the expulsion of the French from the Netherlands and the protection of Holland from invasion, and if the Meuse fortresses and the valley of the Sarre were conquered, Prussia would be strong enough to hold her own against Austria when the final settlement came; and he wished to hit hard and end the war, in order to have a free hand as soon as possible in the east of Europe. As it was the evident intention of France to extend her borders, and as it was now clear that there was nothing to choose between the system of Louis XIV. and that of the Republic, he wished, notwithstanding his old French sympathies, to throw the utmost vigour into what had now become a struggle for national defence, as the Empire had now declared war against France. He intended to co-operate

* Sybel, 'French Revolution,' ii. book vi. ch. vi.

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effectually with the Duke of Coburg in the Netherlands and with Wurmser on the Rhine. But these ideas did not suit the King and his ministers, who wished to keep their army intact as far as possible for the conquest of Poland and a possible war with Austria, and were even inclined to negotiate with France, and to consider territorial concessions to the Republic on the left bank of the Rhine.

Within the limits dictated by this policy the campaign of 1793 had to be conducted by the Duke. From a purely military point of view the circumstances were not unfavourable. The King early in 1793 had left the headquarters of the army, and the disorganisation at headquarters in Paris greatly weakened the position of the French armies on the frontier. It was the time when Servan had quitted the War Office, and before Carnot controlled it; when Pache and Bouchotte were at the head of that department; when confusion and peculation reigned supreme; when the army which had conquered at Valmy and Jemmappes had been disorganised, and the army which was to conquer at Fleurus had not yet been formed; when Dumouriez had fled abroad; when Biron, Custine, Lückner, Houchard, Rochambeau, and Westermann were put on their trial and executed for imaginary offences; when Jourdan, Hoche, and Moreau had hardly been discovered; when the great cities of France were rising against the tyranny of the Commune of Paris and the Convention; and the Commune of Paris and the Convention were themselves engaged in internecine strife, and neither had as yet got the mastery.

Already before the end of the year 1792 the Duke had retaken Frankfurt. In April 1793 the French were driven out of the Rhenish Palatinate, and fell back on the lines of Weissenburg; Mayence was besieged and retaken on July 22. Landau alone remained in French hands, but was completely blockaded: otherwise Germany was now free of the invaders. The Austrians were equally successful in the Netherlands. The Duke now proposed to establish himself in a strong position on the heights of the Keltrich, near Pirmasens, with the main army, where he could stand between the French armies of the Moselle and the Rhine, 'so that he could roll up the 'former on the one side on his right wing, or turn the 'latter on the left wing of the lines of Weissenburg, by 'passing through the valley of the Lauter.'* All these

* Sybel, iii. book vii, ch. vi.

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operations were carried out with complete success. The army of the Moselle was entirely defeated, the Duke himself storming the heights of the Keltrich on August 13, and inflicting a bloody defeat upon the French at Pirmasens, when they endeavoured to recapture the position. On the 27th he announced to the King that 'now was the time for vigorous 'action; that the frontier would be crossed in two days' 'time; and that his position was so favourable that he 'should risk his military reputation by any longer in-'activity;'* and he insisted that, if no advance was to take place, he should receive written orders to that effect to justify his inaction. The King decided that it was dangerous to conquer too much, because his Cabinet feared that a great success on the western frontier would facilitate the Austrian designs, and the Duke had to remain in his position near Pirmasens. Owing to the utter disorder which had ensued after their defeat on the 16th, the French army was all but broken up; but Prussian diplomacy intervened to save it, and the Duke was forbidden to follow up his victory.

On October 13 the lines of Weissenburg were taken by a joint operation, directed by Wurmser and the Duke, which military authorities have pointed out could easily have brought about a complete rout of the enemy, if the Duke had not been expressly forbidden to do more than support Wurmser with 7,000 men. The net result of the campaign so far, however, was sufficiently ruinous to the French forces. Not a foot of German soil remained in their hands, except Landau; the Duke of Coburg had driven the French out of the Netherlands, and half of France was in rebellion against the capital. The allied army looked forward to an active invasion of France in 1794. But the army reckoned without its sovereign.† The Duke had to tell the Prince of Hohenlohe that they were forbidden to take advantage of the favourable opportunities which presented themselves of injuring the enemy. 'Think of me, Major,' he said after the battle of Pirmasens to Massenbach, 'on this 'occasion and of this hour, and recollect what I have the 'honour to tell you. We could have conquered France, 'but we are making her powerful, and we shall all go 'under.'‡

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* Wagner, 'Feldzug von 1793,' 146. Massenbach, i. 190.

† Sybel, iii. book viii. ch. ii.

‡ Massenbach, i. 197; ii. 39, 183, 184.

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By the end of December 1793 the Jacobin rulers of France, who had been at the helm since the fall of the Gironde and the disappearance of the first Committee of Public Safety in July, had restored order at the War Office; and new generals, capable of directing the armies of the Republic in the field, were rapidly brought to the front by the stress of events. The dreaded volcano, as the Duke had foreseen, was producing the progeny nursed in the crater. At the Keltrich and Pirmasens he had only had to contend with Landremont and Carlenc, but more serious adversaries were about to appear. Pichegru was placed in command of the army of the Rhine opposite to Wurmser, and Hoche of the army of the Moselle opposite to the Duke; and, finally, in order to put an end to rivalries, the Committee of Public Safety gave the supreme command to Hoche. Meanwhile, as if in order to mark the contrast, the jealousies and political illwill between the Courts of Berlin and Vienna daily grew worse, and were reflected in the operations of their generals. The Duke recognised the increasing strength and vigour of the enemy, and he chose for his winter quarters a formidable position a little in the rear of that which he had hitherto so successfully occupied. Thither, by a series of feigned movements, he drew Hoche and invited an attack, which developed into the great three days' battle of Kaiserslautern, fought on November 28, 29, and 30. On the second day the Duke became the attacking party. The long struggle ended in the total defeat of Hoche. As Langeron observed, the Duke had now gained one of the finest battles ever fought by the Prussian army,* but no pursuit was allowed. The French army was quickly reorganised, and Hoche delivered the next blow, not against the Duke, but against Wurmser. The Austrian army was narrowly saved from complete destruction. French writers have attributed Wurmser's escape mainly to the failure of General Donnadieu to carry out his orders, and to the thick fog which rose towards nightfall and confused their operations. But it was really saved by the operations of the Duke with his own army on the French left, and his splendid courage towards the end of the action, when he left his own army and seized the command of the disorganised left wing of the army of Wurmser.

'The Duke' (we quote M. Chuquet's account) 'throws himself in front of the Imperial troops. He rallies them; he drags them after

* Chuquet, 'Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace,' ch. iv.

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him, and, to quote the words of a Prussian officer, "seems the incarnate god of war." The Austrians recover confidence and courage. "The Duke," the cry goes up among the officers, "is commanding us; all will go well;" and the soldiers are heard exclaiming, "To the devil with Wurmser; long live the Duke!" Colonel Köckeritz brings up twelve pieces of artillery, and with them Colonel Klenau. "Come," the Duke calls out to Klenau, "come and share our glory or our death." "Yes," Klenau replies, "and I shall have the happiness of fighting under the eye of the greatest of generals." . . . Thanks to Brunswick, to his presence of mind and activity, the Austrian army was able again to form up behind the Lauter. The Duke was a hero on the field of battle. He then seemed to be himself again. He was once more, as in his youth, ardent, handy, quick to seize every occasion, risking his own life and hazarding it in the thickest of the fight. As one of his bitterest critics observed, he would have done well to have been always on horseback, and never to have sat down to his desk, where his mind allowed itself to be invaded and ultimately to be dominated by the scruples suggested by his excessive circumspection.' *

But the Austrian army, though saved from destruction, was none the less defeated. On December 28 the siege of Landau had to be raised, while Brunswick drew off his army in perfect order to the neighbourhood of Mayence. Once more the Duke had to show his extraordinary ability in commanding a retreat. 'Hoche,' says Marshal Governor St. Cyr in the account he has left of this campaign, in which he took a distinguished part himself, 'notwithstanding his recent successes, was unable to gain the day over so skilful a general as was the Duke of Brunswick.' † Brunswick's retreat, said Langeron, who, as an *émigré*, bore the Duke no love, was 'the *chef d'œuvre* of that far more able than honest general.' ‡

Meanwhile the King of Prussia, though no longer in a position to interfere with the daily direction of his army in the field, had involved his country in the negotiations which led to a separate peace between Prussia and France, and on January 9, 1794, the Duke, equally disgusted with the military and the political situation, conveyed his resignation in a letter to the King, in which he openly stigmatised the whole conduct of affairs.

'Suspicion, egotism, and the spirit of cabal,' he wrote, 'have in the

* Chuquet, 'Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace,' 190, and the authorities he there quotes.

† Mémoires sur les Campagnes des Armées du Rhin et de Rhin-Moselle de 1792 jusqu'à la Paix de Campo-Formio. Par le Maréchal Gouvion-St.-Cyr, Paris, 1829, i. 200.

‡ Chuquet, 'Hoche et la Lutte pour l'Alsace,' 238.

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two campaigns destroyed the results of every measure, and caused the failure of the projects concerted for the two armies. . . . The responsibility for the faults of others falls upon me. Prudence requires, honour demands, resignation. When a great nation like the French is pushed on by the fear of punishment and by enthusiasm into great actions, a single will and but one principle ought to preside over the steps of the allies; but when, instead of this, each army acts by itself without fixed plan, without unity, without principle, and without method, the results are what have actually been seen at Dunkirk, in the raising of the siege of Maubeuge, in the sack of Lyons, in the destruction of Toulouse, and in the raising of the siege of Landau.' *

'Yonder,' said Massenbach, after taking leave of his general on the bridge at Mayence, 'goes the only man in 'Germany with the ability to save the country, and he 'refuses to do it.' † We have dwelt at some length on these events, as they explain why it was that the Duke's military reputation survived the campaign of 1792. The failure of that campaign was known to be due to the personal intervention of the King, and it was not want of military skill, but of moral determination, with which the Duke was reproached. Pirmasens and Kaiserslautern were real victories, and they restored confidence. The army still believed in him. They saw him like some ancient hero of German legend, as they thought, the victim of evil enchantments; but they believed he would yet shake himself free from the meshes which had been cast around him, and trample his enemies underfoot.

'The Duke at this time,' says Massenbach, 'was in the full vigour of life. . . . He was not only the best informed prince of his age, but his insight into affairs would have raised any private individual to an exalted station. He would never have been so unfortunate as he afterwards was if he had possessed self-confidence and had grasped the helm of the State. It must be a subject of eternal regret that he could never be induced to rise to the height of this idea. He recognised the necessity, but shrank back before the difficulties of carrying it out.' . . . 'He had only to desire it, and London, Vienna, and Berlin would have fulfilled his wishes. He had strength enough in himself to save Germany. That he would not exert that strength must be his eternal reproach.' ‡

In conversation with Lord Malmesbury the Duke distinctly attributed all the troubles and misfortunes which had occurred to the King. He was asked, on behalf of the British Government, if he would resume the command. 'Not if the King goes,' he replied. 'It is out of the

* Massenbach, i. 366. † Ibid. i. 259.
‡ Ibid. i. 234; ii. 114.

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'question for me once more to expose myself to all the 'humiliations I have had to undergo. The King loses half 'the day in talking and eating; he is not aware that in 'war every moment is precious.' Prussia, he went on to declare, had no longer any system, and never would have one while the reign lasted. In strong language he described the vices and the weakness of the Cabinet, and the way they made their influence felt in the army. 'An army 'ought to be nothing but a machine; directly it is any-'thing else, it becomes the instrument not of the protec-'tion but of the destruction of the State.' . . . 'The late 'King knew how to change all this with a glance.'* Frederic William had placed him in an 'incredible posi-'tion,' for he affected to be always waiting for a plan of campaign from the Emperor, and left his generals in the dilemma thereby created. During the siege of Mayence, Lucchesini had said, 'When this is over we must do as 'little as possible, and leave the rest to the Austrians,' and he was believed to have suggested to the King, after the victory of Pirmasens, 'that the Duke knew perfectly 'well how to win battles; only he took care to do so when 'his Majesty was absent:' an innuendo which fell on willing ears, as Frederic William had never forgiven the Duke for refusing to attack at Valmy and thereby depriving him, as he believed, of an opportunity of gaining eternal glory.†

Lord Malmesbury was at Brunswick in 1795, occupied in negotiating the marriage of Princess Caroline with the heir to the British crown, and also charged to ascertain if the Duke could be persuaded to take the command in Holland, now threatened with conquest owing to the divisions of the allies and the want of authority of the nominal commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, who was emulating the former achievements of the Duke of Cumberland. Similar appeals reached the Duke from Moellendorff, who had succeeded him in the command on the Rhine. But he met all these appeals with a refusal. With the King he would not act; against his wish he dared not act. Under the existing conditions, he said he could do nothing effectual, as there was no guarantee for unity in the command, and he declined any longer to be put in the pillory for the faults of others. He emphatically declined, after his experience in 1792, to be reduced to the position of a 'Marshal of the

* Malmesbury, iii. 166, 167, 206.

† Ibid. iii. 180. Massenbach, i. 195.

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'Court,' working by objections and criticisms, instead of being a real commander-in-chief, and certain of obedience. *

'An old man of sixty,' he wrote to Massenbach, 'would deserve to be the laughing-stock of his contemporaries if he took mists for realities, words for deeds, and war as nothing but the means of spending time agreeably for a few hot-heads, who seldom if ever know how to make their means correspond with their ends. With them foresight is timidity; knowledge of the ground and the rules of tactics mere pedantry. Disconnected undertakings, on the other hand, are regarded as the inspirations of genius and as heroic deeds. In such a state of affairs, to keep clear of self-contradictory undertakings is the only justification for the past and the only defence for the future.' †

As for the projected treaty and the proposed cession of the left bank of the Rhine, it would simply, he said, enable the French at an early date by one leap to reach the Weser and the lands of the Prussian crown. In the letters of Lord Malmesbury we trace how nevertheless the French party at Berlin led by Prince Henry gradually got the upper hand, and how the Duke all the time was struggling between conflicting emotions —on the one hand his hatred of the new policy, on the other his fear of alienating the Court of Berlin beyond hope of reconciliation. The Peace of Bâle—'that predatory alliance,' as the British diplomatist termed it—was the ultimate result. Prussia stepped down from her high position among the nations. By one disgraceful set of transactions she had indeed extended her eastern frontier, but at the cost of bringing Russia on to the line of the Boug; by another she now abandoned her allies, and allowed France to dominate Western Germany from the left bank of the Rhine. Such was the net result of the abandonment of the policy of Pitt and Hertzberg in favour of that of Lucchesini and Haugwitz, of Lombard and Prince Henry. The loss of the buffer States, east and west, was, in the opinion of the Duke, fatal to Germany, and still more so to Prussia, as she had no natural frontiers, and had therefore to trust entirely to fortresses for the defence of her extended boundaries. Meanwhile, nothing had been done for the reform of the constitution of the Empire, which, reeling under the heavy blows it had received, seemed to be helplessly waiting for the hand of the executioner.‡

The Duke remained in political retirement till the death

* Massenbach, ii. 26, 35, 52.

† Ibid. ii. 134.

‡ Ibid. ii. 58, 103. Malmesbury, iii. 196–199.

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of Frederic William II. in 1797 brought about a change. At the Court of Frederic William III. and Queen Louise the Duke resumed his influence and once more found himself in the position which he had occupied in 1786, of being able to hold the helm of the State if only he could be persuaded to act. All the old military reputations had been destroyed, except his; and once more all eyes looked towards him. Some there might be like Kalckreuth, between whom and the Duke there was a feud of long standing, who said that it was their belief that the Duke had been specially born for the destruction of Prussia. But they were the minority; and Kalckreuth was a universal critic and detractor.* The general belief was that there yet remained one man who in the hour of need might step forth to save Europe. The army of the Great Frederic still existed, and the right-hand of his later years was yet alive, with a reputation still high, and enveloped in a mystery which cast a curious and disconcerting glamour on friend and foe alike. In civil affairs his reputation had, if possible, increased by contrast with the fatuous conduct of the other minor princes of Germany. He was admittedly the wisest and most successful ruler in the land. But he met every suggestion that he should insist on becoming a sort of High Constable at Berlin with a refusal. 'Providence,' he said, 'has entrusted me with the 'government of a State of my own. I am the hereditary 'administrator of my people. That is the first duty I have 'to fulfil,' and from Brunswick and the Northern army, of which he had accepted the command, he refused to stir except under orders from the King.†

Such orders came in 1799, when Suwarrow was driving the French out of Italy and the Archduke Charles, in the greatest of his campaigns, had been equally successful in Germany. The Duke was then of opinion that the moment was now come for crushing the Power which in fighting ancient Europe seemed to have caught from the statesmen and kings whom it had overthrown the reckless greed for aggrandisement which had distinguished the eighteenth century.‡ He wished to call upon France to restore the

* Malmesbury, iii. 155. Gentz, 'Mémoires et Lettres Inédits,' 286. Boyen, i. 157.

† Massenbach, i. 229, 230.

‡ See the observations of M. Sorel, 'L'Europe et la Révolution Française,' vol. i. book i. ch. i. section iii. 'La Raison d'État.'

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independence of Holland and to evacuate the territory between the Rhine, the Meuse and the Moselle. But the King, after much hesitation, eventually determined on peace, and the Duke as usual submitted.*

Two possible policies now existed for Prussia: either a frank opposition to France, which meant war, or the alliance which Napoleon professed to offer. Each required a strong will to carry out, but at Berlin no strong will existed. Neither policy was really pursued, and the ship of the State never followed a steady course for long together. The position of Prussia became more and more critical. Frederic William III. found himself in 1800 threatened with having to choose between an overt attack from the half-insane Emperor Paul and joining Russia in the Armed Neutrality. The latter meant a rupture with England. We find the Duke at this time busily engaged in a plan for the defence of the eastern frontier against a Russian attack, and under orders to occupy Hanover, if necessary, to prevent a foreign occupation.† The assassination of the Emperor Paul only just warded off these dangers in time. Then came the occupation of Hanover in 1802 by France, and the tame submission of the King. But the internal dangers were even worse than those which threatened from beyond the borders, as the Treaty of Luneville, followed by the Principal Resolutions of the Imperial Deputation of 1803, transformed the internal constitution of the Empire, abolished nearly all the ecclesiastical States, and destroyed the immediate nobility of the Empire. Prussia and the Principality of Brunswick both indeed profited territorially by these arrangements; but the broad result was that while they destroyed the hegemony of Austria in Germany, they did not substitute that of Prussia. At such a juncture, the burden of kingship would under any circumstances have been no easy charge, but unfortunately the private virtues of Frederic William III. were not equalled by any corresponding mental capacity. Prussia had no doubt thus far shared in the spoils, but the wiser heads saw that a struggle was none the less inevitable. The contest between the National and the French party at Berlin was continuous, and the advantage swayed now to one side, now to the other. An obstinate determination to preserve neutrality, arising more from a conscious sense of personal weakness than from any

* Life of Stein, vol. i. ch. iv. Massenbach, iii. 88.

† Massenbach, iii. 441.

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well-considered political plan, was the main characteristic of the King. A nature so constituted naturally sought for reliance on some established reputation, and it was to the Duke that the King instinctively looked, but unfortunately looked in vain. The Duke would obey orders, but could give none. As usual, he was torn by contrary emotions, and listened to conflicting advice. Massenbach had joined the French party and wished to enter frankly into an alliance with Napoleon, to be directed against Russia, which he declared was the robber of the earth, and against England, which he denounced as the pirate of the seas. But the Duke, notwithstanding his old dislike and suspicion of Russia, considered France 'the true enemy and the origin 'of every trouble' since 1793.* In this conviction he was greatly strengthened by an influence which was now beginning to make itself felt in his inner circle at Brunswick.

When all is said and done, perhaps the best title to the gratitude of Germany which the Duke can claim is that through his keen appreciation of merit, Scharnhorst first entered the Prussian service and rose to a high position. The Duke, while in command of the Army of Observation by which after the Treaty of Bâle the neutral territories within the line of demarcation marked out by that treaty were garrisoned, was brought into contact with Scharnhorst, while still in the Hanoverian service, and tried to induce him to enter the Prussian army, but the offer at the time was refused. It was renewed and finally accepted in 1801, and Scharnhorst began the career which brought about the reform of the Prussian army, first as one of the professors in the Military Academy at Berlin, where he was the colleague and rival of Massenbach, and afterwards as quartermaster-general of the north-western division of the Prussian army, commanded by the Duke himself; though it is true that the support given by the Duke to his plans of reform was characterised by his usual extreme circumspection, by hesitations and qualifications of every kind, and the difficulty complained of by Hardenberg many years before in plainly saying 'yes' or 'no.'

The history of the campaign of 1806 has often been written, and it is beyond the scope of this article to do more than briefly to point out the salient points in it which illustrate the character of the Duke and determine his share of the responsibility for the great disaster which over-

* Massenbach, ii. 35, 84.

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whelmed the Prussian monarchy at Jena and Auerstädt, on the latter of which two stricken fields his own career terminated in death. By the end of 1804 he had made up his mind that the boundless ambition of the French Emperor, and the arrogance of his generals and diplomatists, made it a mere matter of time when Prussia would have to enter the lists. There was yet another reason. The occupation of Hanover by France in 1802, in defiance of the terms of the Peace of Bâle, brought the enemy into the immediate neighbourhood of his own Principality. The close connexion of Brunswick with the Electorate made it only too probable that the seizure of the latter would, on the first convenient pretext, be made the excuse for some claim on the former, especially as the little State would evidently be a welcome addition to the realms of the new kinglets and princelings who were springing into existence under the wing of France. The districts in Western Germany belonging to Prussia were even more exposed to danger. The general staff of the Prussian army was now divided into three large divisions, of which the first was to occupy eastern, the second central, and the third, north-western Germany, which was the certain seat of the coming war. On March 26, 1804, the Duke appointed Scharnhorst quartermaster-general of the north-western army, and assumed the active command himself. Scharnhorst now became the confidential adviser of the Duke, and his active hand may be traced throughout all the subsequent events. It is worth noting that in one of the notes made at that period, Scharnhorst expresses his belief that the principal danger of the future would be that the Duke would be paralysed by 'higher commands;'* for it became clear that the French party at Berlin, represented, since the death of Prince Henry, in the army by Kalckreuth and Massenbach, and in diplomacy by Haugwitz, were more active than ever, and were constantly engaged in thwarting those who recognised that the crisis was near, and that the only question open was that of time and opportunity. Kalckreuth also, 'that nature composed of nothing but spite and criti-'cism,'† was busily engaged in throwing the weight of his high reputation into the scale against the plans of military reform advocated by Scharnhorst. Nor did he stand alone. The net result was that when the war at last came, the

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 345, 'höhere Instructionen.'

† Boyen, i. 157.

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army, to quote von Boyen's own words, was in that most dangerous of all conditions, that of being half reformed. 'New and old were mixed up together in variegated fashion, 'and the Prussian army was no longer an effective field 'force.' There was, above all, in Boyen's opinion, one terrible gap in the army. While the older men had had the experience of actual warfare, and the youngest had learnt the last lessons of modern military art in the Academy at Berlin, the great mass of the higher officers had neither experience nor knowledge, and their ignorance was only equalled by their conceit.*

In 1805 Napoleon again invaded Austria, and the opportunity of the war party at Berlin came, when the French army, on the way to Vienna, deliberately violated the Prussian territory of Anspach. War was now regarded as certain. On October 24 the Duke took the command of the army, establishing his headquarters at Hildesheim, with Scharnhorst as chief of a staff almost entirely composed of the younger officers belonging to the new military school in which he had taught.† The French army under Bernadotte was at once called upon to evacuate Hanover, as being neutral territory within the terms of the Treaty of Bâle. Napoleon at the moment, not thinking it convenient to bring a new enemy on himself at once, ordered Bernadotte to retreat on Hameln and evacuate the country before the advancing army of the Duke. The result was certainly a victory for Prussia, and the decision with which the whole affair had been conducted—for had Bernadotte resisted, open war would have been the immediate result—did much to restore moral as well as military confidence. Scharnhorst now implored the Duke that the general direction of the Prussian forces should not be too much to the north-west, as the French were advancing through the valley of the Danube, and it was there that the real struggle —if struggle there was to be—must take place. Nor was there any difference so far between him and the Duke. 'In the warlike surroundings of his headquarters the Duke 'became another man. He was constantly complaining of 'the intolerable slowness of the march of the Prussian 'troops; he demanded the concentration of all the forces 'of the country, wherever they could be got from. With 'them,' he said, 'they must without delay fall upon the 'army of Napoleon, deprive it of the reputation of invinci-

* Boyen, i. 195, 199–218. † Life of Scharnhorst, i. 351.

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'bility, and liberate Europe of the shame which it had 'endured for all those years. Already the persuasion was 'overmastering him that all their efforts might come too 'late.'* If Austria were to fall, he kept repeating, 'our 'turn will come next, and then those will be at last convinced 'who reckoned on France, and considered Prussia's separa-'tion from the common interests of Europe to be a happy 'event.' He sent a plan to Berlin, elaborated by Scharnhorst, for an advance to the south, so as to strike a blow at the French left flank, and cut off their communications, while leaving a sufficient force to watch Bernadotte at Hameln. But if such was the language of the Duke in his camp, he was unable to hold the same firm language at Berlin in the face of the King, who, while approving the plan of the Duke, was determined to maintain peace, if possible, at almost any price, and was supported by Haugwitz, Lombard, and Lucchesini.

Amongst the officers of the staff at this time was Boyen. In his Memoirs he describes his general as he appeared to him at the time.

'The Duke of Brunswick,' he says, 'in his earlier military career had given fine evidences of personal decision and military foresight, and was certainly one of the best-informed princes and most worthy of honour who ever lived. Very few men can exist able to converse in so intellectual and also attractive a manner as this Prince knew how to do. His successful campaign in Holland and some parts of his conduct of the campaign on the Rhine had given him so considerable a reputation as a commander, that the abortive undertaking in Champagne was not able to overcloud it. Great acquired military knowledge, both of the details and of the wider aspects of his profession, were united in him in an uncommon degree; and when you add to all this that he was also greatly to be respected in the government of his own Principality, which, even in his old age, both through his own outward demeanour and the real activity of his conduct, made an excellent impression on all, nobody can fail to acknowledge that the portrait I have drawn, which is one true to life, presents to you a man who was no ordinary personality.' †

But, he continues, all these fine qualities were impaired and rendered well-nigh useless by serious failings: the failings of which we have already heard from other and no less friendly sources: the nervous dread of impairing his old reputation; an absurd attention to petty details, of which Boyen gives several amusing instances; and especi-

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 355.

† Boyen, i. 151.

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ally a total inability, as a rule, to assert himself against the King when their opinions differed, as they generally did. 'Was this the man,' Boyen asked himself, 'who 'could command successfully against Napoleon?' These failings were about to make themselves felt, as they had in 1792. The Duke, at the royal command, had gone to Berlin. There he first of all allowed himself to be persuaded that Napoleon would not dare to cross the Isar, leaving the Tirol still unconquered on his right flank; then, when this anticipation turned out to be incorrect, he made a set of calculations suggestive of Massenbach, 'like a chess-player,' as to the future developement of the campaign, and told Haugwitz not to allow hostilities to commence before December 15, because he did not wish to move his army southwards till the West Prussian regiments had arrived on the Elbe to replace them, and because he wanted to give full time to the Russian army to get into touch with the Austrians. He also apprehended an attack on North-Western Germany by the French army stationed in Holland, and wished to provide fully against it. But the Duke had not been able to include in his calculations the rash folly of the youthful Emperor Alexander of Russia, who, on December 2, contrary to the advice of his generals, forced on the battle of Austerlitz; nor the fact that Haugwitz not only deliberately wasted time on his journey to Vienna, whither he had gone as the bearer of the Prussian ultimatum, but also had secret instructions from the King, given apparently at the last moment, on no account whatever to allow war to take place.* Then followed the fall of Hardenberg, who was the incarnation of the patriotic policy, the demobilisation of January 24, 1806, and the disgraceful transactions in which Prussia, through Haugwitz, accepted Hanover as a bribe for neutrality, and thereby involved herself in a breach of faith, which led England to declare war against her on June 11. This wretched display of weakness and crookedness only courted fresh affronts from France, which began to treat Prussia as an already half-conquered province; affronts which, in 1806, at last brought about the long-looked-for outbreak of hostilities.

In the interval the Duke had undertaken a journey to St. Petersburg which has remained celebrated, as the results, to quote the words of Sir John Seeley, 'cleared away much ill-

* Laforest to Talleyrand, January 5, 1806. French Archi quoted in the 'Life of Scharnhorst,' i. 354.

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'feeling, and paved the way to that friendly relation between 'the two Courts which lived on through all vicissitudes to 'the end of the European war, and was a principal cause 'of the overthrow of Napoleon.'* The Duke had to explain the conduct of Haugwitz; and the conduct of Haugwitz was not easy to explain. He was instructed to say that the occupation of Hanover was the only means of preventing the Electorate becoming French territory; that there was no intention of maintaining an effective alliance with France—only a strict neutrality was intended; that neutrality was probably the best policy both for Russia and Prussia; that it seemed to the King and his advisers that the continuance of a policy of determined hostility to France had resulted mainly in creating a commercial monopoly for England on the seas and the domination of Napoleon on the Continent. These official utterances met with scant favour at St. Petersburg, although the Emperor and his Court were prodigal in their manifestations of respect for their bearer, whom it was sought to distinguish from the ministers whom he represented. The Duke, it cannot be doubted, really accepted the mission not to explain a policy he detested, but in order to provide for joint military action, in view of the future eventualities. The Emperor Alexander frankly told him that he could not approve the conduct of Prussia, and that war was none the less certain because of the weak surrender made by Haugwitz. 'The sword of the great Frederic will have 'yet to be drawn, and then,' said the Emperor, 'I shall 'serve under your orders, and it will be my glory to learn 'the art of war in your school.' The Duke returned to Berlin with a proposal from the Emperor, under which Prussia, in the event of further unsatisfactory conduct on the part of France, should be able to call on her Russian ally, and was to be entitled to the support of all the forces of the empire. It was arranged that the further progress of this negotiation should be secretly entrusted to Hardenberg, who was then living in a nominal retirement from affairs.†

Considering his views in the previous year, it would appear probable that when at Berlin the Duke insisted on the desirability of Prussia not declaring war until the

* Sir John Seeley, 'Life of Stein,' i. ch. v.

† For an account of this negotiation, see Thiers, 'Consulat et Empire,' vi. livre xxiv. 422–28.

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Russian army had had time to come up. He expressed the opinion that the Prussian army alone was not equal to the struggle. Of those on whom he would have to depend most as colleagues, he had but a poor opinion. Moellendorff, he said, was a dotard; Rüchel a vain-glorious boaster; Kalckreuth a bilious critic of everything; and most of the generals of division were men of routine and without talent. 'Were 'these the men,' he asked, almost repeating the words of Boyen about himself, 'with whom he was to be called upon 'to fight and beat Napoleon?' He now put forward a plan by which Hanover might, with the consent of George III., become Prussian as part of a general European settlement which should include France. These timid counsels —as they seemed to the war party—becoming known, led to a placard being attached to the back of his carriage, on his return journey to Brunswick from Berlin, with the words 'Prince of Peace' written upon it.

Private grief came at this moment to darken the horizon. The Duke's eldest son had died childless on September 20; the second was idiotic; the third was blind. The Duke was himself seventy-one years of age, and at any moment his own life might be endangered on the battlefield. It became necessary to obtain renunciations of their rights to the succession from his second and third sons, and to resettle it on the fourth son and his heirs. With this son the Duke's relations had not been happy, as the Prince shared few of his father's tastes and ideas, outside the military profession; and even in this was little more than a born fighter. Perhaps it was even a greater grief that Mlle. von Hartfeld, the accomplished lady, the Egeria of Brunswick, in whose society and that of Mme. Branconi, the object of Goethe's admiration also, the Duke had succeeded in finding some consolation for the vapidness of his own domestic circle, died on June 30.

In the summer of 1806 it was discovered that Napoleon, after having handed over Hanover to Prussia in 1805 to secure her neutrality, and having thereby involved her in war with England, was now proposing to hand back Hanover to King George, without even consulting Prussia, in order to secure peace for France with England, where Fox had just come into office. War now became certain, notwithstanding all the schemes and tricks of Haugwitz and Lucchesini to avert it.*

* Hausser, 'Deutsche Geschichte,' ii. 601–603, 730. Beugn

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The army was again mobilised in haste, and the Duke returned to his headquarters. He advised 'as the most 'pressing necessity of the hour that Prussia, Austria, and 'Russia, and if these Powers could not do without the 'pecuniary support of England, that then they and England 'too, should stand shoulder to shoulder. He begged that 'Prussia should try to obtain the alliance of her neighbours, 'but meanwhile should arm with all speed; then, "if the '"crisis came, far better would it be for the power, '"which under the great Frederic had withstood half the '"world in arms, to perish sword in hand rather than '"to bend the neck under a servile yoke." "Noble '"words," says the biographer of Scharnhorst, "if only the '"Duke had known how to translate them into realities. '"What an influence might he not have exercised—he who '"possessed the unlimited confidence of the King—on the '"misguided Court of Berlin, where, as acknowledged by a '"supporter of the existing system, an unexampled con-'"fusion prevailed, if he had had the self-reliance and '"strength of character to grasp the rudder!"'* But, as he had too often before failed to be equal to the occasion, so he failed again now. He was ready to command the army; he could be an energetic diplomatist, and in that capacity, though an old man, had just crossed Europe in the depth of winter; but to the level of the highest statesmanship, where, above all things, the quality of will is necessary, he failed to rise.

The summer of 1806 was spent in efforts to put the country into a proper state of defence. Scharnhorst became more and more urgent that the military reforms in regard to the organisation of the army when actually in the field, which he had for years been urging on the Prussian War Office, should be adopted. A small portion of these, it has been seen, had been timidly taken up in earlier years. Now, though almost at the last minute, Scharnhorst's main idea, that of the formation of mixed divisions of infantry, light cavalry, and heavy cavalry, was adopted by the Duke, as well as the formation of a 'Bureau de l'état major,' which was to exercise a general control throughout the army, and see that the orders of the commander-in-chief were obeyed.† But these reforms, valuable as they were at the moment, and still more fruitful

'Mémoires,' vol. i. ch. x. Sir Robert Adair, 'Mission to Vienna,' pp. 479–483.

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 400. † Ibid. i. 411–12.

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for future use, were introduced too late; and they had, in addition, the disadvantage that they excited the utmost indignation in the already soured mind of Kalckreuth, and were resented by the Prince of Hohenlohe, who commanded one of the divisions of the army and aspired to the chief command.

It may be assumed with tolerable certainty that the Duke's real desire was to concentrate on the line of the Elbe, to await there the arrival of the Russian army, and then rapidly assume the offensive. But he once more allowed himself to be overruled, this time by the clamour of the war party, and it was determined to move forward without waiting for the Russian army.

On August 22, at the royal command, the Duke sent from Brunswick to the King a plan of operations prepared by Scharnhorst, with the assistance of Rüchel and Phull, under his own superintendence. This scheme insisted that the Prussian armies should, above all things, not be divided; and that no time should be lost in assuming the offensive against the still separated French forces, which were on the right bank of the Rhine or in Bavaria, before they could concentrate and be joined by reinforcements. So great was the reputation of the Duke that the contents of this memorandum, which bore his signature, were transferred almost word for word into a royal cabinet order on the 27th.* The only alteration worthy of mention was one which the modesty of the King dictated. He named the Duke generalissimo instead of acting in that capacity himself. But a few days after the King allowed himself, under the influence of the Prince of Hohenlohe and the officers who surrounded him, to be persuaded into altering this plan, and to consent to amendments which struck at the root idea, viz. the concentration under one hand of the whole army in a commanding situation. Naumbourg-on-the-Saale had been named as the place, as thence the army could move either right by Weimar, Erfurt, and Gotha, or left by Zeitz, Altenburg and Penig, according to circumstances. And now once more the moral weakness of the Duke made itself felt. Instead of declining to accept the command under the altered conditions, he accepted the royal amendments. The Prince of Hohenlohe thus obtained the wish of his heart, as under the amended plan the Prussian army was to be split up into three large divisions,

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 403.

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with commands for General Rüchel and the Prince, and a nominal subordination only to the Duke.

Meanwhile precious time had been lost in these differences of opinion, and only on September 22 was Scharnhorst able to join the Duke at Naumbourg as chief of the staff and feel that things were really going to begin. A renewed struggle then took place, for the Duke, with characteristic pertinacity, was now returning by bypaths to his old and far wiser plan of concentration; and in this he ultimately prevailed. The Prince of Hohenlohe then proposed to advance by the left, as this would have given the leading position to himself. This plan was devised by Massenbach, whom he had appointed chief of the staff. The plan adopted by the Duke, on the advice of Scharnhorst, was, on the contrary, to advance by the right, to hold the highlands of the Thuringian Forest, and thence deliver a crushing flank attack on the advancing French forces, according as their advance was made from the north or the south, which as yet was uncertain. No less an authority than Clausewitz has said that, if this plan had been carried out then and there, the Prussian army could not have failed to drive the French over the Rhine.* But, at this moment, on September 23, the King joined the headquarters of the army at Naumbourg, and a repetition of 1792 at once began. From the moment of his arrival all unity in the command of the army was gone. Nobody really knew who was supreme. 'Are the headquarters to 'be called royal or ducal?' Scharnhorst wrote to his daughter; 'I know not.' The result was seen in endless conferences and loss of time. Nor was the confusion diminished by the appearance of the Queen at the side of her consort, with a numerous retinue of ladies and attendants. The royal presence, indeed, might have been specially devised to give a fatal developement to the natural tendency of the Duke to hesitate. When he spoke of the plan of campaign he now began, as in 1792, to refer to himself more as a critic than as a commander. Success, he told Gentz, was possible on condition that no great mistakes were made. 'But it 'is upon you,' replied Gentz, 'that we rely to prevent 'them.'†

On the 25th the King at last ratified the adoption of the Duke's proposals; but the moment the military situation

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 415.

† Gentz, 'Mémoires et Lettres Inédits,' p. 293.

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was clear, political difficulties arose to create further delays. The punctilious desire of the King to throw the blame of the actual commencement of hostilities on France caused him to decline to permit a forward movement till the final reply of Napoleon to the royal ultimatum had been received. The precious days between September 25 and October 7 were thus lost.* Those days Napoleon employed in pouring his army across Germany. On September 28 he was at Mainz. On October 9 he had captured Coburg. Meanwhile nothing but endless conferences were proceeding at the royal headquarters. By the 7th it was not only clear that Napoleon was half-way across Germany, but that the opportunity of attacking and outflanking the advancing French force was almost gone.

A final council of war was held at Erfurt on October 5, and it continued to sit for two days. Boyen has left a sad description of the effect of these perpetual councils, and of the consequent loss of authority by the Duke, whose mind for a moment seems to have been almost unhinged by the wranglings of Massenbach and his supporters and the constant ill-will of Kalckreuth. It soon began to leak out that strong divisions of opinion existed. On one occasion the disputes between the generals became so loud and indecent that they could be distinctly heard by the officers of the staff at dinner in the adjoining room.† It would seem that in all these discussions the Duke hardly ever failed to take the correct view of the military situation, but was never able to say a round 'No' to the foolish alternatives proposed. The result was seen in the puerile compromises adopted at a moment when definite action was a matter of life and death. Hohenlohe was thereby finally enabled, by an interpretation placed on the resolutions of the council of war, to begin to cross the Saale with his army to the right bank, rashly throwing part of it forward to Saalfeld. A fatal blow was thus struck at the governing conception of the Duke and Scharnhorst, that the Prussian army was not to be divided. Meanwhile the rest of the army moved under the Duke to form a camp at Hochdorf and Blankenhaym, intending thence to move forward according to circumstances.‡ The result was that on the 10th—by which time Napoleon's reply had been received—the advanced guard of the Prince of

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 423–24.
† Boyen, i. 156.
‡ Life of Scharnhorst, i. 428.

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Hohenlohe's army was defeated at Saalfeld, and Prince Louis of Prussia, the hope of the military party, was killed in action. Kalckreuth's party then sent a memorial to the King, asking that the Duke should be relieved of his command: an unheard-of proceeding in the Prussian army, and contrary to every notion of discipline. But worse was to follow. While Hohenlohe had pushed forward his army in the dangerous manner just described, he at the same time had failed to carry out that portion of the Duke's orders which directed him to observe the great road from Nuremberg, passing through Gera and Hof, to Naumbourg. These orders were given in order that, if a French division attempted to turn the Prussian left, it should meet with resistance, and the news be brought at once to the Duke. It was not yet clear at the Prussian headquarters if the French advance would be supported by a turning movement on the Prussian right or the Prussian left, or possibly on both. That one or other would be attempted was considered certain. The task of watching the road had been entrusted to General Tauenzien, whose failure to carry out his orders has been the object of as much adverse comment as the failure of General Grouchy to arrive in time at Waterloo.

An absolute identity of purpose had hitherto existed between the Duke and Scharnhorst; but now differences arose. When the news of the disaster of Saalfeld arrived, it would seem that Scharnhorst was still in favour of offensive operations against the French left, and did not consider it was too late. The Duke, on the other hand, determined on forming a fortified camp at Weimar, supported on the left by Rüchel, who was at Gotha, and on the right by Hohenlohe, who received peremptory orders not to allow his army to get out of touch with the Prussian centre commanded by the Duke. Scharnhorst at the same time admitted that strong arguments did exist for this plan; failing his own, it was the best. Preparations with this object had been actually commenced when, on the night of the 12th, the news arrived like a thunderclap that Marshal Davout had got past Tauenzien, unbeknown to that general, and had seized Naumbourg. Naumbourg lay in the rear of the Prussian army, and was the base for provisioning the army; indeed, as already seen, the Duke had himself selected it in his original plan as the pivot of all his military operations. The Duke on the news of this disaster determined, contrary still to Scharnhorst's opinion, on retiring in haste with his whole

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army, along the road from Weimar, to Merseburg, on the Lower Saale, where he could join the reserve forces of the Prince of Wurtemberg, and either fight a pitched battle at once or retreat behind the almost impregnable line of the Elbe, and hold it till the Russian army could arrive—the course which Sir Edward Hamley considers was that which ought to have been followed from the beginning of the war.* With this view it was decided to follow the road from Weimar to Auerstädt, which joins the road from Naumbourg near Hassenhausen, leaving Naumbourg on the left, and, passing through the defile of Kösen, eventually reaches the river Unstrut. It was the intention of the Duke then to cross the Unstrut, and so reach Merseburg on the Saale and join his reserves. Hohenlohe's army was ordered to protect the retreat and then follow. But here again precious time was lost in a council of war, at a time when minutes counted. At last, when the Duke got his way, the movement of retreat was executed with a skill which excited the admiration of so competent a critic as General Rapp. But when the neighbourhood of Hassenhausen was reached, at an early hour on the morning of the 14th, Davout's army, it was found, had already crossed the Saale from Naumbourg, had occupied the pass of Kösen, and was entering the village of Hassenhausen in the dense fog of the autumn morning, just as the Prussian vanguard under Blücher were feeling their way into it under similar difficulties.

The night had been spent by the Duke among his principal officers. Marshal Moellendorff and Colonel Kleist supped with him; but he ate little and was seen to be pensive. 'Who knows,' he said, 'where we shall all of us 'be to-morrow?' Then he suddenly observed: 'The 14th of 'October has always been an unlucky date in my family.' He retired at midnight, and slept in full uniform, in his boots and with his orders on. He rose at three, and at five mounted his horse.† 'In battle,' says the Prussian general Valentini, 'the Duke was always a genuine "hero." He 'bore the most extreme fatigue with as much courage as 'the humblest private soldier of his army; and he was 'now seen at the age of seventy-one years displaying a 'marvellous activity and sleeping in his clothes on the

* Operations of War. 'On the Campaign of 1806.'

† These particulars and others which follow are taken from some notes in the article in the 'Biographie Universelle' (new edition) by an eyewitness.

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'field of battle, only allowing a few moments to sleep, 'and rising at the break of day.'* At this moment Boyen arrived. He had been sent the day before with the Duke's final orders to the Prince of Hohenlohe to protect the retreat and to hold strongly the bridges over the Saale at Lobstädt and Dornburg, in order to prevent Bernadotte, who was near Cambourg, making a flank attack on the Duke's army. Boyen returned in the early hours of the morning, just as the Duke was mounting his horse. On seeing him the Duke dismounted, seized him by the arm in friendly fashion, and rushed up the stairs with him to the King's apartment at such a pace that Boyen could hardly keep step, and could only wonder at his wonderful physical vitality. The Duke had advised that the attack should be deferred till the fog rose; but the aged Moellendorff now said that under similar circumstances he remembered how Winterfeld had told Frederic the Great that 'the eggs were only the better for being fresh,' and as this reminiscence of the aged veteran coincided with the wishes of the fiery Blücher, the advanced guard plunged into the fog, and met with a severe check. After this disastrous commencement further operations were deferred. 'The 'Duke, as soon as the fog began to clear'—we are quoting Boyen's narrative—'occupied himself with the greatest 'activity in getting an idea of the ground and of the 'direction of the enemy's march; and I must acknowledge, 'for it is only the truth, that he showed a resolution which 'in the days preceding the battle he seemed to have lost. 'The roar of the cannon restored his soldierly bearing to 'the ancient warrior. I have more than once had occasion 'to observe in the case of men of unquestioned bravery, 'that they have showed a want of self-command before the 'fight began, but directly they enter the circle of real 'danger they once more find in their bosom their old manly 'self-reliance. The struggle between the sense of duty and 'mental anxiety is over, and honour wins the day.'†

The Duke had entrusted the attack on the left wing to the leadership of Scharnhorst, but he intended the principal attack to be on the right. His plan was to seize some low hills which on that side commanded Hassenhausen. He

* Valentini, 75, 'Galerie des Caractères Prussiens.' Massenbach, i. 171. Chuquet, 'Invasion Prussienne,' p. 123. 'Mémoires du Général Rapp,' p. 80.

† Boyen, 165.

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fixed his glance firmly on these heights as he rode with Boyen by his side. 'Yonder,' he exclaimed, pointing with his hand, 'is the key to victory; if we can once occupy those 'heights with infantry, victory is ours;' and he gave orders to Boyen to ride up to the advancing divisions and give them the required direction. 'Send there all the troops 'you can, wherever you find them.' Boyen rode off to carry out these orders. The Duke then put himself, with his usual disregard of personal danger, at the head of the attack on the centre of the village. The mist rose, and in the light of the October morning the French position became visible. The military dispositions of the Duke by midday were proving entirely successful. The French army, though outnumbered, offered indeed a splendid resistance; but their loss was enormous, as Marshal Davout's report proves. Scharnhorst's attack on the left was steadily gaining ground, and the heights on the right were being successfully occupied, when suddenly the Duke was severely wounded. Toulongeon, one of Napoleon's generals, says that the Duke in former campaigns had always been too ready to play the part of a simple soldier if the moment seemed to require it. On more than one occasion he had been known to advance alone, or almost alone, to the very edge of the position of the enemy; and he now paid the penalty with his life for his almost reckless bravery. He had sent all his orderly officers on various missions, and had placed himself at the head of the grenadiers of Hamstein, in front of the village of Hassenhausen, to encourage them, when a shot traversed his nose, grazing both his eyes and blinding him. He fell on to a heap of stones, but succeeded in remounting his horse, a private soldier supporting him. In this state, with his face covered with a handkerchief, he was seen riding along the different divisions of the army. But he was soon obliged to give up the effort, and, accompanied by the celebrated surgeon Folger, had to leave the field of battle in a litter.

Boyen had just returned from executing his orders, and Scharnhorst had sent to ask for more cavalry on the left in order to complete the French discomfiture on that side, when the fatal event took place. General confusion at once arose. It sounds almost incredible, but the King could neither be induced to take the active command himself nor to give it to anybody else.* The army practically broke

* Life of Scharnhorst, i. 458. Lord Holland ('Memoirs of the Whig Party,' ii. 23), writing apparently from the information of

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up into separate divisions, and all unity of action ceased. The sequel is too well known to need repetition.

'At Auerstädt,' says Boyen, 'it required real skill to lose the battle. Everything was peculiarly to our advantage. If only we used our means properly the corps of Marshal Davout must have been annihilated. The Duke appeared to intend to make a comparatively weak attack by the left and to strike heavily on the right. Although the opposite would, in my opinion, have been the better course, nevertheless I am convinced that, if the Duke had not been wounded, victory was ours on that line of action equally with the other, for numbers and the character of the ground, all, as already stated, was favourable to us, if only unity of command had been maintained.' *

Marshal Kalckreuth meanwhile was on the heights of Eckartsberg, within hearing—nay, within sight—of the battle; but profiting by a literal interpretation of his instructions, he looked down at the battle raging at his 'feet under the lead of the hated "Brunswicker" with his '"Hanoverian" chief of the staff, "as if it was all a '"theatrical piece with which he had no concern."' 'Our 'defeat,' says Boyen, 'was written in the Book of Fate, but, 'none the less, Marshal Kalckreuth, who considered himself 'a great general, and sneered at everybody else, committed 'a very grave error.' † The author of the 'Life of Scharn-'horst' compares his conduct to that of the Genoese, when from the summit of the Tower of Galata they looked down unconcerned on the capture of Constantinople by the Turks. ‡ It is remarkable that Davout always considered that the danger of destruction which he so narrowly escaped was largely caused by conduct on the part of Bernadotte similar to that of Kalckreuth. Bernadotte also justified himself by a literal construction of his instructions. He remained at Dornburg on the Saale, instead of marching to the assistance of Davout at Naumbourg, although he could distinctly hear the noise of the action, and left his brother-marshal to get out of his difficult situation as best he could.

Equally fatal was the Duke's disappearance to the conduct

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eyewitness, speaks of 'the skill and decision, the courage and generalship,' displayed by the Duke on the field of battle, and contrasts them with 'the folly and irresolution' of his previous movements.

* Boyen, i. 197.

† Ibid. i. 197, 198. Gentz, 'Mémoires et Lettres inédits,' 231, 330.

‡ Scharnhorst, i. 438.

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of the retreat when the battle had been lost. 'His death,' says Massenbach, 'at this moment was, notwithstanding all 'the failings of this unfortunate commander, a great loss. 'He still represented the unity of command. Danger 'always doubled his courage. The Duke would have once 'more restored order into the whole. In former years I had 'had occasion to admire him on the retreats from Cham-'pagne and Alsace. With a strong hand he kept every-'thing together. Everybody obeyed him. He imposed 'obedience on all. He was the kernel round which every-'thing gathered. In the hour of disaster the Duke was a 'great man.' *

He was withdrawn from the field of battle in a pitiable condition, but he decided to undertake the journey to Brunswick over the Hartz that same night. Not a complaint escaped him, not a word unworthy of himself. He said to Folger: 'I shall always be blind. Well, at my age 'that is not so bad after all.' At Brunswick his ministers entreated him not to remain, since the French would be there in four and twenty hours. 'That is rather soon,' replied the Duke, 'but what is the good of flying from 'them?' 'Your Highness does not know what he is ex-'posing himself to.' There were rumours of the personal fury of the conqueror against the Duke. 'I will tell 'you,' replied the Duke, 'I have long known the French, 'and better than you do. They will respect an old general 'wounded on the field of battle. The officers will give 'balls and go to the theatre; the soldiers will kiss the girls 'a little. Take care of the billets, and see that they want 'nothing. I feel sure that there is a courier of the 'Emperor's on the road to know how I am.' *Non erat hoc tempus* is the observation of Beugnot, whose narrative we quote. The days of the Chevalier d'Assas and the Count de Gisors, of the chivalry and courtesies of war, was over. The Duke only yielded on being told by Wolfradt, his old chief of the staff of 1793, that his presence at Brunswick would be a pretext for aggravating the horrors of a military

* Massenbach, 'Denkwürdigkeiten,' p. 11. This work is one of a series of writings which Massenbach published to justify his own conduct and that of the Prince of Hohenlohe, and to explain the surrender of their army at Prentzlau. A list of these writings will be found in vol. i. p. 533 of the 'Life of Scharnhorst.' M. Lehmann points out that in regard to the facts of the campaign, historians had hitherto trusted a great deal too much to Massenbach's statements.

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occupation. Then he consented to be carried elsewhere. 'I 'feel,' he said, 'I am too weak to bear a long journey, but if 'my presence here is likely to add to the misfortunes of my 'subjects, I must leave the place, and I hesitate no longer.'* It was determined to remove him over the Luneburger Heide to Hamburg, under the idea that he might thence be conveyed to England. Before leaving he sent a message recommending his family and his subjects to the mercy of the conqueror. The reply was a proclamation in the official 'Gazette' at Berlin, of which Napoleon was now in possession.

'What would the Duke say,' so it ran, 'if I made the town of Brunswick suffer the destruction with which fifteen years ago he threatened the capital of the great people whom I rule over? The Duke of Brunswick had disavowed the insensate manifesto of 1792. It might have been believed that with advancing years reason would have begun to triumph over passion; and yet once more he has come and lent the authority of his name to the follies of a giddy younger generation, which have destroyed Prussia. It was for him to make the women and the courtiers and the young officers find their proper place, and to impose on all the authority of his age, his well-informed mind, and his high position. He was not strong enough to do this, and the Prussian Monarchy is overthrown, and the State of Brunswick is in my possession. Tell "General Brunswick" that he will have the respect due to an officer; but I decline to recognise a sovereign prince in a general of the Prussian army.' †

So the decree went forth for the incorporation of the little State in the Confederation of the Rhine; but before it could reach the Duke he was beyond praise or blame. He at first bore the northward journey well, showing the most extraordinary physical strength, notwithstanding the intensity of his sufferings. 'If God,' he said, 'will leave me but 'one of my eyes, I shall be satisfied.' But on the second day of the journey a violent inflammation attacked his wound, and his brain became affected. In this condition he arrived on the 29th at Ottensen, near Altona. 'His entrance into 'that city,' says Bourrienne, 'afforded a striking example 'of the vicissitudes of fortune. He was on a wretched 'litter, borne by ten men, without officers, without 'domestics, followed by a troop of vagabonds and children, 'who were drawn together by curiosity. He was lodged in

* Beugnot, i. ch. x.

† 'Mémoires du Général Rapp,' pp. 94–97, which contains the full text. The version in Thiers, 'Consulat et Empire,' vii. livre xxv. p. 177, is inaccurate.

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'a miserable inn, and was so worn out by fatigue and the 'pain of his eyes that on the day after his arrival a report 'of his death very generally prevailed. He declined to 'receive visitors, and expired on the 10th of the month.' *

He was buried at Ottensen, in the same graveyard as Klopstock, who had called on him to resign his command in 1792. There too shortly after were laid the victims of Davout's brutal tyranny in Hamburg, whose flight was in the winter. The place became the pilgrimage of patriotic Germans in the years of oppression and tyranny which followed 1806, and it is celebrated in Rückert's patriotic verse.†

'The Duke of Brunswick,' Lord Malmesbury wrote from England, 'is, of course, *being dead*, said to be the planner of this 'battle and the cause of its loss. This I do not credit, as 'whatever faults he had, his military science and personal 'courage were most extraordinary.' ‡ Nations forgive much to those who perish in battle; and, notwithstanding the fatal want of will or of ambition—call it which we may—of the man whom Stein described as the Suetonius Paulinus of his time, Germany has remembered the merits, rather than the failings, of the Duke. Too frequently, no doubt, he had been found to be 'naturally prone to delay' when rapid action was desirable, and had preferred 'cautious 'counsels' when bolder measures were required by the situation, and thought it wise 'to calculate chances,' rather than to trust to fortune; but all this was forgiven, because not only had he in peace proved himself one of the wisest and most liberal rulers of the time, but also, and mainly, because he fell for his country on the field of battle, sword in hand, in the time of need, and thus justified the early judgement of his royal uncle that Nature had destined him for a hero. §

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* Bourrienne, 'Mémoires,' vol. iii. 356.

† Gesammelte Lieder von Friedrich Rückert, vol. iii. 275–81. 'Die Gräber zu Ottensen.'

‡ Malmesbury Memoirs, iv. 365, who mentions a curious report current at the time that the Duke was shot by a treacherous hand, but there is no foundation for the story, which is not even mentioned in the German authorities.

§ Cunctator naturâ, cui cauta potius consilia cum ratione quam prospera ex casu placerent. Tacitus, 'Histories,' ii. 25. See 'Life of Scharnhorst,' i. 305,

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ART. II.—*William Blackwood and his Sons, their Magazine and Friends.* By Mrs. OLIPHANT. Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: 1897.

THE annals of any great publishing house must be rich in the most veracious autobiography. For no man who gives his personal memoirs to the public can dare to be perfectly candid and outspoken. With the most honest intentions he is unconsciously secretive and deceptive. If he would unveil his heart and reveal his innermost feelings, and in fact, if he would go frankly into the confessional, the life of even a very commonplace mortal might make the most entertaining and instructive of books. Rousseau, who professes far more than he performs, is no exception to a universal rule. It is true that with perverted pride and sickly sentimentality he actually paraded his vices and his foibles. But recognising that *forfanterie* we can never trust him, and the so-called 'Confessions' are sensational romance. Coleridge, a philosophical genius of a very different type, suggests himself to us because he figures conspicuously in these volumes. He published 'Auto-'biographical Memoirs' which were the object of a virulent attack in the first number of the new 'Blackwood's 'Magazine.' Their candour in certain respects is obvious and unimpeachable. But Coleridge, though scientifically indifferent to consequences, though acutely analytical and severely introspective, only flashed the search-light into certain obscure recesses; he illuminated a phantom or ideal, but left the man in the dark. After Coleridge had said all that he cared to say, to this day he remains a paradox and puzzle.

But human nature will always come to the front when human interests and vanity are deeply concerned. The ambitious author, in familiar communications with the publisher to whom he looks alike for fame and for profit, if he does not lose his head, forgets his habitual discretion. He gets excited over triumphs, depressed over failures, or passionately irritated over grievances; suspense is intolerable to the morbid literary temperament, and in irrepressible impatience he loses self-control. He writes in his haste exactly as he feels, whether the letters be marked 'con-'fidential' or no, in the tacit conviction that they are only meant for the eye of his correspondent. And so it may be till, in Scotch legal phraseology, the prescription expires with

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lapse of time. The *literæ scriptæ manent*; the musty files of old letters are exhumed and submitted to the revision of a dispassionate commentator, and these invaluable fragments of innermost autobiography are critically edited and annotated.

The annals of the old Scottish house of Blackwood have a character and *cachet* all their own, and perhaps no one could have been singled out to do them fuller or more sympathetic justice than the late Mrs. Oliphant. The obvious trouble which must have beset her in her pleasurable task was the embarrassing richness of the materials. Recognising the difficulty, we feel how much credit is really due to her for preserving perspective and the sense of proportion. It is deeply to be regretted that she did not survive to complete what she fondly regarded as her *magnum opus*. Yet from the literary point of view the loss is relatively little. Her work is complete so far as it goes, and it is only to be hoped that a competent successor will be found to continue the story of the later generation.

Yet in one sense the loss of Mrs. Oliphant is irreparable. An accomplished writer, with a peculiar memory, like Scott's, which was richly stored with all that appealed to her tastes and interests, in this case her remarkable versatility was inspired by intense enthusiasm. Though her earliest productions appeared under the sponsorship of another firm, it was the house of Blackwood that took her by the hand, when she was a friendless and an anxious widow with a young family. In her pressing anxiety for the immediate morrow she submitted a little novel to them in fear and trembling. Their recognition of the beauties of 'Katie Stewart' was the turning-point in her long and fruitful career. She never forgot the cordial favour with which it was received. The Blackwoods gave her hope; they gave her assurance. As success succeeded success she overcame constitutional timidity, and her brilliant powers found confident play. She formed an affectionate intimacy with the family, which endured and was strengthened to the end; and 'Katie,' as she was familiarly called, became one of the most cherished of its intimates. A more flattering and substantial proof of the regard of the publishers was that she was warmly welcomed at once as a regular contributor to 'Maga.' The young lady could turn her hand to anything on the shortest notice, and it was found that she could always and absolutely be depended on, which was much more than could be said of the most valued contributors.

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Thenceforth, and that was forty years ago, the literary, as the domestic, intercourse had continued unimpaired. In all that time scarcely a number had been issued which did not contain one or more of the lady's articles—in serials or short stories, in criticism, social essays, imaginative fancies of the invisible, or in verse. Were the veil of the anonymous drawn aside, those forty years' volumes of 'Maga' would be the most enduring monument Mrs. Oliphant would have desired. Nor was that long connexion an ordinary one. There has been no more notable feature in 'Blackwood,' nothing has more contributed to its solid establishment and steady progress, than the fraternal solidarity of the contributors under a beneficent patriarchal administration. The late John Blackwood was a singularly able editor of a periodical of world-wide celebrity. But if he improved upon them he only perpetuated the traditions of the house. The most genial of hosts naturally made it his object to bring his contributors into social as well as literary relations. Many a long and fast friendship dates from the day when John Blackwood gave mutual introduction. Although he disliked promiscuous correspondence, he delighted in exchanging ideas on each new number of the magazine with the inner circle of his authors, and any letter containing discriminating praise was promptly transmitted to the writer of the article. In due time the intermediary would too gladly retire, and the writers corresponded on their own account. When they met all formal preliminaries had been overstepped, and the friendship was formed by mutual attraction.

Of all the more recent contributors to 'Blackwood,' Mrs. Oliphant was perhaps the most devoted and affectionate. She had identified herself with the periodical, which was latterly in good measure her own handiwork. She was in its secrets as much as any man or woman; its triumphs have been her own, and she was jealous for its reputation. Her intimacy with the Blackwoods, her position in the world of letters, made her familiar with the staunchest supporters of the magazine and the more distinguished clients of the firm. Consequently, in her second volume, much that is deeply interesting comes of personal knowledge. But beyond that it has always been a speciality of the affiliated to study the records of the illustrious past. Perhaps they unduly adored the jovial symposia of the 'Noctes,' the careless cudgel-play of old Christopher, and the stinging satire of the 'Scorpion,' redeemed as they were by brilliant criticism, by impassioned bursts of generous admiration, and, above all, by the per-

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fervid pathos of the sketches of Scottish character. At least it was a fault on the right side, and when we look back we can see they had enough to admire when unswayed by excessive sympathy or unprejudiced by local patriotism. Be that as it may, Mrs. Oliphant's loyal adoration well nigh approached to idolatry, and yet in these records she gives reasons for the faith that is in her. Nor can it be said that her sympathies have disturbed her judgement. Possibly, all circumstances considered, she is almost as severe as we should be on the indiscretions of the *jeunesse orageuse* of 'Maga,' and even the portraits of her excellent friends the publishers are drawn with the firm touch of independence. Nor need we add that great interest is given to the volumes by the modest glimpses they afford us of that literary career of her own which may adorn some other tale, as it points many a useful moral.

The founder of the house was born in 1776. 'The period 'of his youth and early manhood was thus one at which 'Edinburgh was at its highest glory as a centre of intel-'lectual life and influence.' The young man, after a course of study at college and serving an apprenticeship to 'the 'trade' in London as well as Edinburgh, began in a small way as a dealer in old books. Bibliomania was then becoming the rage. There were great prizes to be drawn by keen purveyors like Snuffy Davy, with 'the scent of the sleuth-'hound and the snap of the bull-dog,' and fabulous prices were being given for rarities at such sensational auctions as the Roxburghe sale. But Blackwood, like Constable, had literary instincts and gifts as well as business knowledge and energy. He had opened an establishment on the South Bridge in 1804. Soon afterwards he published a *catalogue raisonné* of the 15,000 books in his own collection, which attracted the favourable notice of Scott. The youth had determined to arrive, and had put his shoulder zealously to the wheel. At that time he had a fair field before him, and if there was a single formidable rival to contend with, the ascendency and brilliant position of Constable, in close relations with Scott and supported by Jeffrey, only encouraged his hopes and stimulated his ambition. Now, competition in the trade is intense, but it runs very much in well-worn grooves. Then, even in publishing, adventures were to the adventurous, and one striking success might be speedily rewarded with solid reputation and comparative wealth. Then there were no middlemen between publisher and author. Then people were in the habit of buying

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instead of hiring. Then there were no autocratic circulating libraries to control the book market according to the opinions or caprices of their directors. And these were palmy days for the writers who as yet were few, though Southey does say in a letter to Allan Cunningham, dated 1819, 'Crowded as this age is with candidates for public 'favour, you will find it infinitely difficult to obtain a hear-'ing.' Any tolerably written book was accepted with a certain confidence; the publisher could afford to make what would be now considered a liberal bid, in almost the sure and certain hope of being brought home by the sales. The authors generally had money down, without the risk of speculative royalties. Hogg, for example, who was always grumbling, received £245 for a small volume of early poems, and, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, many a minor poet of the present would think himself fortunate if he were paid on a much more moderate scale. Then the publishers could form a fair estimate of what would sell, and the prose writers as a rule deemed it essential to have some slight familiarity with their subjects. The course in fiction was comparatively clear, with an abundance of by-paths, undiscovered and untrodden. When Miss Ferrier, who fondly tended Scott in his decay, timidly brought her wares to Blackwood, she offered them anonymously, masquerading as a man; for, notwithstanding the exceptional cases of Miss Austen and Miss Edgeworth, a feminine novelist was a suspicious *lusus naturæ*. Writing to one lady, who had apologised for indifferent grammar and spelling, Blackwood courteously and kindly assures her that she has done better than might be expected of the sex. The idle matron with a tinge of the blue in the stocking, the impecunious maiden struggling courageously for self-support, had not then discovered that imagination was as universal a gift as fluency, and that knowledge of human nature came by intuition. The publisher then, in place of picking among crowds of claimants for public favour, went abroad industriously on the search. Even capable contributors to the rare periodicals were few and far between. So we are told that William Blackwood, after his one grand disappointment, would never despair of stumbling upon a second Scott, and when he had fairly launched the magazine it was a standing jest in the family that he asked or begged contributions of every man he met.

Eager, pushing, and determined, he was right in believing that he had the qualities to command success. He had a modest, but deeply-rooted self-confidence, a temper not to

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be daunted by difficulties or discouragements; the keen *flair* for latent talent which he transmitted to his sons, and a soundly discriminating judgement when it was not swayed by enthusiasm. Above all—and nothing contributed more to the success of his magazine—he had what we may call a give-and-take genius for friendship. He was a warm-tempered man, he was stiff in his opinions, he was outspoken to a fault. But it was he who originated the system, which has become hereditary in the firm, of blending personal friendship with business relations. In the correspondence which Mrs. Oliphant prints or quotes from, there are outbreaks of heated or angry recrimination. But the storm blows over, the clouds disperse, and the correspondents are better friends than before. Expostulations might have been more delicately worded had not contributors appreciated and imitated the honest sincerity of the publisher. Nevertheless, as Mrs. Oliphant observes, that is another sign of the change of the times. Then the author could use language and give himself airs which would be hazardous now if he lived by his pen. Southey's letters to the editors of the 'Quarterly,' when they were his principal if not his sole paymasters, read strangely now, and we doubt if even a latter-day Southey would dare to show himself so dictatorially self-reliant.

The young publisher soon threw the old books behind him, and he made a great step in advance when he became the agent of John Murray, then of Fleet Street, and of Cadell and Davies. The first of his personal trade hits was the introduction to Miss Ferrier, who sent him the manuscript of 'Marriage.' The response was prompt and cordial. 'Mr. Blackwood returns to the author the enclosed manu-'script, which he has perused oftener than once with the 'highest delight. He feels not a little proud that such a 'writer should express a wish to receive any suggestions 'from him.' That is a proof of the soundness and promptitude of the critical faculty, and immediately afterwards we have evidence of his sturdy independence. We confess to reading with a chuckle of enjoyment the snub he administered to Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe. Sharpe was a feudal survival and anachronism. He wrote, metaphorically, like Buffon, in lace ruffles, condescended to dally with drawing and literature, and, devoured by a feminine vanity, was the incarnation of superciliously aristocratic *hauteur*. He had engaged with Blackwood for a book overladen with notes, and then he declared that he would tolerate no suggestions

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as to alterations. Blackwood answered with little circumlocution that the stipulation was absurd, and that Mr. Sharpe, if he pleased, might cancel their bargain.

A similar attitude, immediately afterwards, was attended with important consequences. Our sympathies in the affair are with Blackwood, but with greater experience the frankness which was the nature of the man would have been tempered by caution and worldly wisdom. At all events the unfortunate upshot was the source of a lifelong regret, although undoubtedly the sustained efforts to retrieve the mishap contributed greatly to the publisher's fortunes. When the North was in a ferment with the revival of letters, the triumphs of Jeffrey and the 'Edinburgh' had been succeeded by the apotheosis of Scott. His genius was worshipped and idolised rather than admired. It appealed directly to the most deeply rooted feelings of his countrymen—to their national pride and their material interests. The evidences that came home to everyone were not wanting; already there was the first flow of the prosperity which followed the influx of tourists and pilgrims. Nor is it wonderful that he had touched the heart of Scotland, when we consider the influence he has exercised on illustrious foreigners. We need say nothing of the tributes from Goethe which are familiar to all readers of Lockhart's 'Life.' But two striking illustrations are within our personal knowledge. Shortly before the death of the Duc d'Aumale, a friend was dining with him at the Athenæum, when the conversation turned on literature. 'May I ask, Sir,' said the Englishman, 'what first directed 'your attention to literary pursuits?' 'The influence of 'Scott,' was the ready answer. Still more noteworthy is the case of Von Ranke. The great historian declared at another *tête-à-tête* dinner that he was first induced to betake himself to writing history by admiration of the Louis XI. of 'Quentin Durward.' Obviously to a Scotch publisher the connexion with such a man was the surest and shortest cut to fortune, for the wand of the Border Magician turned everything to gold. Scott was not committed to any one bookseller, for 'Guy Mannering' had been brought out by Longmans. As he said himself afterwards, he never cared to thirl himself to any man's mill. Nevertheless, the connexion with Constable was of the closest, and to break the alliance with the Tsar of Moscovy would be no ordinary triumph. Ballantyne as agent of the 'Great Unknown' had been throwing out hints and vague promises, and at last they

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came to a definite proposal. A novel in four volumes was offered, to be called 'The Tales of My Landlord,' each volume containing a separate tale. The terms were accepted, Murray was gratified with a share in the venture, and the confederates were in high jubilation. Nevertheless there was a wearisome delay, causing Blackwood torments of anxiety in fear of the slip between cup and lip. At last the first instalment of the sheets was submitted to him. How he felt is shown in a letter to Murray :—

'I have this moment finished the reading of 192 pages of 'our book, for ours it must be, and I cannot go to bed with- 'out telling you what is the strong and most favourable im- 'pression it has made upon me. If the remainder be at all 'equal, which it cannot fail to be from the genius displayed 'in what is now before me, we have been most fortunate 'indeed.'

The mortification and disappointment were proportionately acute when he found the remainder to fall far short of his sanguine anticipations. It was then, under the impulse of excitement, he wrote to Ballantyne, not only expressing frank disapproval, but suggesting an alternative *dénouement*. The warmest admirers of Scott will admit that Blackwood's criticisms showed his acumen. The drop from the vivid realism of the opening scenes and the picturesque descriptions of old Border men and manners to conventional melodrama is the most startling transition to be found in the novels. The resentment of Scott at such unprecedented interference was only natural, and it is not improbable it was aggravated by secret recognition of the truth. At all events, it provoked the fiery outbreak of the note double-shotted with unfamiliar oaths and the memorable passage about the Black Hussars of literature. The business was patched up; the tale was published, and, with all its beauties and faults, was fondly adopted by the publishers, who passed again from acquiescence to admiration. As Lockhart remarks somewhere, when a publisher buys a book, he becomes blind to the faults and much alive to the beauties. The affair was patched up, but not forgotten. The third edition of the venture was still lingering in hand, when Ballantyne, in face of protests from Blackwood and Murray, precipitated matters by the premature issue of a fourth. The fourth edition, as they had expected, was 'wearing awa'' slowly, when they were startled by the advertisement of a fifth to be brought out by Constable. It is certain that Scott and Ballantyne were within their legal rights; but as

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certainly Blackwood was shabbily treated, although we may surmise that James Ballantyne was to blame in his zeal for the interests of the Shade he represented. Blackwood and Murray seriously contemplated legal proceedings. Wiser counsels prevailed and the idea was abandoned. But

'In this way "the fortunate publishers" who had so rejoiced and triumphed over their mysterious author "and exchanged all the surmises of the times as to his real personality, with unconcealed delight in their connexion with him, were for ever severed from his great and troubled career. This, one cannot but feel, was one of those tragically insignificant circumstances which so often shape life apart from any consciousness of ours. Probably ruin would never have overtaken Sir Walter had he been in the steady and careful hands of Murray and Blackwood, for it is unlikely that even the glamour of the great Magician would have turned heads so reasonable and sober. We can only remind ourselves in consolation that Scott in that case would probably not have been the man we know.'

Blackwood never ceased to lament the extinction of his hopes, but the disappointment only stimulated him to more vigorous effort. The 'Edinburgh Review,' in Mrs. Oliphant's words, had taken the world by storm. It

'had been in a great measure a revolt against the unbroken rule of the Tory in literature and life. But in the revolution which soon after occurred, and in which the Whigs came to the top and absorbed all patronage, it became intolerable in the Tory partisans that such an organ should hold the field in literary matters, and the necessity of a periodical to support other interests and assert the right of the constitutional party to an equal hearing was very clearly seen. It is true that the "Quarterly Review" was formerly the rival and chief opponent of the great organ of the Liberals; but it was, perhaps, as we have indicated, too ponderous from the beginning. . . . It made its mark, but not as its opponent, without any of the sensation and stir which the "Edinburgh Review" had called forth. The true champion and challenger of Jeffrey and his men—as dauntless and inconsiderate of all secondary motives in their beginning had been, as rash, spontaneous, and brilliant—was yet to seek.'

Blackwood's energetic ambition stood him in good stead, and he proved the man to step into the breach. He had the happy inspiration, moreover, to raise himself an enduring monument by bestowing his name on the famous magazine. It was another proof of his firm independence; for we learn, to our surprise, that both Wilson and Lockhart disliked the title. It was started avowedly as a rival to this Review, and it steadily upheld political opinions which have now been long outgrown and abandoned by the Tory party. It seems strange to read of 'the cursed Reform Bill' of 1832, and hardly less

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so of the national ruin which was to result from Catholic emancipation, or the Repeal of the Corn Laws. Politics apart, Edinburgh Reviewers of the present day can afford to regard its eventful history with dispassionate yet intelligently critical admiration. The beginnings were unfortunate, and the failure of the pioneering venture must have discouraged a less resolute spirit. An 'Edinburgh Magazine' was confided to the joint editorship of two men who were singularly ill fitted for the task. Very soon they had a quarrel with the publisher, and they were mercilessly satirised in the 'Chaldee Manuscript.' Yet, although Pringle was no editor, he deserves to be remembered as the writer of some spirited lyrics on South African sport, when antelopes of all kinds swarmed like locusts in the colony, and when the Transvaal was the elephant-preserve of the truculent Moselekatse. Blackwood had made an unfortunate choice, but with the second number his mistake was brought home to him. He promptly gave his editors warning according to agreement, and in six months the magazine was again in his hands. By that agreement the title was bound to be changed; but in July he writes to one of his London agents that he has made an arrangement with a gentleman of first-rate talent to begin a new work of a far superior kind. The gentleman hinted at was undoubtedly Wilson, who had contributed all that was bright to the 'Edinburgh Magazine;' but then began the mystery and the mystifying which veiled the anonymous direction of 'Blackwood.' There was no editor; there was no autocrat; but the form of government was a jovial and light-hearted oligarchy, which was virtually an inner council of three. Blackwood with his bettered fortunes had flitted from the South Bridge to Princes Street. There, in the back premises under the skylights, had been established the 'Old Saloon,' subsequently transferred to 37 George Street. It was the afternoon lounge of dilettanti men of letters, and above all of the unemployed young wits of the Parliament House, who belonged to the Tory persuasion. Foremost among these were Wilson and Lockhart, who stand out as the striking personalities most closely linked with the Annals. Both have been painted often enough by themselves and others, yet it is worth while to reproduce Mrs. Oliphant's portraiture:—

'Among the frequenters of this lively company were two young men who would have been remarkable anywhere, if only for their appearance and talk, had nothing more remarkable ever been developed in them—one a young man of grand form and mien, with the thews and

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sinews of an athlete and a front like Jove to threaten and command. . . . He was a genial giant, but not a mild one. Genius and fun and wit were no less a part of his nature than wrath and vehemence and a power of swift and sudden slaughter, corrected in its turn by a large radiance of gaiety and good humour—sudden in all things, ready to fell an intruder to the earth or to welcome him as a brother; swift to slay, yet instant to relent.

'The other who divided with him the honours of this witty meeting was John Wilson's opposite in everything. He was slim and straight and self-contained, a man of elegance and refinement—words dear to the time—in mind as in person, dark of hair and fine of feature, more like a Spaniard than a Saxon—a perfect contrast to the Berserker hero by his side.'

The sketch of Wilson reads as if the artist had borrowed half a page from her friend and admirer Kinglake's 'History 'of the Crimean War.'

Both men had an unlimited capacity for work—when moved by the spirit—and an invincible antipathy to drudgery. Both had the fire of the poet, an irregular and impulsive genius for criticism, and a vein of satire and sarcasm which not unfrequently degenerated into fiery invective. Thackeray's Bludyer was not a more truculent critic than Wilson in one of his outbursts of Berserker fury. Lockhart in his younger days delighted to sting; and the epithet of the 'Scorpion' is perhaps the solitary instance of a man giving himself a stinging sobriquet which stuck. Yet both had a softer side to their natures, and were essentially generous and tender-hearted. What strikes us as the great charm of the 'Noctes' is in the sudden and unexpected changes of mood. The convivialists have been ranging at large among things sacred and profane, revelling in personalities, and playing fast and loose with reputations, like the proverbial bull of the china shop or iconoclasts wrecking a cathedral. When the change comes over the tenor of their dreams probably some patriotic chord is touched, and vibrates to the touch with eloquent tenderness. Then we have the lyric in prose of some cottage interior, which may rank with the 'Cottar's 'Saturday Night' or such a rustic idyll as that which rings the changes on Tibby Shield's sheiling, nestling in its romantic humility by still St. Mary's Loch.

These were the coadjutors eager to aid the publisher in congenial work. Their spirits were high, their hearts were good, and they were fettered by no sense of responsibility. They were free to deal the blows; it was the publisher's business to bear the brunt. And in the beginning they were indulged with ample license. It was a day in which hard

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hits were exchanged, and literary enemies seldom gave quarter. Blackwood was hurried along by his auxiliaries, and did not care to restrain them, till sobered by remonstrances and practical lessons in the worry of legal proceedings. The first issue of the renovated periodical was a startling advertisement. Written primarily for Scotland, it set Edinburgh in a blaze, and there were articles which spread the sensation to the South. The 'Chaldee Manuscript' has been so often discussed that little need be said of it. The excitement and reprobation it provoked were so great that it was prudently dropped from the second edition of the number. But the wit was so genuine and the reckless fun so irresistible that it survives as a brilliant freak of literature. The *jeu d'esprit* is said to have been composed in Wilson's house at what was veritably a carouse and the first of the 'Noctes;' the pen passed from hand to hand and the projectile was charged amid shouts of laughter. It was the fine flower of the most rollicking humour of Lockhart and Wilson, but the Ettrick Shepherd was unquestionably justified in claiming the chief credit. To him was due the form in which it was cast and the admirably imitated and sustained Bible imagery. Anything better calculated to startle Edinburgh could scarcely have been devised. The apparent profanity shocked the straitlaced, and half the notorieties of the town were scandalised by the personalities from which the other half were smarting. It even flew at such game as Walter Scott, and perhaps nothing is more satirically true to the life than the passages which present him as Mr. Facing-both-ways. For that was really the attitude he assumed between Constable and Blackwood, for his lofty independence was always tempered by worldly sagacity. One unlucky baronet whose bodily infirmities were mercilessly lampooned sought redress in the Courts. Yet, in the generous tolerance of scurrilities at the time, the 'Chaldee Manuscript' might have been condoned as a juvenile indiscretion. But the magazine actually opened with the onslaught on Coleridge, which was gratuitous and absolutely inexcusable. The best extenuation is to be found in the writer's somewhat sophistical argument, that when an individual obtrudes his personality on the public it becomes fair subject for scathing analysis. As to the article's claims to sympathetic or even candid criticism, we need only say that the critic takes credit for exposing Coleridge's pretensions as a poet, and holds the glorious fragment of 'Christabel' up to unmitigated ridicule.

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Another article on 'The Cockney School' incidentally reverts to Coleridge as even a greater quack than Leigh Hunt, who is objurgated as the chief of the Cockneys. Hunt is an ignorant vulgarian, ever striving to be genteel. His poems seem to be inspired by the society of kept mistresses, the characteristics floating on the surface of the Hippocrene are glittering and rancid obscenities, and similar flowers of invective are scattered broadcast. The authorship of the 'Coleridge' is identified by a letter from Wilson, and the little story is eminently suggestive of the man, and of his permanent relations with 'Maga.' He had gone for a walking tour in the North; the day of publication was drawing nigh and Blackwood had been pressing for 'copy.' Wilson writes that he had lightened his knapsack of sundry heavy books sent for review; that he had knocked off the Coleridge article in the Highland hostelries during the evenings, but that it had unfortunately fallen out of his pocket when he was climbing Ben Macdhui. Mrs. Oliphant charitably suggests that irritation at the loss of the manuscript may account for the venom when *contre cœur* he had to repeat his labours and renew his griefs.

The conception of the 'Chaldee Manuscript,' and the contemptuous designation of 'The Cockney School,' indicate the national feeling which had originated in the apotheosis of the 'Edinburgh Review,' and that court of summary appeal over which Jeffrey presided. It was the radiance of the Northern Aurora Borealis which illuminated the darkness of the literary horizon. That sentiment pervades the colloquies of the 'Noctes.' The question is always being asked, directly or indirectly, Can any good thing come out of the South? The poets of the Lake School are tolerated or praised, because they lived in a debatable land which was virtually Scottish. But it was *de rigueur* with the rising young *littérateurs* of the North to extend what was at best supercilious patronage to everything exotic. And indeed at that time, had Blackwood secured all the native help he desired, there was little need to go further afield. Of course what he coveted above all was the steadfast support of 'The Great 'Magician of the Border.' Mrs. Oliphant describes with considerable humour the ingenious strategy he adopted to attain his end. He approached Scott through his friend and grieve Willie Laidlaw. As all the later bargains between Scott and the publishers stipulated for the transfer of a certain quantity of John Ballantyne's unsaleable stock, so Laidlaw was to have a fixed remuneration from the

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magazine, in the hope of occasional contributions from Scott. To do him justice, Laidlaw was modest enough; but Scott in his large-hearted sympathy was never backward in pushing a friend—witness 'the cursed lot of dung carts,' to which he laughingly referred when thinning his plantations with Lockhart.

Blackwood on one occasion wrote to Wilson: 'All I shall 'say is that you have been the genius and the living spirit 'which has animated the work, and whatever success it has 'had I owe most unquestionably to you in the first and 'chief place.' But Lockhart for a time was at least as indispensable, though subsequently diverted by other objects. His special gifts were the complement of those of his friend: his *verve* was unfailing, and his energy and emulative collaboration stimulated Wilson to unwonted exertion. His own bursts of fluent activity were phenomenal, and it would have been harnessing a thoroughbred to the plough to expect him to combine pace with assiduity. The contrasts between the men are remarkable. Lockhart's deeper and more sombre nature is consistent throughout. As he aged he gave Blackwood excellent advice, and repudiated the excesses of which he had once been guilty. 'Peter's Letters,' written in early youth, display his quick and acute perceptions of idiosyncrasies; his novels, and especially the tragedy of 'Adam Blair,' are the outcome of the inner man, as we might expect it. Wilson to the last was the wayward boy, and, as we shall immediately show, Mrs. Oliphant has presented him in a new and unexpected light. If we were to characterise his poetry in a word, we should call it mawkish, and his Scottish stories come as a startling surprise. The robust athlete, the trenchant reviewer, the Christopher who is the incarnation of all worldly wisdom, sentimentalises like Rousseau, and transplants the hard-toiling Scottish rustics, who have never been famed for precise morality, into an idyllic paradise unpolluted by the serpent's trail. Wilson's novels might have been written by 'The Man of 'Feeling,' to whom 'The Lights and Shadows' were sent for review. In that ludicrous episode we come on one of the curiosities of literature. Blackwood sent the proof-sheets to his friend the author, provoking a perfect cyclone of indignation. Christopher, who never spared his victims when laying on the knout, writes *inter alia*, in a letter which covered many pages: 'a base lie.' 'The motives of the old 'dotard being simply conceit and sheer incapacity.' 'A 'dull, vile falsehood.' 'In short, the whole article is loath-

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'some.' The upshot was that the offensive article was suppressed, and the novel was passed over to Maginn, who did not please the novelist much better.

We said that Mrs. Oliphant had placed Wilson in a novel light, nor can we add that it shows him to advantage. Poor Mr. Blackwood had had no little trouble and anxiety in answering well-founded protests of which Wilson and his colleagues had been the causes. He had never given up a contributor's name, though Wilson was ready to avow himself when challenged by Hunt. But matters came to a crisis with the 'Maga' of September 1825. Then Wilson must assuredly have lost his head, and as surely the Editor must have been caught napping. In that unlucky 'Noctes' Christopher ran amok, in opposition to all his veritable convictions. The eloquent champion of Wordsworth's ill-appreciated genius roundly declared that he wrote like an idiot—that he was a good man but a bad poet. As if that were not sufficient, he went on to say of Scott: 'Except 'when his martial soul is up, he is but a tame and feeble 'writer.' Now, apart from any trivial exceptions to the astounding criticism, it was to Scott he was chiefly indebted for his snug professorial chair, and shortly before he had been hospitably entertained at Rydal Mount, where he had disposed of a whole jar of Miramichi herrings, 'two of which 'had been at first produced as a great *bonne bouche* by the 'Stamp-master.' Neither Scott nor Wordsworth would have stooped to notice the escapade. It might have been attributed to some other of the brotherhood, and the affair would have blown over. But *pour surcroît de malheur* in that identical article the eccentric Tom Martin of Ballynahinch was called a jackass. The fire-eating Galway man demanded the name of the writer, and would accept no denial. Blackwood was in perplexity and Wilson in despair. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine a more embarrassing dilemma, for disclosure meant the avowal of almost unpardonable offences. Wilson broke down altogether, and wrote Blackwood a series of pitiable jeremiads: 'I am absolutely an object 'of any true friend's commiseration. To own that article is 'for a thousand reasons impossible. . . . This avowal would 'be fatal to my character, to peace, to existence. Say nothing 'to me that could add to my present misery.' The reckless but warm-hearted Maginn came to the rescue, offering to accept the responsibility for himself—to which Wilson seems not to have been unwilling to assent—and soothing the angry passions of his countryman at a dinner, for which the bill

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was sent to Blackwood. Lockhart drew up a serio-humorous apology for the magazine, and Wilson added a note with the lamest of apologies, saying he had believed that the merry spirit of Mr. Martin would have seen the humour of what at the worst was but a bad joke. 'The Professor,' to the last a conspicuous figure in Princes Street, was a man of the most wayward moods, who abused the privileges of genius. His bursts of phenomenal activity alternated with long periods of hopeless stagnation for which he is always apologising to the much-enduring editor. He passed from despondency to extreme exhilaration and devil-may-careishness, if we may coin the word, and like Johnson he was for ever making solemn vows of reformation and expressing his conviction that Blackwood might rely on a radical change in his habits. But with all his failings and eccentricities, to the last he was the mainstay of the magazine; admired and even adored in the Blackwood household, he heartily responded to the widow's touching appeal, when William Blackwood died; and he remained the staunchest support of herself and her family. Always tender-hearted and true to the claims of friendship, he was, we believe, the only one of the Ettrick Shepherd's old literary colleagues who attended the funeral of the mountain bard on the snow-sprinkled braes of Yarrow. It was a bitter autumn day, but when the other mourners had gone, Wilson remained for long, with uncovered head, bending over the grave of the Shepherd of the 'Noctes.'

That remarkable peasant-genius may rank as the third of the men whom Mrs. Oliphant might have designated 'the 'makers of the magazine.' All the world is familiar with the humorously touching story which he has told himself with uncompromising candour. The triumphs he scored were the surest vouchers for his gifts, and the best excuse for his childlike vanity. He paraded the innermost sentiments which more worldly-wise men would have concealed. His head was turned by the successes, as by too frequent libations. The herd-boy who had begun by teaching himself to read and to write, who had scratched down his inspirations in quaint calligraphy on a fragment of slate, as the eye in a fine frenzy rolling was turned from time to time to take stock of the wethers, might be forgiven for exaggerating his natural powers. He had an inordinate craving for notoriety, but thanks perhaps to his humble birth and breeding, he had no sense of delicacy and no false modesty. Yet the consciousness of social inferiority

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emphasised his sensitiveness to fancied slights. His imperturbable coolness as a petitioner might have been called unblushing impudence, had he been better versed in the refinements of social intercourse. He applied to Scott and Byron and all his brother poets for contributions to be published in his 'Poetic Mirror,' and when they naturally declined, this mocking-bird of song imitated admirably not only their notes but their sentiments. We are indebted to Lockhart for the inimitable scene in Castle Street, when, after passing from 'Mr. Scott' to Watty, he ended by addressing his hostess as Charlotte; but he never exhibited his literary mendicancy in a less pleasing light than when he addressed an invidious petition to Lady Dalkeith, suggesting that she should turn out an old tenant who was 'a mean fellow,' and bestow the vacant farm on the applicant. As Mrs. Oliphant remarks, the Shepherd was always in want of £50, which was owing to vanity as much as Border hospitality, for the little houses of Altrive and Mount Benger were always filled with idle visitors or worthless flatterers, who fooled their host to the top of his bent. So he regarded the part he was made to play in the 'Noctes' with very mingled feelings. He was proud of being the most prominent of that illustrious company; he was pleased with the bursts of poetic eloquence attributed to him, often not unworthy of himself at his best; but his temper was sorely tried, as well it might be, when he was made the butt of the society in its merriest moods. For the Shepherd at his best might almost rank with the Immortals. Passages from 'Kilmeny' have been freely quoted, and beautiful some of them are. But in our opinion they are far surpassed by the sublimity of the ode, beginning 'Dweller 'in Heaven,' in that pitiable failure, 'The Brownie of 'Bodsbeck.' Peace to his memory! He was his own worst enemy, and he never made a greater worldly mistake than when he declined Sir Walter's marvellously good-natured offer of taking him to London for the King's Coronation. The refusal was couched in terms eminently characteristic. Having just taken a farm, it would be thought discreditable if he did not show himself at St. Boswell's Fair, and 'in 'short the thing is utterly impossible.'

It would seem that in the council of three which for a time directed the magazine Blackwood soon asserted his supremacy. It was he who had to accept the responsibility and risks. He had profited by the expostulations of eminent *littérateurs*, and had been worried by legal threats and pro-

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ceedings. 'Maga' had apparently sown her wild oats and settled down. Then there came on the scene a new contributor, and nothing can be more suggestive of the strange and fascinating idiosyncrasy of Maginn than the manner in which he presented himself, and the exceeding cordiality of his reception. Wilson and Lockhart welcomed a kindred spirit, and the sobered publisher was betrayed again in to indiscretions in his enthusiasm for the talents of this Irish contributor. Maginn, who was then a schoolmaster in Cork, communicated for a considerable time under veil of the anonymous. Very absurd that mystery seems to us now, but it was scrupulously respected by the council of 'Maga.' Wilson wrote to request articles on all manner of subjects, and there he showed the instinct of the capable editor. For Maginn's adaptability was as wonderful as his versatile facility. Politics and religion, criticism, social essays, sparkling *jeux d'esprit*, satire, invective, and rollicking verse with rather halting rhyme—nothing came amiss to him. Almost at once he plunged Blackwood again into hot water by a bitter attack on Professor Leslie, who placed the matter in the hands of his solicitors. Blackwood, as usual, consented to bear the brunt, but he wrote anxiously to his anonymous contributor for materials to plead justification. Maginn's answer, still signed by fanciful initials, is a model of shrewd craft and cool selfishness. Practically, he tells the editor to take the matter calmly as he does himself, though he adds vaguely that in case of need he would put in an appearance in Edinburgh. His first descent upon the 'Saloon' was equally characteristic. He presented himself as an outraged victim clamorously demanding redress, and then revealed his identity with a laugh, pulling out of his pocket a packet of letters from Blackwood. Already he had given his proofs, as the French say, and his somewhat dangerous assistance had been duly appreciated. As Mrs. Oliphant remarks, not only had he taken chameleon-like the local tone of the convivialists of Ambrose's, but he had given such animation to the social politics of Dublin that they were followed with keen interest in the Scottish capital. His letters frankly disclose the man, and with a curious *naïveté*, bordering on simplicity, he takes it for granted that Blackwood was such another as himself. He was ready to do anything to push the magazine. He would puff it in the Press, and help it financially with puffs of journals or books which would be handsomely paid for. In point of truth, he was utterly unscrupulous. He would

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never hesitate at a falsehood that might help a friend; and, to do him justice, his generous mendacity was often akin to virtue; for, as in Wilson's case, he would volunteer to be the scapegoat for articles that the writers dared not avow. On one occasion he proposes to put his name to a laudatory review of Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads' for the 'Quarterly,' the article to be supplied by someone else with a competent knowledge of Spanish. He admits that it might be carrying good-fellowship rather far, but his signature would be a passport to the pages of the periodical. Perhaps Mrs. Oliphant, as a lady, is somewhat hard on his faults or foibles, but his fate is another sample of the melancholy calamities of authors, though we believe constitutional recklessness was chiefly to blame. He found his inspiration in jovial excess, and the best of good fellows, hand in glove with everybody, was the most fatal of friends to himself. The Captain Shandon of 'Pendennis' began by refusing remuneration for his work, and ended by putting his hand to anything by which he could earn a sovereign. The sowing of his wild oats never came to an end; he revolved in an ever-recurring vicious circle between the garret and the sponging-house, the tavern and the prison; and we are told that 'in the letters of the younger 'Blackwoods, during the forties, he appears as a melancholy 'ghost coming and going about the office in Pall Mall, an 'apparition filling the young men with speechless horror 'and pity.'

Again we must use the epithet 'characteristic' as to the extremely comical glimpse of Coleridge. Blackwood sought to enlist the services of that great and erratic genius. The answer came in the form of a protocol, assuming that he was requested to reorganise the magazine, declaring that he was ready to act as London editor or 'Curator,' and laying down the revolutionary lines on which it ought to be run. As Mrs. Oliphant says, the consternation with which the communication was received must certainly have been followed by peals of laughter. There is something irresistibly ludicrous in the man who wrote to Southey about his own unlucky periodical 'The Friend,' 'the plan and execution 'is so utterly unsuitable to the public taste as to preclude 'all rational hopes of its success,' assuming the *rôle* of subversive dictator as to the 'Maga' of brilliant promise. And the man who had calmly abandoned his children to the charity of friends by no means neglected the main chance. He stipulated for special rates of pay, with adequate remuneration for the duties of 'Curator.' His suggestions

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and financial proposals were quietly ignored, and Coleridge was content to fall into the rank and file, and become an occasional contributor to the magazine.

The most life-like portrait of De Quincey—as of Kirkpatrick Sharpe—and we have reason to believe it is not caricatured, is to be found in Dr. Burton's 'Book Hunter,' under the anonym of Papaverius. Burton knew that marvellous eccentricity well, and had frequently befriended him. No man was ever more thoughtful and more thoughtless. He carried to excess the scriptural precept of taking no thought for the morrow, and he was as indifferent to the conventional decencies of dress as Scott's minister of St. Ronan's. The Ettrick Shepherd was for ever in want of £50; the Opium Eater was always urgent for five shillings, though he might have coined his brain into a reasonable fortune. His relations with the magazine were as peculiar as everything else that concerned him. Compared to him, Professor Wilson was the perfection of reliability. He doled out his articles by a page or two at a time, always persistently badgering the long-suffering editor as to the last available hour. He expected that each page should be paid on delivery, though indeed the proceeds of his work had been generally anticipated. Yet it must be remembered that each interlude of distress and despair might have been caused by having emptied his pockets to a beggar. As to his family, he seems to have trusted them in some measure to Providence, but mainly to Blackwood. And Blackwood managed him with the enduring generosity which never failed a friend, but also as one of the strongest though most trying contributors of the team. It was to 'Maga' that De Quincey sent the most immortal of his essays—'The Cæsars' and the dramatic 'Revolt of the Tartars.' For the former, in haggling *more suo* over the pay, he tells how much he has read that he might know what not to write. And there are strange revelations as to his methods of work, if we may take them *au pied de la lettre.* We are apt to regard the brightest wit as the quickest flashes of a lively fancy. Apologising for one of his habitual delays, De Quincey writes:—

'I move slowly whenever I am uncommonly witty. . . . Articles as droll as this I really cannot produce faster. . . . In fact I have never left my paper except on Thursday once to see Professor Wilson, twice during the week to get some breakfast, dinner every day, and to write three letters this morning.'

We may admire his exquisitely finished work the more

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when we recall the difficulties under which it was accomplished. He was disturbed, like Mr. Micawber, by the milkman blockading his door and refusing to raise the siege till the little bill was settled. He was perpetually changing his lodgings, abandoning his books, and shirking his creditors. When the present head of the house of Blackwood was a boy, he remembers De Quincey rushing into the bath-room, where he happened to be at lessons, taking a header into the empty bath and drawing the cover over him, for the sheriff-officers were hard at his heels. But we think Mrs. Oliphant must have been mistaken in believing that his end was 'hopeless and pitiful poverty.' At least Dr. Burton writes:—

'In his latter days he was tended by affectionate hands, and I have always thought it a wonderful instance of the power of domestic care and management, that through the ministrations of a devoted offspring, this strange being was so cared for, that those who came in contact with him, then and then only, might have admired him as the patriarchal head of an elegant and agreeable household.'

We pass lightly over some contributors of the second rank, though in their day they made no inconsiderable mark. There was the prolific Galt, a pawkie Defoe, whose special talent always set limits to his soaring ambition, and in whom Blackwood at the first not unnaturally believed as a fair second to Scott. A man of business and a man of letters, he fell at the last upon evil days. His Canadian company came to grief and insolvency; his contributions were often rejected, and his extravagant proposals kindly declined. At that time Croly and Gleig were conspicuous, and the former was as fertile as Galt. He is described as a clerical Irish adventurer, and, like his compatriot Maginn, he was ever to be relied upon for any variety of work. But Croly is one of the examples of the lottery of letters: he worked hard for a high position, and he ought to have escaped oblivion. 'Salathiel,' the romance of the Wandering Jew, has scenes nearly as impressive as Sue's picture of the colossal spectres approaching each other from the opposite shores of the Straits of Behring. 'Salathiel,' by the way, was not published by Blackwood, but the writer can remember with what profound interest he read in his boyhood 'Marston, or the Memoirs of a Statesman,' which appeared originally in the magazine. Gleig, who we believe threw off in its pages with the 'Subaltern,' continued for fifty years to be a frequent and valued contributor. Another celebrity of the day was 'Tom Cringle.' Unfortunately we hear little of him that we did not know before, and Mrs.

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Oliphant assumes that Michael Scott was a young naval officer. But, as it happens, we know something of his family, and in point of fact Scott was a West Indian planter, and possibly the prototype of his own Aaron Bang. We have often heard it asserted, to the praise of his genius, that being no seaman, the inexactness of some nautical details could only be appreciated by experienced mariners.

The first epoch of these most interesting Annals closes with the death of William Blackwood in 1834. We would gladly spare space to go into the details of that pleasant home life, which Mrs. Oliphant describes with the warm sympathy of a lifelong intimacy. Blackwood had been as fortunate in his marriage and in his family as in his business. The business he had founded was flourishing and rapidly extending, and his darling magazine had risen to high reputation and was realising its promise of a world-wide circulation. Beloved and trusted as the stay of his house, his death was a grievous blow to his widow. She had eight sons, and three had entered the publishing firm. Two were serving in the Indian army: the elder was the father of the present representative of the firm, whose younger brother, having betaken himself to his father's career, fell fighting gallantly with his guns at Maiwand. The boys at home were steady, shrewd, and well trained, but they were young. In the hour of grief and anxiety, it was to Wilson that the mother turned with the touching appeal, 'Oh, Professor, you will stand 'by the boys?' The response was hearty, and the ready pledges were kept, so far as ineradicable instincts and inveterate habits admitted. But to the last these much-enduring lads had to hang on Christopher's moods of inspiration when the magazine should have been going to press. As for Lockhart, he was 'fatherly and affectionate,' but engrossed with the 'Quarterly.' The success with which they persevered in the lines their father had laid down is a striking instance of hereditary adaptabilities. There was steady firmness, as well as patience and tact, in their dealings with irritating or exacting contributors. The editorship was still temperately autocratic, as the steering among the shoals was steady and careful. And the spirited young publishers were soon in touch and communications with the brightening lights of a new generation.

Samuel Warren had been a valued contributor in their father's days. Perhaps his letters make the best piece of self-portraiture in the volumes. The shrewd lawyer and man of the world is childlike in his transparent and innocent

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vanity. The 'Diary of a late Physician' had brought him literary fame, and the correspondence is filled with laudatory remarks, which had either appeared in the press or been personally addressed to him. Perhaps forwarding these to his editors or publishers seemed to a man by no means indifferent to the main chance as all in the way of business. But the quotations with regard to 'Ten Thousand a Year' are delightfully humorous. The serial was from the first a great success, and while it ran was the *pièce de résistance* of the magazine. The young editors gave all the more attention to it, and their criticisms, sometimes carried into extensive excision, show that they had inherited their father's independence and safe literary judgement. Warren always anticipates objection or depreciation by deafening blasts on his own trumpet. For example, the studies of the Aubreys undeniably verge on the mawkish in sentimentality; consequently he clamorously declares his intense admiration for the work. When the editors take special exception to anything —and there was a grand battle over the Election Committee business, which they actually omitted—the author hastens to take legal or lay opinion to confirm his own profound convictions. The Blackwoods answer courteously, but never cede the points. The novel is in every sense a great one, for it is one of the longest ever written since the time of Richardson —so long that the publishers have been unable to reprint it in handsome form. We have given personal proof of our liking for it by reading it again and again. Yet we heartily agree with Alexander Blackwood, who found many passages 'jar on his fastidious susceptibilities,' and Thackeray, it will be remembered, satirised in his 'Snob 'Papers' the poignant sorrow of the beggared Aubrey, when he saw his fashionable friends driving down St. James's Street to dinner parties. Still more thoroughly do we agree when Blackwood expresses his detestation of the absurd nomenclature, and we can only marvel that he let it pass. Mr. Dismal Horror, the dissenting ranter, is bad enough; but the schoolmaster, Mr. Hic-haec-hoc, is far worse. Nevertheless it is a great novel, though had it been shorter it would have done more for the author's fame. There is drollery and much excellent fooling in it, and yet Warren must have been weak in the sense of the humorous. Perhaps there is nothing much more pleasant in the comedy of literature than the letter to the Blackwoods on the publication of his 'Now and Then,' in which he maps out the extravagantly laudatory review he expects to see published in 'Maga.'

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Among the many who either volunteered or contributed, poor young Bramwell Brontë undoubtedly takes the palm for self-assurance. As a boy of sixteen he writes to suggest that, as the older supporters must be dying out, he is willing to take the burden of the magazine on his shoulders, nor has he the shadow of a doubt as to his capability. John Sterling, whose fame by a freak of fortune has surpassed his performances, had as good an opinion of himself as Samuel Warren. The appropriately named Savage Landor—the Lawrence Boythorne of 'Bleak House'—comes down truculently and with terrible threats on a compositor, to whom he professes to attribute emendations and interpolations in a manuscript. He cannot conceive that a responsible editor could have been guilty of such sacrilege. A much-esteemed contributor, ready to turn his hand to anything, was the Rev. James White, who showed his versatility by sending 'Sir Frizzle 'Pumpkin, or Nights at Mess,' from the tranquil solitude of his country curacy. His son and namesake all through life was one of the closest friends of the late John Blackwood. It was no fault of the elder White that he did not do the magazine an invaluable piece of service, for he offered an introduction to Thackeray. He writes to Robert Blackwood: 'By the by there is a friend of mine that I promised to 'introduce to you. He is the cleverest of all the London 'writers, I think—his name is Thackeray. . . . He is shy, I 'suppose, for he said he wished you would *invite* him to con-'tribute.' Shy as he was, Thackeray wrote in January 1840 to Alexander Blackwood, offering articles which would have been something in the manner of the 'Roundabout Papers.' If the communication was acknowledged, the offer was declined, and Thackeray seems never to have renewed it. All mortals are liable to error, but perhaps the conductors of 'Maga' never made a more unfortunate mistake. Thackeray and John Blackwood became great allies, yet we think we remember in Aytoun's Life, that the reserved author ventured to hint to the Professor of Belles Lettres his surprise that the works which had made him famous had never been noticed in the magazine.

Even Sir Archibald Alison had to put up with the free application of the pruning knife to certain contributions in political economy. Yet at that time his 'History' had been running from volume to volume, a phenomenal trade triumph. Successful and lucrative as it was, the young publishers ventured to suggest that it might be advantageously condensed or curtailed. These

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suggestions had no perceptible effect, and indeed the Mr. Wordy of Lord Beaconsfield might have replied that diffuseness had never interfered with his popularity. To that period belong various distinguished contributors, only dwarfed by the renown of their precursors. 'Thomas 'Ingoldsby' wrote 'My Cousin Nicholas' in his own inimitable vein, the most characteristic touch being the scene where the scapegrace prodigal cuts his father. The brilliant Israelite, Samuel Phillips, contributed the remarkable novel of 'Caleb Stukely.' Mrs. Oliphant pronounces it gloomy, and possibly it was, for the gifted author was a confirmed invalid. We remember it impressed us strongly, and the conductors agreed, for in Phillips' case they infringed their general rule, and began publishing when but two or three numbers were written. The Hardmans, father and son, for very many years did invaluable service. The younger Hardman, one of John Blackwood's valued friends, was 'Times' correspondent in many countries, before accepting the post in Paris, which he held at the beginning of the Franco-German War. Cosmopolitan as he was, he was a man of prejudices, and no Frenchman spoke more bitterly of the Prussians, for their making firewood of Buhl cabinets and annexing clocks. He had seen service with the Carlists, and his 'Student of Salamanca' has a series of most vivid pictures of the horrors of an irregular and guerilla war. And he was as much at home in the prairies of Texas as in the sierras and depoblados of the Peninsula. At that time Mrs. Oliphant herself appeared on the scene where she was to play so many parts as *prima donna*. It was through Major Blackwood, the father of the present representative of the house, that she formed the connexion which was to endure to the end. 'I recollect well the aspect of the mild and courteous 'soldier . . . which marked the individuality of this one 'figure in a literary group, by no means so distinguished.' The story sent 'in trembling' was 'Katie Stewart,' for which the Major's younger brother John, in gratitude perhaps for these first fruits of the lady's pen, always expressed unbounded admiration. At the close of the volume Mrs. Oliphant tells the touching story, which we cannot quote at length and will not spoil by curtailing, of how, when she returned to Edinburgh as a youthful widow, with her a young family dependent on her exertions, she renewed relations with the firm through her good friend 'The Major,' and passing from despondency to hopeful exhilaration,

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launched herself anew on the literary world with 'The 'Chronicles of Carlingford.'

Bulwer began his connexion with 'Maga' by spirited translations from Schiller. As a metrical translator from the German few have excelled him, and his rendering of Bürger's ballad of 'Wilhelm and Leonore' is, in our opinion, far preferable to that of Scott. 'The Caxtons,' deliberately planned and carefully bargained for—Bulwer in some respects was an ideal man of business—marked the turning-point in his career. The man of fashion and sensation became the man of thought, and struck into fresh veins which showed the richness of his resources. He came out also as the brilliant essayist; yet, as Mrs. Oliphant remarks, he could never altogether shake himself free from his earlier affectations and redundancy of fluid rhetoric. 'The Caxtons' was followed by 'My Novel,' to which he naturally attached even greater importance. In truth, it is a grand and living panorama of English life in all its aspects. But what strikes us most in these revelations of the stately and superfine Lord Lytton is a modesty of which we should never have suspected him. He writes to John Blackwood, who might have been his son:—

'As our object is precisely the same—viz. to produce an effective work which may do credit to us both—so I have only to repeat that if you see cause to doubt the key in which this is pitched, I am quite ready to lay it aside. In truth, I have taken so much pains with it and rewritten parts so often that I have got bothered with it, and *really feel* unable to form an opinion on its faults or merits. You will come to it freshly and will therefore judge much better.'

We may add that Lord Lytton never showed his versatility more than in 'The Parisians,' the last of his novels which appeared in 'Maga,' but which does not come within the compass of these volumes. John Blackwood chuckled over the mystification when it was attributed to Laurence Oliphant and sundry others, but seldom or never to the actual author. Kinglake, Hamley, Aytoun, and Laurence Oliphant may be said to be men of the future, and will doubtless be fully chronicled in the forthcoming volume. Hamley and John Blackwood were the staunchest of friends, but from the first the civilian had recognised the rich literary gifts of the accomplished soldier. Blackwood expresses himself forcibly as to 'The Story of the [Crimean] 'Campaign':—

'If the public do not take to that book they are beasts. I read it over from beginning to end two nights ago, and I rose from it with

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the feeling that the writer was one of the most wonderful men who ever lived. That such a book should have been written in such circumstances (in the camp before Sebastopol) is truly marvellous.'

Well might he say so; and when the story of the war was rewritten in Hamley's later days, each one of the young Captain's prognostications had been verified, and the writer had literally nothing to retract.

The last of the notable personages brought on the stage is George Eliot. She was as sensitive to criticism as Lord Lytton was amenable. 'Mr. Blackwood, accustomed 'to such invitations to criticism as were contained in the 'letters of Bulwer Lytton, as well as of many more humble 'persons, fell at once under her influence.' We have often heard him recall his feelings when he first read the manuscript of 'The Fortunes of Amos Barton,' though he merely remarks in his letter to George Lewis that 'I think 'your friend's reminiscences of Clerical Life will do,' which must certainly have been somewhat discouraging to the hyper-sensitive novice. Like Maginn and others, the lady for long kept religiously the secrets of her name and sex. As for Hamley, for once he differed from the Editor, showing something less than his usual acumen. He suggested that the author might possibly be a man of science. 'Adam 'Bede' came to clench the brilliant success of the 'Scenes 'of Clerical Life,' and William and John Blackwood began to believe that they had lighted on the second Scott their father had been seeking in vain. But with 'Adam Bede' the story breaks off—to be continued in a concluding volume. As we said in the opening paragraphs, it is the quintessence of candid autobiography.

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ART. III.—1. *Travels in Nubia.* By JOHN LEWIS BURCKHARDT. London: 1822.

2. *Report on the Soudan.* By the late Lieut.-Colonel STEWART. (Egypt, No. 11.) Parliamentary Papers. London: 1883.

3. *L'Egypte Contemporaine.* By PAUL MERRUAN. Paris: 1858.

4. *Reports on the Province of Dongola.* By C. DAWKINS and W. E. GARSTIN. (Egypt, No. 3.) Parliamentary Papers. London: 1897.

THE expedition brought last year to a successful conclusion by Sir Herbert Kitchener resulted in the restoration to Egypt of no less than four hundred and forty miles of Nile valley abandoned in 1885. Since then, by the renewed advance of the same General, again admirably conducted, upon Abu Hamed and Berber, a further length of some three hundred and fifty miles of river has been won back to civilisation, and the Berber and Suakin route has again been opened. There is, of course, no doubt that before long the Egyptian flag will wave once more over Khartum; and it may be of interest, whilst the Anglo-Egyptian forces are steadily pressing to the South, to take stock, as it were, from time to time of the character of the country thus re-acquired.

Last year's operations resulted in the acquisition of Dongola, a province forming a portion of the once important kingdom of Nubia, a State which for many centuries played a considerable part in Egyptian history. This kingdom was itself included in the vast empire known to the Egyptians, and also to the Hebrews, by the name of Kush, or Ethiopia. The confines of this area are difficult to assign, as the entire country south of Syene, the modern Assuan, would appear to have been once so styled. The inhabitants, again, would seem to have been termed Ethiopians or Nubians indifferently. The Romans certainly defined the latter as a distinct people, for in the reign of Diocletian, weary of the endless warfare entailed by the possession of Nubia, they withdrew their garrisons north of Assuan, and made a treaty with the Nubæ, or Nubatæ, that these last should defend the frontier against the attacks of the Blemmye tribes. The northern boundary of Kush was fixed by the granite barriers of the Assuan Cataract, and by the rocky chain which here extends on either side of the Nile

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Valley. To the east the Red Sea formed a clearly marked geographical limit, while to the west the Libyan Desert stretched to a practically boundless extent. To the south, however, it is impossible to fix a point at which it can be asserted that the frontiers of Ethiopia were reached. The Egyptians, in the 12th Dynasty, implanted their civilisation as far south as Meroë, and perhaps even further, but to them there must always have been an unexplored land beyond. The same must have been the case with the Greeks and the Romans, and any speculations on the subject lose themselves in the impenetrable mists which surround the history of the earlier periods of this portion of the African continent.

The Nile Valley has in the past been overrun by many different races, and the invaders, in every instance, set their faces steadily southwards, endeavouring to ascend the mysterious river, and to penetrate the unknown regions from which it took its source. The struggle, as a rule, proved too severe for them, and they retired baffled, finding that the fertile plains of Egypt were easier to hold and better worth keeping than the narrow strip of soil wrested by the river from the Ethiopian deserts. Upon the few who did remain the outraged deities who claimed the Nile as their own took revenge. They gradually despoiled these intruders of their racial characteristics, and slowly but surely fashioned them into one general type. Few things are more remarkable to the traveller visiting Nubia than the reproduction, in the inhabitants of almost every village, of the features represented in the old sculptures and monuments of some four thousand years ago. Even in Upper Egypt the above fact is apparent, but nowhere is it so striking as in Nubia. There, no matter how strong the vitality of the original race, its descendants have, after a few generations of residence in the river-valley, invariably lost all resemblance to the parent stock, and have developed into one common and unchanging mould. To the foregoing one exception must, however, be made. The tribes of pure Arab blood and descent have retained the traces of their origin in a striking degree, and bear little resemblance either in feature or in character to their neighbours dwelling further north. It may be that this is due to constant replenishment of the blood, or to the fact that they inhabit those portions of the Sudan lying within the influence of the annual rainfall, and are consequently not absolutely dependent upon the river for the support of life. Whatever

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the reason, it is indubitable that the Nubian type disappears, and the Arab type commences, in the vicinity of Debba, a place which is yearly blessed with a certain amount of rain.

Of the early history of Ethiopia only occasional glimpses are obtainable. The comparatively few travellers who have visited the Upper Nile have been content to occupy themselves with the study of the country and its inhabitants, rather than with an investigation of the story to be revealed by its monuments. It is true that Lepsius, Champollion, Burckhardt, Hoskins, and, more recently, Mariette and Bayard Taylor, have thrown a certain amount of light upon the archæology of this region; but as regards the details of its history the field is practically still virgin. The Pharaohs of the 12th Dynasty built the temples and pyramids of Meroë, the ancient Saba, and for nearly one thousand years Egypt was mistress of the whole Nile Valley as far south as Shendy. Under the weak rule of the Priest-Kings she gradually lost her hold of the southern provinces, and in the eighth century B.C. the Ethiopians so far gained the mastery that they became kings of Upper Egypt, and for a period of some fifty years reigned at Thebes, forming what is known as the 25th Dynasty. Of the part played by the Ethiopians during the Persian domination of Egypt very little record is existent. Herodotus relates how Cambyses, in the sixth century B.C., attempted to invade the country south of Assuan. His expedition ended in disastrous failure, as his soldiers, losing themselves in the desert, were reduced to cannibalism, and only a small remnant of the great army ever succeeded in returning to Egypt. Of the Ptolemaic rule in Nubia, again, not very much is chronicled; but that this Dynasty held sway over the country as far south as Korti, writings and maps attest. The portion of the Nile Valley lying between this place and Assuan was styled by the Greeks 'Dodescaschœnus,' on account of its length.*

The first historian making a serious attempt to record events in Ethiopia was Strabo, who travelled in Egypt during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, the country being at that time a Roman province. He describes the invasion (in B.C. 24) of Southern Egypt by the Ethiopians, under Queen Candace, whose capital was at Napata, the modern Merawi. He relates how Petronius, the Roman prefect, retaliated by

* Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

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entering her country with an army, destroying Napata, and putting to flight the queen. For several centuries after this event a ceaseless warfare would seem to have been waged between the Romans and the Ethiopians, until, as has been before mentioned, the former, in the reign of Diocletian (A.D. 295–6), withdrew their garrisons, and made a treaty with the Nubians for the defence of the frontier. Of the Christian period somewhat more is known. Although, in the fourth century after Christ, Theodosius declared all Egypt to have embraced Christianity, that faith would not appear to have spread to Nubia until the fifth century, when the Monophysites threw off their allegiance to the Orthodox Patriarch. From the sixth to the fourteenth century, in spite of the Arab conquest (A.D. 638), Christianity held its own in Nubia, and a Christian king reigned at Old Dongola. The Mahommedan caliphs of Egypt apparently left the country entirely unmolested during this period, merely insisting upon their suzerainty being acknowledged by the payment of a yearly tribute of slaves. Abu-Salih, the Armenian, writing in the early years of the thirteenth century, gives an interesting description of the Christian era.* He states that there were at that time seven episcopal sees in Nubia, and, further, that as many as four hundred churches existed in the district of Alwah alone.† The patron saint was St. Mark the Evangelist, and Christianity would seem to have extended as far south as Sennaar. Thirteen kings, he tells us, reigned in Nubia, under the authority of Cyriacus, whom he styles the 'Great King,' and he recounts many curious legends and customs regarding this period. The Nubian kings were at the same time priests, and personally celebrated the liturgy in the sanctuary. This they were permitted to do only so long as they abstained from killing a man with their own hands. Should they infringe this rule the privilege was withdrawn from them, and never restored. In the eighth century after Christ the Nubians made a last invasion of Egypt, but at the request of the Egyptian patriarch recrossed the frontier after a very short stay. Even in the fifteenth century portions of Nubia must have remained faithful to Christianity. The Arab historian

* Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt, by Abu-Salih. Translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A., 1895.

† From its description Alwah appears to correspond with the modern Halfaiyah.

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Macrizi, who himself visited the country, describes the boundary between the Christian and the Moslem districts as being at Yosto, a place which Burckhardt considers to have been the frontier of the Dongola province.* Early in the fourteenth century the Arab tribes of the Beni Umayah invaded the southern portion of the Nile Valley, conquering the negro rulers, and converting them to Islamism.† They founded the great Sultanate of Sennaar, which in the eighteenth century attained such importance. The Arab invasion continued, and the Moslems spread all over Nubia, entering the country from the north, as well as from the east. By the end of the fifteenth century Christianity had entirely disappeared. During the next two hundred years this region was the theatre of endless warfare and of continual change of rulers.

After Mehemet Ali's massacre of the Mamluks at Cairo in 1811, the survivors fled to Nubia, making their headquarters at New Dongola, which was called in consequence 'El 'Ordeh,' or 'The Camp.' They endeavoured to work their way further south, but were defeated by the Shagiyeh Arabs, a powerful tribe inhabiting the valley of the Nile from Debba to Kirbekan. Foiled in this attempt, the Mamluks revenged themselves upon the Danagla, who were unable to offer any serious resistance. Their tyranny was so great that the whole district fell into a state of anarchy, and trade with Egypt well-nigh ceased.‡ Mehemet Ali resolved to conquer the country, and in 1820 sent an army to Assuan, under the command of his son, Ismail Pasha. The latter invaded Nubia, meeting with no opposition until he reached the territory occupied by the Shagiyeh. These he defeated, and eventually reduced the whole area, including Sennaar, to subjection. His behaviour to the inhabitants was marked by such extreme barbarity that, driven to despair, they determined to revenge themselves. Upon his return journey Ismail was burnt alive at Shendy, while reposing in his hut after an orgie. The perpetrator of this act of retribution was a Jaalin chief named Malik Nimr, *anglicè* 'King Tiger,' who was the last of the deposed kings.§ This tragedy gave rise to terrible reprisals on the part of the Turks. The celebrated Daftardar, Mahommed

* Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

† Lieut.-Colonel Stewart, 'Report on the Soudan.' Egypt, No. 11, 1883.

‡ Ibid. § Ibid.

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Ali, succeeded to the command at the death of Ismail Pasha. This man, who on account of his cruelties was surnamed 'The Butcher,' devastated the country to such an extent, that the state of ruin into which it gradually lapsed may be said to date from his time. He exported the people wholesale to Egypt, to serve as recruits for his master's (Mehemet Ali) army. At the same time he levied taxes to an exorbitant degree, and called upon the inhabitants to pay far more than they could possibly raise from the produce of the land.* To such straits were they eventually reduced that they were unable to till the soil, and large areas of land were thrown out of cultivation. This policy was continued with such effect by the Turkish governors who succeeded him, that the once fertile provinces fell into a state of poverty from which they have never since recovered. In 1856, Said Pasha, the then Viceroy of Egypt, visited Nubia, and, struck by the misery which everywhere prevailed, endeavoured to introduce a series of humane reforms, which, had they been put into effect, would have gone far towards repairing the ruin caused by his predecessors. Unfortunately, he did not stay to see that his regulations were enforced, and the Turkish officials continued to rob and oppress the people as before. During the reign of the Khedive Ismail, Nubia became a place of banishment for all the bad characters of Egypt, and the latter emptied her prisons into the former. Lawless bands of Bashi-Bazuks infested the whole country, plundering and maltreating the inhabitants with impunity.† The arrival upon the scene of Gordon Pasha, and the subsequent events which terminated in the rebellion of 1883, are too recent to need any description here.

At the commencement of the present century the Sudan proper was divided into three kingdoms—Sennaar, Darfur, and Kordofan. The first of these was again subdivided into nine separate States, or 'Dars,' each under a semi-independent ruler, or 'malik.' These 'Dars' were called Sukkot, Mahass, Dongola, Monasir, Isyut, Robatab, Berber, Shendy, and Halfaiyah.‡ The province of Dongola was at that time considerably smaller in area than at present. To the north, the 'Dars' of Sukkot and Mahass formed separate States; and to the south the district of Ambigol

* Paul Merruan, 'L'Egypte Contemporaine,' 1858.

† Report on the Soudan. Egypt, No. 11, 1883.

‡ A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola, by an American in the service of his Highness. Cairo, 1822.

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was the dividing limit between Dongola and Monasir. At the present moment the province is divided into eleven districts—viz. Sukkot, Mahass, Hafir, Argo, El Ordeh, Khandak, Dongola el-Aguz, Ambigol, Merawi-Bahri, and Merawi-Kibli.* Each of these is placed under the charge of a 'mamur,' or civil sub-governor, who is responsible for the collection of the revenue, &c. Previous to the rebellion the northern frontier was fixed at Khor-Musa, five miles south of Wadi-Halfa. The southern boundary was then Hagar-el-Beda, or 'El Kab,' which is situated some hundred miles upstream of Merawi. The total length of the province was at that time about 514 miles. Since last year's expedition the northern limit has been changed, and is now at Akasheh, eighty-seven miles south of Wadi-Halfa. The southern frontier is, for the present, Bellal, a point eleven miles east of Merawi.† These alterations reduce the total length to some 358 miles.

The entrance to the Sudan from Egypt is guarded by a succession of natural barriers, forming what might almost be described as a series of Titanic steps, of varying height and length, through which the river finds its way to the north. The first of these—the Assuan Cataract—is comparatively small. At Wadi-Halfa the second and most important of all is met with; and, following out the above simile, the entire region, comprising the Second and Third Cataracts, may be compared to a gigantic stair. This surmounted, the plateau extending from Hannek to Merawi is attained. Not far south of the latter place, however, a fourth and extremely long and difficult step, in the shape of a series of cataracts, bars the way. This traversed, Abu Hamed is reached. Between this point and Khartum further difficulties are encountered in the rapids known as the Fifth and Sixth Cataracts, the first of which forms a very formidable obstacle to navigation. Indeed, the last expedition has demonstrated that the difficulties of these two cataracts had been underrated; and there is, in truth, hardly a worse rapid on the river between Assuan and Berber than that of 'El Bagier,' some eighteen miles north of the Fifth Cataract. That the steamers passed successfully through these long reaches of bad water reflects the greatest credit on the English and Egyptian officers engaged

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.

† The above was written previous to the capture of Abu Hamed by the Egyptian troops.

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in the work. Another most formidable obstacle has been discovered still higher up the Nile in a ridge of rock that extends nearly across the river a little below the junction of the Atbara. At low water this ridge, called by the Arabs 'Um Tiur,' is said to form a clear drop of two or three feet, and thus through navigation between Berber and Metemmeh during the summer months is impossible. It may be necessary ultimately to prolong the new railway a few miles north of Berber in order to get beyond this obstruction. The desert railway to Abu Hamed, constructed at an average rate of more than one mile per diem, when one recalls the difficulties due to climate and transport, and especially the waterless district traversed, has been a veritable triumph of good management and persistent effort, and it is impossible to praise too highly Lieutenant Girouard and the Egyptian Army Railway Corps, by whom the work was carried through.

It is, however, with the province of Dongola more especially that we wish to deal. In that portion of the Nile Valley which contains the Second and Third Cataracts, the river has forced itself a tortuous passage through a succession of deep gorges and precipitous clefts. Its course is continuously barred by massive piles of granite and porphyry, through or over which it has succeeded in finding a channel. These obstructions form, during the period of low water, a series of rapids, most of which are impassable for boats. The cultivated area upon either bank is limited, and although probably at one time of greater extent than at present, could never, from the physical formation of the valley, have been of any considerable importance. This district, which comprises the old kingdoms of Dar Sukkot and Dar Mahass, has a total length of some 236 miles, with a total fall in the river bed of 264 feet, or rather more than one foot per mile. The scenery of this tract is wild in the extreme. From Wadi-Halfa to Dal, a distance of one hundred miles, the desert on either hand is known to the Arabs by the appropriate name of the 'Batn-el-Hagar,' or 'Belly of Stones,' and a more grimly desolate region it is impossible to imagine. As far as the eye can see, and in every direction, extends an expanse of black rock, interspersed with stretches of yellowish-grey shingle. Peaks of the most fantastic and irregular shapes stand up on every side, and the jagged blocks are piled one upon another in bewildering confusion. It might almost be fancied that the whole had once been an ocean, which in the height of

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its disturbance had been suddenly petrified into rigidity. Through this dreary waste the river has torn out a path. Its course can be traced, upon close approach, by the fringe of date palms which lines its banks. Wild as it is, this district is not devoid of a peculiar beauty of its own. Its very ruggedness and loneliness, when viewed through the magical medium of the Nubian atmosphere, have a certain charm, which perhaps affects the observer more strongly than do softer and more romantic scenes. The morning and evening effects present a daily succession of the most enchanting pictures. Just before the sun rises the whole desert becomes tinged with a faint creamy pink or salmon colour, while the distant peaks are flushed with the most delicate rose, amber, and violet tints imaginable. The rocks in the foreground meanwhile stand out, a series of cold grey masses, their shadows being marked by splashes of vivid brown. With evening, again, the beauty of the colouring is, if anything, intensified. For some minutes after the sun has disappeared below the horizon the brightness fades away, and the whole landscape becomes swathed in a transparent veil of pearly grey, which is apparently the precursor of the darkness. Suddenly a faint ray of light shoots up from the point which marks the path of the departed sun. This is speedily followed by many similar heralds of the coming transformation. The colours gradually deepen and grow brighter, until the whole western sky is enveloped in a sheet of the most brilliant flame. Orange merges into crimson, crimson into rose, which again dissolves into luminous gradations of purple, violet and blue. Directly overhead a shade of exquisite pale green marks the limits of the illumination. Through all these tints there glows a wondrous metallic lustre, which is quite indescribable, and to which no artist could ever, in the slightest degree, do justice.

The Nile scenery in Sukkot and Mahass recalls portions of the Rhine Valley. The resemblance is heightened by the remains of the old fortresses which crown many of the crags. These, with their bastions and castellated towers, might well be mistaken for the ruins of Rolandseck or Drachenfels. The view looking up and down the river from Dulgo is one of extreme beauty. On the west bank a dark green belt of trees slopes down to the water's edge, and in the background extends a range of picturesquely shaped hills. These at sunset are bathed in a golden haze,

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which softens their hard outlines and veils their barrenness. A richly wooded island adds to the picture, and, were it not for the 'shadowed livery' of the inhabitants and the never-ending plague of flies, one might easily for the moment imagine oneself in Europe. Keddain, again, with its isolated hills guarding, one on either bank, the black mass of the Khaibar Cataract; Kosheh, with its noble stretch of river and pyramidical rock; Firket, with its striking cliff standing sentinel over the scene of last year's battle; Abri, with its sloping pebbly beach, christened by the English officers the 'Brighton of the Sudan,' may one and all be instanced as beautiful spots which impress themselves vividly upon the memory. Even the scenery of the Dal rapid, which marks the head of the Second Cataract, possesses a savage wildness which almost amounts to beauty. The river here rushes between rocky islands, some of them of considerable extent, and containing the remains of once important fortresses. These islands, long uninhabited, are now covered with a thick growth of acacia and tamarisk trees, the brilliant green of which makes a perfect contrast with the glistening black of the rocks and the opal tints of the water. The east bank is flanked by a line of frowning cliffs, while to the west stretches the Libyan Desert. A writer* has well described this place as follows:—

'All the refuse odds and ends of creation, the pieces left after the rocks and mountains of the rest of the world were fashioned, have been thrown out together here. A sea of black stone mounds, out of which rise occasional mounds of still blacker stone, and long chains of rugged peaks.'

Cultivation in this region is at present practically non-existent. What little the Turk left disappeared with the advent of the Dervish Emir Wad-el-Nejumi in 1889. The latter in marching northwards forced the entire population of Mahass and Sukkot to accompany him, at the same time seizing their cattle, destroying their sakiehs, and cutting down their palm trees. The tract to this day bears silent witness to the destruction which he wrought; the population has never returned, and with the exception of a very few centres, the river banks are practically deserted. Previous to the year 1820 these two districts must have been in a flourishing condition, if an anonymous American writer who

* Bayard Taylor.

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accompanied Ismail Pasha's expedition is to be credited.* He waxes enthusiastic about the fertility and prosperity of these places, more especially as regards Sukkot. He describes the fertile islands, the succession of villages, the teeming population, and the thick groves of trees. Finally he says:—

'The country bordering the river is a beautiful plain: as far as the eye can reach, as fertile as land can be, and covered with a great variety of trees, plants, and fields of corn, comparable to which in point of luxurious fertility Egypt itself cannot show. The whole country is absolutely overwhelmed with the products of the very rich soil of which it consists.'

It is difficult to associate this description with the region as it is at present, and to understand where or how 'beautiful 'plains' could lie in the narrow strip of land between the cliffs and the desert. Making due allowance, however, for exaggeration in these statements, they would certainly seem to show that previous to the Turkish occupation these two districts enjoyed considerable prosperity. The tyranny and oppression of Mohammed Bey and his successors speedily brought about their inevitable result, and travellers visiting the country some thirty years later record a very different state of things to the above.

The southern portions of the Dongola Province, lying between Hannek and Merawi, a distance of nearly 200 miles, differ largely from those just described. The desert on either side of the river is undulating and comparatively low. A band of cultivation more or less continuous is met with on both banks. Palm trees are abundant along the line of the Nile, and in many places luxuriant growths of trees skirt the edge of the water. The slope of the river and country is gradual, being under five inches per mile, or less by one-half than that ruling in the cataract region. The east bank of the Nile is here bounded by the Nubian Desert, or 'Atmur,' i.e. without water, which, extending in an unbroken sheet to the ridges bordering the Red Sea, is inhabited chiefly by Arabs of the Bisharin and Ababda tribes. On the west bank is the so-called Libyan Desert, but in the immediate vicinity of the Dongola Province the general level is broken by several large 'wadis' or valleys. For nearly half the length of the province, i.e. from Hannek to Debba, the great depression known by the name of the

* A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola. Cairo, 1822.

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Wadi-el-Kab runs parallel to the river for some 130 miles. It contains a line of eight to ten oases, and wells are fairly numerous. It is, as its name implies, the home of the Kababish tribe of Arabs, who congregate round the wells and use it for pasturing their flocks. As the southern end of this valley is within the limits of the rainy zone, good grazing ground is to be found during certain seasons of the year. A ridge separates this wadi from the Nile, the intervening desert rising from the latter for a considerable distance, and afterwards sloping down to the valley in a succession of terraces. The lowest portions of the Wadi-el-Kab must be considerably below the level of the river when in flood. Although the depression is continuous, sundry rocky bars traverse it at different points of its length. South of Debba the Bayuda Desert, in area many thousands of square miles, fills up the whole space bounded by that great bend of the river upon which are situated Omdurman, Shendy, Berber, Abu Hamed, Merawi, and Debba. It is traversed by numerous wadis, forming the chief caravan routes, and along which wells are found at intervals. The Wadi-Abu-Dom stretches like a chord from Metemmeh to Korti, the Nile itself forming the arc. This line, and the wells of Jakdul and Abu Klea, will always be associated in the minds of Englishmen with the memorable march made by Sir Herbert Stewart and the desert column in 1884. The Wadi-Mukattam commences some sixty miles west of Omdurman, joining the Nile at Debba, and is the main route followed by caravans between the Nile and El Obeid, the capital of Kordofan. As a considerable portion of the Bayuda Desert lies within the area visited by the annual rains, and as all parts of it are subject at times to heavy storms, much of its surface is covered with scrub and low trees. The principal tribes inhabiting it are the Kababish, Hawawir, Sowarab, and Hassaniyeh, while the Jaalin are settled upon the river banks adjacent. Above Merawi the aspect of the country changes rapidly, the Nile running for some eighty miles through a rocky wilderness very similar in appearance and sterility to the Batn-el-Hagar, and here the dangerous rapids known as the Fourth Cataract are met with. From Abu Hamed to Berber the desert is again comparatively flat, but the navigation of the river is extremely difficult. The rapids of the Fifth Cataract occur in this reach, and form even in flood a formidable obstacle to the passage of boats. A few miles south of Berber the Atbara River joins the Nile, the angle between the two channels

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forming what was once known as the 'Island of Meroë,' and here the famous ruins of Saba or Meroë are to be found. Between the Atbara and Khartum no special difficulties to navigation are encountered, and the country is generally open. The Sixth Cataract, although not formidable in itself, might with little trouble be rendered nearly impregnable were the heights of the narrow gorge through which the river here passes to be fortified.

But to return to the Province of Dongola. In ascending the river from Hannek it is worth while to notice the curious defences of the little village of Hafir on the western bank, the scene of the action between the Dervishes and the Egyptian gunboats. A wide plain, rising gradually as it recedes from the river, stretches away westward. Upon the high ground, well out of the range of the Egyptian guns, was massed the Dervish army. The severe fire which saluted the steamers was produced from a few small trenches parallel to the river, and not far from the water's edge. These were little more than two feet in depth by some eight feet in width. The only protection to the riflemen was afforded by a small parapet, about two feet six inches in height, raised in front of each trench. These parapets were pierced with rude loopholes, by means of which the fire was directed. The guns were located in two small forts; but in each instance the safety of the occupants was entirely due to their invisibility from the steamers. A few miles south of Hafir the island of Argo, twenty miles long, with an average breadth of two miles, is approached. This was once an independent kingdom, and possessed a royal family of its own, whose descendants exist to this day.* It must at one time have been extremely fertile, as traces of extensive cultivation and numerous remains of villages and wells are still visible. At the present moment the interior is entirely waste, and it is only on the lands bordering the river that any crop is raised. The line of an old canal, now choked with sand-drift, is easily followed. Argo also contains the ruins of what must once have been a large temple. This tract, if seriously taken in hand, might be restored to its former fertility with comparatively small difficulty.

The village of New Dongola (El-Ordeh), on the west bank of the river, is surrounded by a large and shallow depression which is connected with the Nile at either end. This in flood time becomes a swamp, and must tend to make the place

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897

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liable to malarious exhalations. At one time the traces of a fort and castle, supposed to have been erected by the Mamluks, existed, but these have now almost disappeared. The remains of the earthworks thrown up by Mustapha Yawar, the Mudir of Dongola, during the English expedition are still visible. The town once contained a large and important mosque, but this is now roofless and dismantled, having been destroyed by the Dervishes, who prohibited worship in any building not erected under the auspices of the Mahdi. North of the old town lies the present military station, the troops all housed in 'tukuls,' or straw huts plastered with mud. The white ants are, however, so numerous and destructive that the framings have to be constantly renewed. In the military storehouse, the old 'Beit-el-Mal,' is to be seen an enormous heap of dried dates collected by the Dervishes. This mass, which must contain many tons of dates, supplies good fodder for the horses and camels of the force. New Dongola was at one time the centre of a considerable commerce. It owed its importance chiefly to the fact that several of the principal desert trade-routes converge upon the river at this point. The Dervishes, possibly because of the unhealthiness of the site, did not inhabit Dongola itself, but constructed their village, or 'deym,' on the high land in the desert at some distance. This 'deym' is a fairly well-constructed block of buildings, with wide streets and houses built of unburnt bricks. The house of the Emir, Wad-el-Bishara, is a substantial and comfortable edifice, with large rooms and courtyards, and certain pretensions as regards architecture.

For some distance before the town of Old Dongola (Dongola el-Aguz) is reached, the commanding bluff upon which it is situated is visible on the east bank of the river. From this place, which is thirty-five miles south of El-Khandak, the province takes its name. Founded, according to Slatin,* by a slave named Dangal, who during the early Christian period rose to be ruler of the district, the town was once the most important centre of the district, and was the capital of the Christian kings of Nubia. It is now in ruins, but its remains show that it must formerly have covered a very considerable area. The writer before quoted, Abu-Salih, the Armenian, thus describes it:—

'Here is the throne of the king. It is a large city on the banks of

* Fire and Sword in the Soudan, by Rudolf Slatin Pasha; translated by Lieut.-Colonel Wingate, C.B.

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the blessed Nile, and contains many churches and large houses and wide streets. The king's house is lofty, with several domes made of red brick, and resembles the buildings of Al-Irak, and the novelty was introduced by Raphael, who was King of Nubia in the year 392 of the Arabs (A.D. 1002).'*

The remains of many stone and brick houses are still standing, and even at the period of the Mamluk invasion the place retained some importance. This site should repay exploration, as being not unlikely to yield interesting relics of the early Christian era. An old canal took off from the river near at hand, but it seems doubtful whether it was ever completed. The important military post of Debba, the 'Pselscis' of the Romans,† is established on the western branch of the Nile, nearly forty miles south of Old Dongola. Here the Bayuda Desert commences, and from here starts the trade-route to El Obeid. A fort has been built, and the camp is well laid out. The station should be a healthy one, situated as it is upon dry sand high above the river, and well placed as regards the north wind. Debba forms one of the line of fortified posts which block the advance of the Dervishes across the Bayuda Desert from Omdurman. Still ascending the river, and passing the old castles of Abkar and Dufar on the east, and that of Hetani on the west bank, the village of Ambigol is reached. This was formerly the headquarters of the district which bears its name, but with the military occupation the offices have been transferred to Korti, some five miles further upstream, from which point the desert column started for Metemmeh in 1884. The present camp is constructed upon that formerly made use of by the English force, and the fort built by the latter still stands. At Tangasi, some twenty miles upstream of Korti, several caravan routes strike the river, and a market is held bi-weekly, largely attended by representatives of the principal Arab tribes: Shagiyeh from Merawi, Kababish and Hawawir from the western desert, and even Jaalin from Metemmeh. These last bring in cattle for sale, but the Khalifa has of late done his best to stop the trade. South of Korti the cultivation on the Nile banks improves, and increases in width. Sakiehs are numerous, and date palms flourish in abundance; and as Merawi is approached there

* Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt, by Abu-Salih; translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A.

† Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

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is an air of prosperity about the country which is sadly wanting in the northern districts. The military frontier station is actually situated at Abu-Dom, on the west bank of the Nile. Merawi itself stands on the opposite bank, close to the ruins of the ancient city of Napata. The garrison here last year was a large one, comprising several infantry battalions, some squadrons of cavalry, a mule battery, and the famous camel corps. The lines were well laid out, clean, and well kept, and the parade-ground can hardly be matched in the world—a portion of the great Bayuda Desert, as flat as a billiard-table, with a surface of hard clean sand, and of endless extent, it is well suited for the evolutions of an army corps. A parade of the troops here formed a sight that lingers long in the memory of those who have been privileged to see it. The different types of the men, the horses, the mules, and the camels, all combined to form a most impressive picture, the uniqueness of which was heightened by the background of desert stretching like a yellow sheet to meet the horizon.

The panorama of the river as seen from the camp is one of great beauty. Looking upstream, the solitary mass of Jebel Barkal (the Holy Mountain) stands out in bold relief, with its groups of adjacent pyramids cutting the sky-line. A fringe of palms marks the limit between shore and water, and the long, broad reach of stream, flowing past from the distant hills which indicate the gates of the Fourth Cataract, completes a picture not easily forgotten. It is true that the Nile scenery between Hannek and Merawi is not marked by a wild grandeur such as is to be found in the district of Mahass and Sukkot. It possesses, nevertheless, a very considerable charm of its own, due, it must be admitted, rather to the effects of light, shade, and colour produced by the clear atmosphere and the brilliant sunlight, than to any very striking features in the outlines of the landscape. The river throughout this whole length glides along in a broad, glassy sheet, as if untroubled by any knowledge of the difficulties which it will have to surmount in its course to the north. The graceful groups of feathery palms, and the deep green of the mimosa and tamarisk trees are mirrored on its surface with startling clearness. Behind lies, perhaps, a pale green band of young wheat or a rich golden expanse of sand. The quaint shaped boats with their dark, patched sails, and the delicate blue of the sky overhead, add their quota to an effect which is in the last degree charming. Seen by the light of the Ethiopian moon, the

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aspect of the Nile is one of surpassing beauty. Moonlight in Egypt is characterised by a mellow richness of colour never to be seen in colder climes. This must, however, yield in radiance to the effect produced on a night in Nubia when the moon is at the full. A flood of yellow light fills the atmosphere, and the desert reflects a warm glow which contrasts vividly with the indigo-blue of the sky. The air is balmy and dry, and, with the exception of the monotonous, but not altogether unmusical, drone of the sakiehs, a perfect stillness reigns. Amidst such surroundings, it does not require any great stretch of the imagination to fancy oneself in an enchanted land.

The climate of the Dongola Province varies to an extreme degree with the different seasons of the year. In the winter —i.e., from November to March—it is as a rule cool and temperate. The middle of the day is warm, but the nights are often excessively cold. North and north-east winds prevail throughout the year, but in spring-time the 'kham-'sin,' or southerly winds, blow at not infrequent intervals, bringing in their train heat, and clouds of dust. From April to October, the heat is intense, but even during this period the range of temperature is very great, 40° F. in the twenty-four hours being not uncommon. In the early summer months dust storms are prevalent, and frequently last throughout the entire night. It is a peculiarity of the climate that the wind often gets up at sunset, and blows harder during the night than in the day-time. The atmosphere, except in those latitudes lying within the influence of the tropical rains, is extraordinarily dry. Even in the winter months the skin of the face and lips cracks, and the hair becomes brittle. The 'kharif,' or rainy season, begins as a rule early in June, and lasts from fourteen to twenty days. In the present year rain fell around Merawi during the latter half of May, but this was exceptional. Merawi and Korti may be considered as being within the limits of the rain area, and even as far north as New Dongola heavy showers and thunderstorms at times occur. Regular and continuous rainfall is not, however, met with much to the north of Shendy, or the 17th degree of latitude. Upon the whole the climate is a healthy one, although the variations are trying, and Europeans suffer consequently from diarrhœa, dysentery, and disorder of the stomach.

As regards population, area of land under cultivation, and wealth of every kind, the country has suffered terribly from the Dervish conquest. A population of 75,000 in 1883 is

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now reckoned at 56,000, of whom the great majority are women, and amongst the males old men and boys predominate. In the same period 100,000 acres of cultivation have been reduced to 25,000. On the different islands considerable areas exist which might be cultivated were population and cattle available. The agricultural year is divided into two periods, known by the names of 'Nili' and 'Shitwi.' In the first are sown all crops dependent upon the flood water for irrigation; in the second, those which are watered artificially when the river is low. The 'Nili' crops, which are put into the ground during July and August, are chiefly maize, millet, Indian corn, cotton, bamia, dukhan (*Pencillaria spicata*), sesame, and a kind of haricot bean called 'kish-'ringig,' or lubia.* The 'Shitwi' crops, sown in December, are principally wheat, beans, and barley. The harvesting of the principal flood crops takes place in the months of December and January, and that of the winter crops in April and May. Maize and dukhan cover the largest area, and constitute the staple food of the inhabitants. Cotton is only grown in small quantities, and is used for the manufacture of a common cloth made in Dongola, and known by the name of 'tamur.'† Lubia is used for feeding cattle, and sesame is cultivated for the purpose of extracting the oil, with which the Nubians delight to anoint their persons. All agricultural methods are primitive to a degree. No ploughs are used, but the ground is prepared for the seed with a small hoe, called 'turia.' A forked stick, called 'shilluka,' having one prong much shorter than the other, is used for sowing. The Dongalawi is a poor cultivator. Previous to the rebellion the land was cultivated by black slaves, most of them 'Shilluks' and 'Dinkas' from the White Nile. The Khalifa seized the greater portion of these negroes for the purpose of recruiting his 'Jehadia,' or black bodyguard. The people were consequently obliged to till the soil themselves, with the result that both the area and the yield were considerably diminished. As in Egypt, irrigation is effected by means of 'sakiehs' (waterwheels) turned by oxen, and by 'shadufs,' or poles balanced upon an upright timber and weighted at one end; a basket which lifts the water forms the counterpoise. The height to which the water has to be raised on to the land is, at the maximum, about 18 feet.‡

* Report by Chitty Bey, of the Finance Ministry. Cairo, 1897.
† Ibid.
‡ Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.

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Before the evacuation of the Sudan in 1885 there were 6,451 sakiehs in the province, while the latest returns give the total figure as only 1,600.* Several hundreds have been repaired since the reoccupation of the district, but want of cattle with which to work them must for a long time to come prevent further increase upon any considerable scale. Taxation was formerly levied upon the sakiehs and shadufs, each of which was supposed to irrigate a certain fixed area. There were several categories of waterwheels, the rates applied bearing relation to their position with regard to the foreshore of the river. These rates of taxation were high, amounting in some classes to as much as five Egyptian pounds per sakieh.

The date palm has always played an important part, both as regards the revenue and the food supply of the Dongola province. In 1882 there were some 600,000 fruit-bearing trees in the province, paying an annual tax of two piastres Egyptian (about 5*d.* in English money) per tree. Many of these were destroyed and burnt by the Dervishes, and the total number now existing is only 376,000.† The inhabitants appear to have totally neglected these trees for years. Nowhere have they troubled themselves to prune the superfluous shoots, an operation which is indispensable if the maximum yield is to be obtained. Some of the Dongola dates are highly prized, and at one time there was a considerable export trade. The Fourth Cataract would appear to be the southerly limit of the date palm as a fruit-bearing tree. It grows in considerable quantities on the Nile banks as far even as Khartum, but it never produces fruit south of the Merawi district. There would seem, consequently, to be considerable possibilities of trade between the Dongola Province and those localities in which this favourite article of food cannot be produced.

The inhabitants of the Dongola Province belong for the most part to that strange race known by the name of the Barabra, or Berberi. These occupy the Nile Valley from Assuan to Debba, although south of Hannek there is a considerable infusion of Arab blood in their veins, and they call themselves Danagla, or Dongalawi. The purest types are perhaps to be met with between Assuan and Korosko, and in the districts of Sukkot and Mahass. The origin of the Barabra, or true Nubian, race has formed the subject of

* Reports on the Province of Dongola. Egypt, No. 3, 1897.
† Ibid.

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much speculation. These people resemble neither the Arab, the negro, nor the Egyptian, and are undoubtedly a race apart, with a physiognomy and language entirely their own. Lepsius and Bayard Taylor considered them to be an offshoot of the great Caucasian race. It has been asserted that the Nubians are of the same stock as the 'Berberi' of Northern Africa, a term applied to the Towaregs and the Kabyles of Mount Atlas. The language, colour, and type of these latter, however, differ entirely from those of the Nubians, and the grounds upon which this theory has been advanced would appear to be extremely slight.* Others, again, consider the name Barabra to be merely a corruption of the Greek word 'Barbaroi.'† However this may be, the fact remains that they are to this day a people totally distinct in characteristics and in language from any other known in the world, and that, as the existing monuments amply testify, they have preserved the cast of features, and to a certain extent the style of dress, which distinguished their predecessors in this region some four thousand years ago. In colour the Barabra vary very considerably. To the north the general flesh-tints are olive, but in advancing south they deepen, and skins of ebony black may often be seen. Although hardly realising the epithet applied to them by Herodotus—'the tallest and the handsomest of all men'—their features are fairly regular, and many of the men are decidedly good-looking. They are well-proportioned, of middle height, and slight build. The hair is often slightly crisped, but not at all woolly, and bears no resemblance to that of the negro. North of Hannek, where, as has been said, the purest specimens of the race are to be found, the men are, as a rule, beardless, and the hair on the face is limited to a small growth on the upper lip and under the chin. They seem to have in great measure lost the characteristics which they must have possessed when the Romans constituted them the guardians of the frontier, as they are not now credited with a large allowance of personal bravery. They offered no resistance either to the Turks or to the Dervishes, and are never called upon for service with the Egyptian army.‡ Large numbers of the men emigrate annually

* Description de l'Egypte pendant l'expédition de l'armée française, 1823.

† Elisée Reclus, 'Nouvelle Géographie Universelle,' 1884.

‡ It is possible that their exemption from conscription is not so much due to their lack of personal courage as to an order issued by

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to Cairo, and become domestic servants. From the neighbourhood of Kalabsha nearly all the syces (grooms) in Egypt are recruited. Their intelligence is above the average, and far greater than that of the Egyptian fellahin. South of the Third Cataract the effect of the Arab blood is very evident, both in the language and the disposition of these people. Whereas the northern Nubian is comparatively temperate and extremely jealous of the chastity of his womankind, the Dongalawi is much addicted to the consumption of strong liquors, and his ideas of morality are extremely lax. The Dervishes entirely prohibited smoking or the use of alcohol, and at the same time forbade the people from indulging in the dances of which they have always been so fond. Since the reoccupation of the province a very large demand has sprung up for tobacco; and although to a certain extent the art of dancing has suffered from the period of forced abstention, the villagers are returning to their dearly loved amusement, and at every gathering the older women may be seen teaching the younger ones how to posture and step. Many of the Barabra scar their faces with two or three parallel seams, produced by means of a knife or a razor. These cuts differ from the marks which distinguish the Shagiyeh and Jaalin, inasmuch as they are not horizontal, but slope downwards from the cheekbones, and indeed some are almost vertical. The practice, although common, is not a universal one. In religion the Barabra are Mohammedans of the Maliki sect. The northern Nubian is inclined to be fanatical, whereas the Dongalawi is an easy-going and rather lax follower of the Prophet. They all, however, reverence their 'fikis,' or priests, to an extreme degree. The Khalifa forbade the pilgrimage to Mecca, asserting that a visit to the Mahdi's tomb at Omdurman was not only a sufficient, but a better, guarantee of salvation than the former.

Between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa the usual dress of the poorer classes is the 'galabiyeh,' a blue cotton blouse similar to that used universally by the Egyptian peasant. When

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Mehemet Ali, and never since repealed. When invading Syria his Nubian regiments suffered greatly from the cold, and are reputed to have broken up the stocks of their muskets for firewood. The Viceroy, furious at this conduct, gave orders that they should be disbanded, and never again called out to serve as soldiers. The Berberin servants during the late expedition showed no disinclination to follow their English masters under fire.

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working in the fields the clothing of the men consists merely of a rag round the loins, and even this is sometimes dispensed with. A white skull-cap, known as the 'takyia,' is the usual head-dress all over Nubia, and round it are twisted sundry folds of linen forming a turban, the size and material of which denote the means of the wearer. In Dongola proper the peasants also wear the galabiyeh, but the colour is more often grey or dirty white. The headmen or sheikhs, on gala occasions, clothe themselves in long, flowing white garments, with very loose and baggy trousers, and on their feet they wear leather slippers, or long riding-boots of soft leather if they can afford them. A thick white turban completes their costume. The dress of the women consists of a cotton garment folded several times round the body, leaving, as a rule, the right arm and shoulder uncovered In addition they carry a long sheet, or wrapper, which covers the head, and which can, when necessary, be used to hide the face. They rarely veil, and in the southern portions of the province never do so. To the north, where the men are more fanatical, the mouth is sometimes covered in the presence of a stranger or a European. The women dress the hair very similarly to the style depicted on the old sculptures, with straight bands on the forehead and a mass of braids at the back and sides of the head. These they are fond of decorating with common glass beads and shells. The men as a rule shave the crown of the head, and both sexes saturate the hair and anoint their bodies with sesame oil or melted fat. Earrings are commonly worn by both sexes, and the women wear large copper or silver anklets, and rudely marked ivory armlets from Kordofan. Charms and amulets containing sacred writing are much worn, and a rosary of wooden beads is very frequently seen. During the period when the Dervishes held the province every man within the limits of the Khalifa's authority was forced to wear the 'jibba,' or patched coat. This consists of a short-sleeved white smock-frock, made of a strong but coarse cotton cloth. Upon it are stitched various rectangular patches of different colours. These are, as a rule, black and blue, but are also occasionally red and brown. The neck, sleeves, and edge of the skirt are bound with leather, and a slit is left in the coat to permit of the sword-belt passing through it. The 'jibba' is a garment of very ancient origin, and dates from the days of the Prophet. The patches are supposed to indicate that the wearer has no regard for worldly goods, but is content to assume the garb

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of the poor. On the evacuation of the province by the Dervishes the people immediately discarded the 'jibba,' and returned to their former style of dress. The Dongalawi peasant rarely carries any arms beyond the 'nabut,' a long wooden pole shod with iron, not unlike the old-English quarter-staff. The wealthier people, and those obliged to travel in the desert, carry a two-handed sword with a cross-handle, the shape of which has evidently been handed down from the days of the Crusades. The blade is perfectly straight. Many of these swords bear Arabic inscriptions, and some of those in use must be of great age. The handle consists of a steel crossbar, with a wooden hilt tipped with bone or ivory. The sword and the broad-bladed spear were the universal weapons of the Sudan previous to the introduction of fire-arms. The chief food of the poorer classes is bread made from maize or 'dukhan,' and their favourite drink is 'merissa,' or 'bouza,' made from the 'dhurra' bread.* This latter, which is strongly leavened, is broken into small pieces, mixed with water, and kept for some hours over a slow fire. More water is then added, and the whole is left to ferment for about forty-eight hours. In colour it resembles muddy beer. Burckhardt states that there are several varieties of this decoction, classed according to the degree of fermentation. The strongest is known by the name of 'um-bulbul,' or mother of nightingales, and is so called because it causes the drunkard to sing.† Another liquor is prepared from the fermented juice of the date.

The Nubian language differs from any other known, and at the present time it apparently possesses no written character. It is supposed by some that the tablets discovered by Lepsius at Jebel Barkal, which are written in what has been called the Meruitic character and are as yet undecipherable, may eventually throw some light on this question, and may even prove to be the old Nubian writing. There are three dialects of the spoken language and into that spoken in the most southern part of the province many Arabic words have crept. Reinisch, the great authority upon North-Eastern African languages, writing in 1878, considered that there was yet a fourth variety of dialect. The Barabra language in no way resembles Arabic, being much softer and containing few, if any, gutturals. It may be of interest to mention that the syces and Berberin servants who

* Dhurra, i.e. maize.

† Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

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accompanied the late expedition, and whose birthplace was north of Korosko, found themselves on arrival at Dongola able to speak the dialect of that place with ease, whereas they could with difficulty make themselves understood in the intervening districts. The probable reason for this is, that the old direct route between Northern Nubia and Dongola lay through the desert, the mountainous and inaccessible regions of Sukkot and Mahass being left far to the westward. This would account for the fact that the inhabitants of these two districts have preserved not only their language, but their type, in a purer form than exists in those places more frequently visited by the Arab and Egyptian traders. Between Korosko and Ibrim lies a short length of river where Arabic is chiefly spoken, the Ababda Arabs, who held the trading route to Abu Hamed, having established themselves there. Steindorff (Bædeker) considers the Nubian tongue 'as belonging to a special group 'of African languages, such as the Fulba of West Africa, 'Nyam Nyam of North Central Africa, Funi of the Blue 'Nile, and Masai of East Africa.'

At or near Debba the Barabra race ceases, and the Shagiyeh takes its place, occupying both sides of the river as far south as Kirbekan.* This was once a warlike and powerful tribe, and was the only one which offered any serious resistance to the Mamluks, and to the troops of Mehemet Ali in 1820. The latter, however, broke their power, and they have since degenerated sadly, becoming during the Turkish occupation little better than a horde of lawless robbers, infesting the country and taking toll from the more peaceable inhabitants. The Shagiyeh are of pure Arab descent, and in feature still resemble the Arabs of the Hedjaz. Owing to the introduction of black slaves into their harems their blood is now considerably mixed. They are tall and well-proportioned, dark in complexion, and in no way resembling the Danagla. The males brand themselves with three horizontal gashes upon each cheek. The Shagiyeh and Jaalin claim a common origin, being descended from two brothers named Shagh and

* In the Arabic the name of this tribe is spelt شَيكِيع, Shekiyeh. As throughout the Sudan the Arabic letter 'Kaf' (ك) is pronounced very hard, and more like a (*g*) than a (*k*), the spelling of the name as used in this article more nearly follows the pronunciation than were the true Arabic spelling to be given.

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Jial. The Shagiyeh Arabs were formerly in the habit of fighting on horseback, and are still noted for their horsemanship. The chiefs, or emirs, used to wear a long quilted cotton coat, surmounted by a shirt of chain-mail. This dress is rarely seen nowadays, as they have long since lost their fighting qualities. They armed themselves with the two-handed sword before described, and each horseman used to carry a bundle of spears in his hand. Their saddles and bits are very similar to those used everywhere by the Bedouin tribes, the former being high-peaked, with shovel stirrups, and the latter being extremely severe, and powerful enough to pull a horse upon his haunches while at full gallop. The Shagiyeh, like every Arab, in riding grips by the calf of the leg, and not by the knee, which latter he keeps well turned out. Although professing strict adherence to the precepts of Islam, he is an inveterate drinker, and his women have a reputation for extremely loose morals, and never veil. The language of the Shagiyeh is Arabic, of a form much purer than that spoken in Egypt. South of Kirbekan and almost as far as Berber the Monasir and Robatab Arabs are located, now reduced to a very small number, and bearing an evil reputation for treachery and fanaticism. The Monasir were the murderers of Colonel Stewart and his party in 1884.* In the long reach of river between Berber and Khartum, but stopping short at the Halfaiyah country, the Jaalin are settled. This tribe is, with the exception of the Baggara, the largest and most powerful among the Arabs of the Sudan. As has been already stated, the Jaalin are of the same descent as the Shagiyeh, and much resemble the latter in appearance. They are tall and dark—darker than the Shagiyeh—and they also are invariably marked with the three horizontal cuts upon either cheek. They have, however, less hair on the face and chin than their kindred tribe, and in character they differ entirely from the latter. The Jaalin are strict Mahommedans, and abstain altogether from fermented liquors. They are very jealous as regards their women, and have the reputation of being the most moral and trustworthy race to be found in the whole Sudan. They, with the Baggara and black troops, furnished the most important elements of the force at the disposal of the

* The Monasir claim that their name is derived from Mansoura, an important town in Lower Egypt. They assert that their ancestors migrated from this place.

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Khalifa, but they are supposed not to be well affected to him, and are probably only awaiting a favourable opportunity to desert his cause.*

The Halfaiyah Arabs, who replace the Jaalin on the Nile bank in the neighbourhood of Khartum, are not nowadays important either in numbers or in fighting powers. South-west of Omdurman, and due west of the White Nile, the fierce races of the Baggara have their home. Their territory is a large one, and extends from the north of Kordofan as far south as the Bahr-el-Ghazal, in the 10th degree of latitude. To this tribe the Khalifa himself belongs, and it now furnishes the pick of the latter's fighting-men. The Baggara form the finest cavalry in the Sudan, and invariably fight and hunt on horseback. They wear the 'jibba,' and their arms are the sword and the broad-bladed spear, with a shield made of hippopotamus skin. Many of the emirs still wear chain-mail in action, and the universal headdress is the 'tahya,' or white skull-cap, with several folds of linen wound round it. They wear beards, but have a custom, peculiar to themselves, of pulling out by the roots all hairs growing on the upper lip. The origin of this habit is the wish to prevent the milk from being soiled by their moustaches when the bowl, as is customary, is handed round from one to the other. Married men shave the head, but bachelors wear the hair long, and curl it in ringlets. When hunting, their ordinary dress consists of a shirt, without trousers, but they frequently dispense with clothes entirely. In complexion they are fairer than either the Shagiyeh or Jaalin. Their features are good, and show traces of Arab descent, but their expression is, as a rule, fierce and forbidding. They are very fanatical, and do not use tobacco, and in public, at all events, never touch spirits. Their immorality as regards women appears to be inordinate. The present Khalifa has some four hundred women in his harem, which latter he is continually recruiting. His son (Shekhuddin), at the age of sixteen, had as many as twenty women belonging to him. All the emirs and chiefs follow suit, according to their means. The Baggara are, as their name implies,† owners or keepers of cattle, of which they own large herds. They possess no camels, as, their country being subject to heavy annual rainfall, these animals

* Since the above was written the Khalifa's forces have attacked the Jaalin, defeated them, and taken possession of Metemmeh.

† Bagar in Arabic means a cow.

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would be of little use during the wet season. East of Khartum, in an area extending in one direction to Kassala, and in another to Sennaar, is found the once-powerful tribe of the Shukhriyeh Arabs. The late wars and the tyranny of the Khalifa have sadly diminished their numbers and influence, and only a remnant now remains of this formerly important clan.

The principal nomad tribes, or 'Abu Naga' (fathers of female camels), occupying the eastern deserts of Nubia, but possessing no definitely fixed location, are the Ababda, Bisharin, Garrarish, and Gehimmab. On the western bank of the river the chief tribes are the Kababish, Sowarab, Hawawir, and Hassaniyeh. All these are Arabs of more or less pure descent. They are split up into numerous subdivisions. The Ababda, who are closely allied to the Bisharin, have for years held the trade-route between Korosko, Abu Hamed, and Berber. They are dark, approaching to black, in complexion. Their features are good, and of the Arab type, showing no trace of negro descent, and they are generally taller and more strongly built than the Barabra. The Ababda are essentially carriers, and their chief possessions consist of herds of camels, sheep, and goats. Their ordinary language is Arabic; but they are said to possess a dialect of their own, which they speak among themselves, and which is unintelligible to strangers.* The Bisharin are supposed to be the descendants of those Blemmyes against whose attacks upon the frontier the Romans subsidised the Nubatæ. Numerically they are the most important tribe now to be found in the eastern desert. Their habitat extends from the Nile Valley to the coast of the Red Sea. In colour they are lighter and redder than the Ababda. In character they are savage and avaricious, and they are probably the most adroit thieves to be found in the desert. Like the Ababda, they are herdsmen and camel-drivers. They profess Mahommedanism, but are not fanatical, and would appear to still preserve some traces of the old pagan superstitions, for it is asserted that they worship, or at least reverence, certain birds, and the whole serpent tribe.† Westward of the Nile, the Arabs occupying the most extensive area of country are of the Kababish tribe. The Wadi-el-Kab is their real home, but they are to be met with to the north of this depression, and also in many parts of the Bayuda Desert.

* Elisée Reclus, 'Nouvelle Géographie Universelle,' 1884.

† Burckhardt, 'Travels in Nubia,' 1822.

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They hold much the same position on the west as do the Ababda on the east bank of the Nile. Previous to the rebellion the entire carrying trade of the nation found to the west of El Ordeh was in their hands. They used to convey their commerce, on camels, by what is known as 'the forty days' 'march,' to Esneh, Girgeh, and even as far north as Assyut. In complexion the Kababish are very dark, and in figure tall, slight, and of wiry build. They were formerly large camel owners, and possessed numerous flocks of sheep and goats. Like most of the Sudan Arabs, the Kababish are fond of plaiting their hair and saturating it with oil or grease. In character they are superior to the eastern tribes, being braver and more trustworthy, and according to Slatin, they were the last of the Bedouins who remained faithful to the Egyptian Government during the rebellion. The same writer states that they lost heavily in 1887, when their sheik, Saleh el Kabbashi, was killed by the Dervish emir, Fadlallah Aghan.* From this time their power was entirely broken. In the Bayuda Desert numerous offshoots of the Kababish are to be found. The principal of these are the Hawawir and the Hassaniyeh, who, with the Sowarab (a branch of the Shagiyeh), form the most important of those tribes now designated as 'friendlies.' These three last-mentioned differ much in complexion from the parent races, being comparatively fair-skinned. Their tint approaches copper-colour, and is not unlike that of the Indians of North America. They invariably travel on camel-back, and in stature are small and of slender build. They have recently distinguished themselves, as, in a fight which took place between them and the Dervishes not very far from Korti, they completely routed the latter, taking from them many camels and a considerable amount of spoil. In Kordofan the chief tribe of Arabs is known by the name of Nouba. This is a bold and hardy race of Negroids, inhabiting the mountain ranges. They are considered by some to be the descendants of the Nubæ or Nubians.

As late as the commencement of the present century Nubia was divided into a number of small kingships, or 'dars,' each under a ruler who bore the title of 'malik,' or king. These petty despots, who, although paying tribute to the negro Sultan of Sennaar, were practically independent, waged continual war upon one another. Traces of their castles and fortresses are to be found in almost every place

* Fire and Sword in the Sudan.

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of importance in the district, and it was not until the advent of the Mamluks in 1812 that their independence was in any way assailed. The title of 'malik,' which is identical with the name used in the Hebrew Bible to designate the sovereigns of Canaan, still exists, and at the present moment many of the more important sheikhs style themselves 'wad-el-malik,' or son of the king.

The Dongola Province is not nowadays rich in domestic animals. These comprise the camel, horse, bullock, sheep, donkey, and goat. The camels of the Kababish and Ababda were formerly renowned for their endurance and fleetness, but the Dervish rule has much reduced their numbers. At the commencement of the rebellion, the Shukhriyeh tribe alone possessed something like 170,000 head, and a very few years later they could with difficulty produce between 2,000 and 3,000 animals. In a less degree, a similarly wasteful policy has been pursued in all districts where camels once used to abound, and it will take many years of quiet to restore the numbers to anything approaching their original figure. The Dongalawi breed of horses, which was also once so famous, has for the same reason become nearly extinct. Some few are still to be found in the possession of the wealthier sheikhs. Although Abu-Salih, the Armenian, writing in the thirteenth century, described these horses as very small and not bigger than donkeys,* they now average from 14 hands to 14 hands 3 inches in height. The Dongolese horse shows traces of Arab descent, and is a fairly well-shaped animal as regards his back, barrel, and loins. His one pace is a gallop, and he is trained to spring in a series of bounds from his hind-legs. He does not stay well, and is more suited for show than for real hard work. Although the Dervishes levied toll upon all horses which they found in the province, their cavalry is not as a rule mounted upon horses of this breed. The supply is chiefly obtained from Darfur, which district produces a hardier and more useful horse than does that of Dongola.

The Dongola Province was, before the Mahdist rebellion, the centre of a large and important trade with Egypt and the Western Provinces of the Soudan. Most of the principal caravan routes have access to the river at some point or other in this district, and consequently the merchants interested in the export and import of the different articles of commerce

* Chronicles and Monasteries of Egypt, by Abu-Salih; translated by B. Evetts, M.A., and A. Butler, M.A., 1895.

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made the province their headquarters at certain seasons of the year. The late Colonel Stewart, in a report written in 1883,* gives many interesting details regarding the Sudan trade as then existing. The principal exports were gum, ostrich feathers, senna, wax, ivory, hides, and slaves. The last named were brought from the White Nile; and, with the exception of senna and hides, none of the foregoing were produced in the Dongola Province itself, but passed through it *en route* from Kordofan, Darfur, and the Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces. The chief imports were cutlery and manufactured cotton goods. The Dongola district formerly exported considerable quantities of dried dates to Berber and Khartum, also a certain amount to Upper Egypt. Chelu Bey, in his work on the Sudan,† gives the total annual export of this article of food from the Dongola Province alone as 200,000 hectolitres, or about 250 tons. Natron was also, in former years, despatched in large amounts to Upper Egypt. This salt is obtained chiefly from the Zagawa Marsh, about nine days' journey from El-Ordeh. Trade in Dongola has for many years ceased, but there seems to be no reason why, given a settled Government, it should not revive and assume its old proportions. The inhabitants at present demand tobacco, tea, sugar, and bright-coloured cottons, and with returning prosperity this demand will almost certainly increase. The Dongola boats, which formerly carried much of the trade, are of the most primitive and ingenious construction. They are built of the wood of the acacia, entirely without nails or iron fastenings. They carry a square 'lug' sail, which, however, being set at an angle, has the appearance of a 'lateen.' All the rigging and cordage is made out of the fibre of the palm tree. Since the reoccupation of the province modern boats have been brought over the cataracts from Upper Egypt. Sail-boats would appear to be an innovation dating from the Turkish invasion. The American writer before quoted‡ states that previous to the arrival of Ismail's force none existed in the province. The people crossed the river by means of log canoes or rafts, and were much astonished by the sight of the boats in which the Pasha and his suite made their appearance.

The archæologist in Dongola has apparently a fruitful

* Report on the Soudan. Egypt, No. 11, 1883.
† De l'Equateur à la Méditerranée, 1891.
‡ A Narrative of the Expedition to Sennaar and Dongola, 1822.

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field before him. It is true that Lepsius, Mariette, and others personally visited many of the monuments, and described them with a certain amount of detail. They were, however, unable to attempt excavation upon any extended scale, and there is little room for doubt that discoveries of the highest importance will be made once exploration is seriously taken in hand. Among sites of interest may be instanced the ruins of the Semneh, Amara, Soleb, and Dulgo temples, in the cataract region. South of Hannek, the island of Argo contains the remains of an apparently large temple; and at Bakri, on the west bank, further ruins are visible. A few miles upstream of Merawi is the necropolis of Jebel Barkal, with its rock-hewn temples and groups of pyramids. Merawi itself is situated on the site of Napata, the residence of the warrior-queen Candace, and the capital of the ancient Ethiopian sovereigns. Here in 1853 Mariette discovered the stelæ which record the duration of the Nubian Dynasty in Egypt, and from here the tablets inscribed with the Meruitic character were brought. It was to this place that the priests of Ammon fled, escaping from the massacres instituted by Cambyses at Thebes in revenge for the decimation of his legions in Ethiopia. It may, then, be confidently hoped that these ruins will one day yield information of incalculable value, which may assist in the solution of many problems, at present inexplicable, regarding the earlier periods of Ethiopian and Egyptian history. A few miles further downstream, at Kurra, other groups of pyramids exist.* Beyond the limits of the province, near Shendy, lies the once famous 'Island of Meroë,' the ancient Saba. To this place tradition assigns the distinction of having been the capital of the Queen of Sheba.† Travellers who have visited it relate that forty-two pyramids are still standing, while the ruins of some forty to fifty others are easily traceable.‡ To persons interested in the Christian period the numerous remains of Coptic churches and monasteries will strongly appeal. The fortresses of Mahass and Sukkot must also be of interest to many. Some of these latter are supposed to

* Opposite Kassinger, on the west bank, about twelve miles upstream from Abu Dom, a large and important group of pyramids has been found, which appears to have been as yet unexplored.

† The Abyssinians claim Shoa as having been the home of this Queen.

‡ Burckhardt and Bayard Taylor.

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have been designed by the Bosnian soldiers sent to Nubia by the Sultan of Turkey early in the sixteenth century.

The geologist will find much to attract him in the study of the formation of the cataracts. Although the geology of this area is, to a certain extent, similar to that of the Nile Valley between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa, it has never yet been scientifically investigated. When and where did the Nile burst the barriers that once held up its waters, and thus give back to the desert large areas formerly covered annually by its floods? That such a catastrophe did happen admits of no doubt. The inscription discovered by Lepsius at Semneh records the fact that the river in the 12th Dynasty (B.C. 2000) averaged a height in flood greater by some 27 feet than that reached by its waters in the present day. Again, de Gottberg, who made a careful study of the cataracts in 1857, found traces of alluvial deposit on the plains south of Hannek nearly 11 feet above the highest point touched by even the highest floods.* This event, so disastrous in its effects to Southern Nubia, is supposed to have occurred in the 13th Dynasty, during the reign of the Hyksos kings. Various opinions have been put forward regarding the position of the barrier, or barriers, which once retained the Nile. By some it is asserted that Jebel Silsileh marks the spot, the sandstone ridge here extending across the river upon either side. Those holding this theory base their arguments upon the circumstance that alluvial mud is found upon the plains adjoining the river as far north as Silsileh, and no further. Others consider that the last cataract of the Nile was situated at Jebelain, a limestone reef which traverses the river-bed not far from the town of Esneh. It does not enter into the province of an article such as the present to attempt to criticise these views. One fact, however, in connexion with them is difficult to explain. Many of the monuments on the Nile bank between Assuan and Wadi-Halfa belong to a period anterior to that in which the barrier is supposed to have given way. If, then, this latter was situated at Silsileh, or even as far north as Assuan, these monuments must have been annually submerged, and could hardly have stood as they have done. De Gottberg maintains that there must formerly have been several cataracts, which have since disappeared, between Wadi-Halfa and Assuan. These, being composed of schists, were more easily worked away by the action of the water than

* de Gottberg, 'Les Cataractes du Nil,' 1858.

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were the harder rocks of the other and still existing rapids. He considers that the older monuments were in all cases erected downstream of these vanished barriers, and were consequently out of reach of the highest floods.* The ruins of a small temple belonging to the 12th Dynasty, and situated south of Wadi-Halfa, on the west bank of the river, would appear to indicate that the Nile flood-levels, at the time of its erection, could not have been more than 10 feet above their present height. If this fact can be established it would seem to prove that the bursting of the principal obstacle or bar took place at some point in the Second Cataract, and to the south of Wadi-Halfa.

In conclusion, it may be permitted to look a little ahead as regards the future of this interesting province. The railway from the navigable reach below the Second Cataract to that above the Third Cataract, constructed in the face of the greatest difficulties, has brought the province of Dongola into close and easy communication with Egypt. Already it is said that Cook's tourists can book from Cairo or from Charing Cross to Dongola! There is no apparent reason why in the very near future they should not book via Korosko and Abu Hamed to Berber. What the province of Dongola needs most urgently is an increase of the population, and of cattle available for the requirements of agriculture. It is hardly to be expected that the refugees will return in any considerable numbers until Khartum has been retaken. A glance at the map will show how easily a raiding party might slip down from Omdurman, ravage the Nile bank at some point between the military posts, and return as it came. It is true that, with the assistance lent by the friendly tribes and the excellent sources of intelligence now at the disposal of the Egyptian staff, the departure of such a party would probably be at once known, and arrangements made for intercepting it. The refugees cannot, however, be supposed to understand this. They only know that such raids are a possibility, and until they are rendered altogether impossible it is not likely that complete confidence will be restored, or that the population will flock back to the province in any large numbers. Although the area of culturable land is not very great, it is amply sufficient, given an equitable administration, to enable the province to pay its way, and be no sort of burden on the finances of Egypt. Even in the days of the Khedive Ismail the annual budget of Dongola stood out

* 'Les Cataractes du Nil,' 1858.

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in bright contrast with those of the other provinces of the Sudan, inasmuch as it was the only one which showed a surplus of revenue over expenditure. If such a result was possible under the conditions then existing, how much more certain should it be of attainment in the future with a just and strong Government! Industries (chiefly agricultural) will undoubtedly spring up. Many of the larger islands appear to be favourably situated for the cultivation of sugar-cane and cotton, and, as has been recommended in the official reports, much might be done in the direction of encouraging forestry and the growth of trees suitable for fuel. The export of natron, if properly worked, should bring in a certain annual revenue, and the cultivation of the date-palm might with advantage be largely extended. The country is especially suited to this tree. It would grow, were water available, in tracts of desert where little else could be produced. It forms the staple food of the Bedouin tribes, and, as each fruit-bearing tree is taxed, a large increase in the numbers would not only be profitable to the producer, but would bring in a steady increase to the revenue. With returning prosperity there should be an increasing market for cotton and other European goods, and it seems certain that before long the trade in gum, ivory, ostrich feathers, &c., will return to its old channels. Whether the engineers of the future will ever attempt to restore what Nature has destroyed, by artificially raising the flood waters of the Nile to the levels at which they used to stand four thousand years ago, is a speculation which hardly comes within the scope of this article to seriously discuss. It may be permitted, nevertheless, to dream that such a possibility will one day become an accomplished fact, and to look forward to a time when tracts now lying sterile and waste, will, by the united efforts of hydraulic and electrical engineering, be restored to the fertility which they must once have enjoyed. Should such anticipations be ever realised, there is no reason why this portion of the old Ethiopian kingdom should not again merit the title of 'Bakou,' or the Wonder, bestowed upon it for its beauty by the Arab historian, Macrizi; or that its people and its wealth should not again deserve that glowing description rendered of them by the Ichthyophagi to Cambyses, which tempted him to his ill-fated invasion of the country.

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ART. IV.—1. *The Irish University Question: The Catholic Case.* Selections from the Speeches and Writings of the Archbishop of Dublin. With a Historical Sketch of the Irish University Question. Dublin: 1897.

2. *Statement of the Roman Catholic Archbishops and Bishops of Ireland on the Irish University Question.* Dublin Daily Papers, June 23, 1897.

3. *Reports Presented to Both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty.* By the Presidents of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast, Cork, and Galway for the Session 1896–97. Dublin: 1897.

4. *The Fifteenth Report of the Royal University of Ireland.* Dublin: 1897.

5. *The Sixty-third Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland.* Dublin: 1897.

6. *Debates in the House of Commons on the Irish University Question.* Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 1897.

7. *My Campaign in Ireland.* Part I. *Catholic University Reports, and other Papers.* By CARDINAL NEWMAN, of the Oratory. Printed for private circulation by A. King & Co., Aberdeen: 1896.

Two generations have passed away since the broad-minded statesman who carried Catholic Emancipation endeavoured to complete his conception of religious and educational freedom by the creation of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland; and it is just a quarter of a century since the only statesman who has dared to rival Sir Robert Peel by dealing with both the educational and the religious systems in Ireland, shipwrecked the powerful administration of which he was the head in an endeavour to accomplish the difficult task of satisfying the demands of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in the educational sphere on lines which could be approved, or at least not vehemently dissented from, by the great body of English middle-class and Protestant opinion.

It is foreign to our purpose to recall here the circumstances which, alike in the case of Sir Robert Peel and of Mr. Gladstone, hindered the acceptance, by those for whose benefit they were primarily intended, of the solutions propounded by those statesmen; but it is certain that, whatever the causes, the failure to solve the problem of University education has been to the intellectual developement and the

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social welfare of Ireland a deplorable, if not disastrous, drawback. The disadvantages, from an Imperial or British point of view, of a system which has, rightly or wrongly, engendered an ever-irritating discontent are too obvious to need definition. As for the loss to Ireland, the disabilities imposed upon Roman Catholic Irishmen of the middle classes by their deficiencies in higher culture cannot possibly receive clearer or more convincing expression than has been given to them by a distinguished Irishman, who, though still living, was old enough at the date of the introduction of Sir Robert Peel's scheme to bear a part in the angry controversies which raged around the 'godless colleges.' Writing, long after the event, of the action of O'Connell and the Roman Catholic bishops in relation to Peel's measure, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy has said:—

'The result has been that during two generations a section of the Catholic youth have been educated in a system disapproved of by their religious superiors; another section have been educated in Trinity College, a purely Protestant foundation; and a large section have been entirely deprived of collegiate training, a calamity perhaps as disastrous as the Famine. It is hard to estimate the suffering and humiliation which have attended the generations since launched into life without requisite discipline. . . . Among the friends of the measure it may be that some fixed their eyes too exclusively on the gain of rearing students in friendly intercourse, and too little on the danger to faith. But others fixed their eyes too exclusively on victory, and too little on the sacrifice at which it was to be purchased. I have since lived nearly a quarter of a century in a new country where young men flock in quest of fortune, and I have seen troops of bright intelligent young Irishmen forfeit great opportunities and fall into inferior positions because their education had been unpractical and defective. And it was impossible to believe that this calamity might not have been averted when I saw in that country two universities, having none of the provisions on which O'Connell insisted, where the students attend classes together and live where they think fit without ecclesiastical or academic supervision, where there are no separate professors and no separate classes of studies, and where on the council of each university there was a Catholic archbishop. A fairer and better system than the one accepted in Australia might assuredly have been obtained in Ireland in 1845.'

To-day, as much as when Sir Charles Gavan Duffy wrote these words, the 'calamity' of which he speaks remains unmitigated by legislation, although a long series of responsible statesmen have successively sought a solution of the difficulty. It is proposed here to consider whether or not there is anything in the present circumstances of Ireland,

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in the present attitude of the Roman Catholic hierarchy towards the educational problem, and in the present condition of English parties, which affords ground for hoping that the difficulties which impeded the success of Peel's legislation, and which even the ingenuity of Mr. Gladstone proved unequal to surmount, might prove less insuperable should the Cabinet of Lord Salisbury attempt a settlement of the question.

The hostility with which the Queen's Colleges, almost from the moment of their inauguration, have been regarded by the majority of those for whose benefit they were intended has been primarily due to the action of the Irish bishops; and a survey of the history of the University question from the time of Sir Robert Peel to the present proves incontestably that it is to the failure of English statesmen to reach an agreement with those influential personages that the ill-success which has attended so many projects for the redress of what has for sixty years been an admitted grievance is mainly to be ascribed. If that hostility clearly and indisputably rested upon fundamental and immutable dogmas of the Roman Catholic Church, such as neither the Irish bishops nor Rome herself could be expected to recede from, it must be confessed that the task of legislating on this question in a manner satisfactory to Roman Catholic opinion would be one so fraught with parliamentary danger to the ministry attempting it, as to be plainly outside the domain of practical politics. But on analysing the history of the controversy between the opposite educational ideals which are represented by the Roman Catholic bishops on the one hand and by English Protestant sentiment upon the other, it will be found that the often apparently uncompromising declarations which have proceeded from time to time from the spokesmen of the Irish hierarchy have not been incompatible with a rule of expediency which is far from dishonouring, and which even the rigidity of Catholic dogma seems happily elastic enough to admit of. The resolutions in which the present members of the Irish hierarchy have recently defined the views of their Church upon this matter indicate a considerable modification of the demands put forward by some of their predecessors. From this changed attitude of the bishops it is evident that, while the hierarchy may be expected to ask for an impossible maximum as long as even their minimum is unlikely to be granted, they are capable of a statesmanlike appreciation of the possibilities of compromise.

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It is plain from the resolutions that these bishops feel that the public opinion of Great Britain and the voice of the statesmen who represent that public opinion now approximate much more closely than formerly to their own, and that as a consequence they are able on their part to do something towards diminishing the extent of the gulf which has hitherto rendered agreement impossible. There is, therefore, in our judgement, sufficient reason for holding that the maximum of what statesmen are prepared to give, and of what public opinion will sanction, does, in fact, coincide with the minimum, at any rate, of what the hierarchy are prepared to accept. If this be so, the question resolves itself at last into one of terms rather than of principles.

The late Mr. Matthew Arnold, in one of those curiously unpractical essays* in which he delighted to play the politically unprofitable part of the candid philosopher, has characterised with admirable pungency and acuteness the attitude of most English politicians in the palmy days of middle-class Liberalism towards the demand of the Irish Roman Catholics for a Roman Catholic university. Mr. Matthew Arnold was not, and did not profess to be, a practical politician. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine anything less persuasive in its immediate effect upon the persons and classes who were the subjects of his criticism than the polished suavity of his irony. Neither the British puritan, nor the 'Daily Telegraph,' nor even Mr. Lowe, was at all likely to be influenced in the desired direction by the urbane sarcasms in which they were so divertingly ridiculed. But ill suited as were Matthew Arnold's literary methods to aid the direct achievement of his practical objects or the immediate fulfilment of his ideals, his political writings are by no means deficient in truth of observation or fruitfulness of suggestion. Their personalities have now lost their sting, and possibly with it something of their interest for the public, but much of the matter still remains appropriate; and on some points more general recognition is now accorded to some of his unpalatable truths than was conceded in the lifetime of the censor.

It is not, however, for the purpose of recalling the critic's gibes at the Liberalism of his day, or at the description, which reads so oddly now, given by Mr. Lowe of the Liberal Ministry of 1868—as having by their Irish policy 'resolved

* See Matthew Arnold's 'Mixed Essays,' p. 98—'Irish Catholicism and British Liberalism.'

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'to knit the hearts of the Empire into one harmonious con-
'cord, and knitted they were accordingly'—that we advert to Matthew Arnold's opinions on the Irish University question. It is rather because the essay we have referred to is so remarkable for its illustration of the sagacity and acuteness of vision which occasionally aided Arnold to attain his ideal of the critical function and 'to see things as they really are.' Speaking of the extravagance of the Roman Catholic demands, which were, and till lately have continued to be, alleged as an irrefragable proof of the impossibility of satisfying their wishes, Matthew Arnold ventured on a prophecy of which we have recently witnessed a curiously exact fulfilment.

'At present,' he observes, 'the Roman Catholic hierarchy perceive that the Government cannot seriously negotiate with them, because it is controlled by popular prejudice and unreason. In any parleyings, therefore, they feel themselves free to play at a mere game of brag, and to advance confidently pretensions the most exorbitant, because they are sure that nothing reasonable can be done. But once break resolutely with the prejudice and unreason; let it be clear that the Government can and will treat with the Irish Catholics for the public institution of a Catholic university such as they demand, such as they have a right to, such as in other Protestant countries Catholics enjoy. Would the Irish bishops prove impracticable then? I do not believe it. I believe that a wholesome national feeling, thus reasonably appealed to, would be found to spring up and respond; and that here we should have the first instalment of the many ameliorations which the public establishment of Catholic education is calculated to produce in Ireland.'

The Irish University question is still as unsettled as when these words were written. But unquestionably we have witnessed in recent years in reference to this subject a closer approximation of Roman Catholic to Protestant opinion than formerly prevailed, an eagerness on both sides of the controversy to find a common ground of agreement, of which twenty years or so ago there were few, if any, signs. More particularly is this manifest from the declarations of the Irish hierarchy, which have exhibited a progressive reasonableness corresponding to the progressive liberality of English opinion as expressed by English statesmen. Between the attitude of the bishops in their negotiations with Lord Mayo thirty years ago and the position they now adopt, there is a difference alike of tone and of substance which is as remarkable as it is satisfactory; and this difference certainly furnishes a striking illustration of Matthew Arnold's prescience.

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Without exaggerating favourable symptoms and either arguing from the sentiments of an individual minister, however eminent, to the opinions of the Government as a whole; or assuming from the declarations of the Irish bishops a complete agreement of Irish Catholics, the speeches of Mr. Balfour and other statesmen, coupled with the response of the hierarchy, appear to suggest a more immediate solution of the problem than appeared probable a year or two ago. At all events it seems no longer premature to review the whole question in the light of recent important declarations, or to examine in some detail the elements of the problem with which statesmen have to deal.

As showing at a glance the distance which has been travelled since Mr. Lowe declared that it would be impossible, in the face of the feeling existing in England, Scotland, and part of Ireland, to found and endow a Catholic university in Ireland, it may be useful to preface what we have to say by grouping together the declarations of Mr. Balfour, Mr. Morley, Mr. Lecky, and others, in which the existence and nature of the grievance under which Irish Catholics labour have been admitted and defined. For these declarations form a notable addition to the 'long catena of 'authorities drawn from both sides of politics' cited by the present leader of the House of Commons nearly nine years ago, in his celebrated speech at Partick, as concurring in the admission of the grievance of Irish Roman Catholics in relation to University education:—

'I repeat in the House what I have said outside the House, that in my opinion something ought to be done to give higher university education to the Roman Catholics of Ireland. . . .

'The experiment of undenominational higher education has now been tried sufficiently long to make it, I am afraid, perfectly clear that nothing Parliament has hitherto done to promote that object will really meet the wants and wishes of the Roman Catholic population of that country. This being so, we have no alternative but to try to devise some new scheme by which the wants of the Roman Catholic population shall be met.' (Statement by Mr. Arthur Balfour in the House of Commons, August 28, 1889.)

'A cause which I believe is not a cause of one special form of religious denomination, which is not a form of Roman Catholicism against Protestantism, but which is emphatically the cause of higher education against the want of higher culture, under which we have unfortunately condemned so many persons in Ireland for these many years past.' (Speech of Mr. Balfour in the House of Commons, July 9, 1897.)

'No fault can be found with the spirit in which the right hon.

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gentleman has approached this problem, as to which we had really arrived at an agreement in point of principle four years ago. On the clause in the Home Rule Bill relating to Irish Universities there was then a discussion as to whether the Irish Parliament should be allowed to endow a university. The right hon. gentleman then moved an amendment providing that the Irish Parliament should be prevented from endowing any body of the kind, and he has often expressed the same views which he has expressed to-night. I, on that occasion, while declining to assent to the amendment of the right hon. gentleman, proposed an amendment providing that the Irish Parliament should be allowed to establish or endow a place for university education, subject to two provisions, one of which was that they should not endow any theological chair out of public funds. I have read with great satisfaction the statement of the right hon. gentleman, because I believe that it will tend to promote the settlement of this question and the cause of the higher education in Ireland.' (Speech of Mr. Morley in Debate on Amendment to the Address, January 23, 1897.)

We thus see that between the leader of the present House of Commons and the statesman who, among the members of the Front Opposition Bench, has had most to do with Irish affairs, something not very far from an identity of opinion has been arrived at. In principle, at all events, what Mr. Balfour desires Mr. Morley approves, and it is difficult to believe that in the face of this effective agreement and these large admissions the renewal of substantive proposals for the settlement of the question can be much longer deferred.

But notable as is the condition of opinion among responsible English statesmen of both parties, the extent to which opinion has been crystallising in Ireland is even more remarkable. The conviction of the desirability of giving legislative effect to Mr. Balfour's views is no longer confined to those who would directly benefit by such a step. Classes, creeds, and institutions which a quarter of a century ago offered a resolute and successful resistance to the principles underlying Mr. Gladstone's luckless measure, have now not merely withdrawn their opposition to the provision of further facilities for the higher education of Roman Catholics, but they have, by their accredited representatives in Parliament, urged the Government to legislate, and to legislate at once. The language used by the members for Dublin University, speaking in their places in the House of Commons, on behalf of the authorities of Trinity College, and in the name of the great bulk of its graduates, has defined the attitude of the university with unmistakeable

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clearness, and should dissipate once and for all the notion that the great and famous seat of learning which has so long been the chief home of letters and of the higher culture in Ireland, views either with fear or with dislike the endowment of a Roman Catholic college or university. The University of Dublin is of course concerned, and properly so, to take care that whatever advantages it may be proposed to confer on Roman Catholics shall be provided without interference with her own work. But, subject to this proviso, Trinity College is ready to offer a hearty welcome to every new competitor in the race of learning. She regrets, indeed, that despite the successive enlargements of her statutes, which have enabled her to become to so many of the foremost Roman Catholics of Ireland throughout the present century a veritable *Alma Mater*, and notwithstanding that Roman Catholics may, and do, participate in the highest honours and most valuable emoluments she has to bestow, the rulers of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland have remained suspicious of her influence and jealous of her share in the affections of so many members of their flock. But while the University of Dublin continues to offer to Roman Catholic Irishmen the advantages which she was the first among the universities of the United Kingdom to hold out to members of their faith, and while she still hopes that not a few of these may continue to avail themselves of what she has to give, she has no selfish desire to deny to those who will not come to her the advantages of a university education in accordance with their own ideals. She may, and indeed does, share the scepticism to which Mr. Lecky has given expression as to the ultimate benefit to Ireland at large of the almost complete separation of denominations which have hitherto been to a large extent united within the walls of Trinity College, but she has no desire to insist upon forcing her principles upon those to whom they are distasteful. Her feelings in this regard approximate in fact with curious exactitude to John Stuart Mill's despondent acquiescence in the same policy, as recorded by Mr. Morley:—

'He seemed disposed to think that the most feasible solution of the Irish University question is a Catholic university, the restrictive and obscurantist tendencies of which you may expect to have checked by the active competition of life with men trained in more enlightened systems.'

But it is not in the authorities and representatives of Trinity College alone that the altered point of view of Irish

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Protestantism may be noted. The change of sentiment has been felt in quarters less open to liberalising influences than that great seat of learning. 'The Protestantism of the 'Protestant religion' is nowhere more jealously guarded than in the Protestant province of Ulster. There, by virtue of its history and traditions, religious doctrines and educational principles are held by the representatives of all the Christian communions with more than common tenacity; for there the whole conformation and complexion of society follow in their shape and colouring the form of its ecclesiastical organisations and the shades of its religious beliefs. It is in Ulster that the fiercest, if not the most formidable, opposition to the very notion of a Roman Catholic university has hitherto been evinced; and it is in Ulster that the missionary process of which Mr. Arthur Balfour has spoken in one of his most recent speeches is more especially needed. Yet there are signs that, even in Ulster, opinion is growing tolerant of the claims of the Roman Catholics in respect to higher education. It is not without knowledge of the trend of opinion in that province that Mr. T. W. Russell, in a speech addressed to his own constituents at Fintona, on October 25, has declared himself a convert to the views of Mr. Balfour on this question. This declaration coming from such a quarter is among the most remarkable of all the utterances we have quoted. It would be difficult to name a member of Parliament whose antecedents seemed to render his acceptance of a Roman Catholic university more unlikely. Saul among the prophets was not a more unlooked-for apparition than the present parliamentary secretary of the Local Government Board among the supporters of the Roman Catholic demand. Mr. Russell is, as he stated at Fintona, 'a Protestant of the Protestants.' He has been the untiring foe of denominational education in every form. He has pushed his enmity to a principle so repugnant to his ideas as a Scotchman and a Presbyterian to the point of fiercely opposing his own political leaders on other branches of their Irish educational policy. In 1891, as he reminded his constituents, he 'kept the House of Commons sitting far into 'two mornings, dividing against a large grant of money 'for setting up purely denominational colleges.' Truly he is entitled to boast that his 'record in this respect cannot 'be impeached.' But Mr. Russell knows Ireland and knows Ulster, and this is what the member for South Tyrone—Scotchman, Protestant, Radical as he is—has to say upon this question:—

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'Then, I am told that to set up a Roman Catholic university in Ireland would be to endow Romanism; and the Protestant Church was not disestablished and disendowed in order to endow its great rival. I agree. During all my career in Parliament I have been utterly hostile to the State endowment of religion. But where do we stand? Unfortunately it is no longer possible to stand on that platform. On the disestablishment of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Ireland the purely Roman Catholic College of Maynooth received a very large commutation sum, and the money thus given was scandalously taken from the Irish Church revenue. And what is the intermediate system of education but an endowment of Roman Catholicism, and out of the Church revenue too? What is our denominational training college system but an endowment of Romanism, with a sop thrown to the Church of Ireland? And even in the Royal University there is a large expenditure against which this charge might well be brought. *I say it is too late to fight this principle. It has been conceded; and if education is to proceed, it cannot wholly be avoided.*'

It is true that Mr. Russell estimates at their full value, if not at more than their full value, the difficulties in the way of legislation by the present Government on the University question. He dwells upon the demands which must in any case be made upon Mr. Balfour to find time for other Irish business of importance. He takes note, too, of the fierce opposition which may be expected to be offered to any proposals for a Roman Catholic University from Nonconformists in England and Wales, and from Presbyterians in Scotland and in Ulster. Nor does he omit to mention that in grappling with this thorny question the Government will get no gratitude from the Irish Nationalists. But, in Mr. Russell's judgement, the magnitude of the issue overrides all objections, and he concludes his speech by urging that things cannot remain as they are in the field of education, and that early legislation is inevitable.

Such being the attitude of leading statesmen of both parties, of influential politicians, and of the spokesmen of classes intimately concerned in the question, let us see what is the position in Ireland, and how that country has been dealt with by successive cabinets in regard to the much-vexed subject of denominational education.

In entering on the consideration of any proposal for the endowment of a university, or of a college affiliated to a university, established upon a strictly denominational basis, it is unquestionable that the instinct of most educated persons, at any rate of most persons educated at English or Scottish universities, is adverse to any such idea.

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Most cultivated people, in accepting, so far as it goes, Cardinal Newman's definition of a university as 'a place of 'teaching universal knowledge,' probably consider that this definition scarcely covers the whole matter. They are inclined to think that a university is not alone a place in which every element of knowledge may be studied, but that it is also a place in which every element of knowledge may be studied by all classes and sections of the community in which and for whose benefit such a university exists. Having regard, too, to the course of educational controversies in these countries, it is certain that the vast majority of those who give intelligent consideration to the matter will require strong reasons to induce them to accept a denominational *pis aller* in exchange for their undenominational ideal. And before asserting that any such *pis aller* should be accepted, even in the case of Ireland, it is necessary that the urgency, not to say the inevitableness, of such a solution of the Irish difficulty should be proved in the completest manner. For not only is the denominational system one from which public opinion in most parts of the United Kingdom instinctively shrinks, but it is one which for many reasons may seem likely to be more especially injurious as applied to the case of Ireland. It is there that the poison of sectarian animosity, which is so peculiarly noxious to the harmony of social life, has always been most powerful, and many will say that a further step in the same direction is not the expedient best fitted to effect an improvement. Ireland, it will be urged, may have many needs, and much to ask for at the hands of the Government and of the Imperial Legislature; but a further stimulant to the acridity of her sectarian divisions is surely not sought for or suggested by any of her friends. Are there not causes of difference in abundance, it may be asked, without the sanction of the State being given to an attempt to stereotype in each new generation those deeply rooted divisions of religious sentiment which have so long scarred the features of society in Ireland, and which men of all parties have so strenuously laboured to terminate? These are weighty considerations. But an analysis of the educational history of Ireland tends, we are convinced, to prove that, important as they are, they are overweighted by facts which it will not be the part of statesmanship to ignore. No one who is anxious to form a just estimate of the strength of denominationalism in relation to University education in Ireland can rightly comprehend the position without taking account of the history of the analogous question of primary education in

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that country. The process by which a system carefully and elaborately devised in the interests of undenominationalism has been diverted by both Roman Catholics and Protestants to denominational purposes is so full of instruction for the student of the University question that it seems not irrelevant to preface our further reference to the latter subject by some account of the origin and working of the great fabric of national education established in Ireland more than two generations ago by a Whig Chief Secretary, who was afterwards to be a Tory Prime Minister.

Prior to the year 1814 it may be said that there was practically no recognition on the part of the State of any obligation to lend its aid to the work of educating the Irish people. Grants of public money had not, indeed, been finally withdrawn at that period from the old Charter Schools. But those institutions, founded in 1733, and endowed by the State at the instance of Primate Boulter, had, by the close of the last century, not only signally failed in their original object of 'bringing over the children 'of Roman Catholics to the State Church,' but had proved unequal even to the more legitimate function of educating the Protestant poor. The business of education had accordingly fallen into the hands of purely voluntary associations, and of these the two most important were the Hibernian Association, founded in 1806, whose headquarters were in London, and the Kildare Place Society, founded in 1811.

But though the task of educating the poor of Ireland was left, down to 1814, to the unaided exertions of these voluntary societies, the Government had already been making some practical endeavours towards the establishment of a satisfactory system of State-aided education. In 1806 the Cabinet of All the Talents appointed an influential commission, which sat for six years, presenting no fewer than fourteen reports. This commission was the first to lay down the cardinal principle upon which primary education in Ireland was subsequently founded, and upon which, in theory, it has ever since proceeded. In their final report the commissioners recommended 'a general plan of education 'for the lower classes, keeping clear of all interference with 'the religious tenets of any, and thereby inducing the whole 'to receive education as one body under one and the same 'system and in the same establishment;' a conclusion which was expressly based upon the principle that any attempt to influence or disturb the peculiar tenets of any religious denomination must be necessarily fatal to every effort at reform.

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As a result of these recommendations Parliament resolved in 1814 to give some effect to the views of the commission by making grants to the Kildare Place Society, whose regulations were framed in the spirit of the principles thus insisted on. But, though founded in a very liberal spirit, the Kildare Place Society did not give general satisfaction. While excluding all other religious books, and not attempting to interfere with the religion of the children attending its schools, it enjoined the reading of the Bible, without note or comment, as an essential part of its general system of instruction. This was not at first objected to by the Roman Catholics, large numbers of whose children attended the schools; but, after a few years, opposition to this principle began to make itself felt. In 1821 O'Connell made himself the mouthpiece of Roman Catholic discontent, and it must be acknowledged that, as Mr. Stanley subsequently observed, in a Church which denies to adults the right of unaided private interpretation of the Scriptures, objection to the open Bible, as part of the compulsory educational curriculum for her children, was by no means surprising. Acting under episcopal direction, the priests in many districts began to withdraw their children from the schools of the Kildare Place Society. In other places, if the hibernicism may be pardoned, the rules of the society were evaded even where they were observed. Lord Cloncurry, in his 'Personal Recollections,' narrates how a priest, desirous of retaining the financial help of the society, but objecting to its rules, got rid of the difficulty as to Scripture education by a pious fraud. He caused the Bible to be read daily in his schoolroom, but rendered submission to the regulation innocuous to the faith of his pupils by deferring its observance until the end of the day, when all the scholars had departed.

As a consequence of this opposition, and in response to a petition from the Roman Catholic prelates, Parliament in 1824 again appointed a Commission to inquire into the state of education in Ireland, and 'to adopt such measures 'as might promote the education of the Roman Catholic 'poor in Ireland in the most effectual manner.' The new Commission sat for three years, presenting its final report in 1827. In this document the majority of the commissioners came to conclusions identical with those enunciated by their predecessors in 1814 as to the paramount importance of the principle of united secular instruction for all creeds. No immediate action in Parliament followed this inquiry;

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but in 1828 a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed, and presented a report which became the basis of the scheme of national education ultimately adopted and formulated by Mr. Stanley (afterwards Lord Derby) in his celebrated letter to the Duke of Leinster. This report was founded on the principles laid down by the commissioners in 1814 and 1827, and declared in its first paragraph that its recommendations were designed 'for the purpose of carrying 'into effect the combined literary and separate religious 'education' of children in the schools aided by the State. Its views were endorsed by yet another Committee in 1830, and on the accession of Lord Grey to power steps were at length taken to give effect to the policy thus repeatedly put forward.

The proceedings and reports of these commissions and committees are conclusive, it must be admitted, as to the objects which Parliament had in view in devising a scheme of national education for Ireland. They are ably summarised in Mr. Stanley's letter to the Duke of Leinster, which has always been regarded as the real charter of the National system. From the date of its establishment down to a very recent period no sort of doubt has ever been felt by the public, or by the Board of National Education itself, that the primary and essential principle of the system is the combined secular and separate religious education of the children. The commissioners themselves have, in their annual reports, affirmed that the 'principle of the system, 'and which we consider fundamental and unalterable, is 'that the national schools should be open to Christians 'of all denominations,' and the late resident commissioner, Sir Patrick Keenan, himself a Roman Catholic, in a very interesting address on Education, delivered in 1881 before the Social Science Congress in Dublin, began his outline of the system he so ably administered with the statement that the 'fundamental principle of the system 'was that it was to be one of combined secular and moral 'and separate religious instruction.'

In the early years of the National system the representatives of the Established Church, together with the Roman Catholics and the Nonconformist bodies, combined in a loyal and harmonious effort to make the new system a success. Archbishops Whately and Murray sat together on the National Board as at first constituted; and, encouraged by the hearty approval of the latter prelate, the Roman Catholics eagerly availed themselves to the fullest extent of

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the benefits of the new system. For several years the two creeds worked together without the slightest friction; and, although in 1839 an attempt was made by a section of the Roman Catholic bishops to induce the Propaganda to proclaim its disapproval of the national system, the effort received no countenance at that time at Rome. In 1852, however, the death of Archbishop Murray, and the appointment of Archbishop (afterwards Cardinal) Cullen, led to the introduction of less harmonious relations between the representatives of the two communions. Objections taken by the Roman Catholics to some of the books used in the national schools were allowed by the majority of the commissioners, and led to the retirement of Archbishop Whately from the National Board. The priests, under the direction of their new ruler, and animated by the Ultramontane policy then in favour at Rome, a policy of which Cardinal Cullen was in a peculiar degree the representative, began to show signs of dissatisfaction, and succeeded in putting an end to even the limited recognition which had at first been given to the system of common religious instruction. Indeed, they manifested for a time such an evident desire to completely denominationalise the system that a shrewd observer ventured in 1858, with a sagacity which can be appreciated to-day, to prophesy that 'when they are strong enough they 'will clamour for a grant for separate Roman Catholic 'education, even at the expense of consenting to one for 'Protestant education.' *

From the moment that Cardinal Cullen, in obedience to a policy approved at Rome, and subscribed to so far as regards the Irish hierarchy in the resolutions of the Synod of Thurles, made a vigorous and sustained effort to subvert the principle upon which the primary system was founded, and upon which it still theoretically rests, may be dated the decline of the national system as an effective machinery for securing mixed education. For a time, indeed, many of the Roman Catholic prelates adhered to the principle of mixed, or, as we prefer to call it, united education. But for reasons, and under circumstances, which have been admirably described by the late Professor Cairnes in one of his essays on the Irish University question, the 'high' Catholic ideal won the day; and since 1852 denominationalism has been pursued with zealous fervour by the rulers and dignitaries

* See 'Journals, Conversations, and Essays, relating to Ireland,' by Nassau William Senior, vol. 2, p. 112.

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of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland, almost without exception. Ignoring the principles upon which the present system was founded and on which its administration has been conducted for more than sixty years, the majority of the present members of the National Board have recently been engaged in attempting the complete subversion of the system they are charged to carry out, and have sought to procure the sanction of successive Chief Secretaries to the excision from their rules of the regulations relating to religious instruction. But in that effort, backed though it is by the whole weight of Roman Catholic influence, and aided by the section of Protestant opinion which still abides by the antiquated ideals of the Church Education Society, these agitators have not yet completely succeeded.

But though the system still remains in theory a mixed system, in practice it has grown to be all but completely denominational; and, in the language of Mr. Arthur Balfour, 'we support in Ireland a system more favourable 'to the Catholics than is afforded by the Exchequer of 'any Catholic country in Europe to the Catholics of that 'country.' Already the system has proved elastic enough to embrace, without injury to the religious susceptibilities of their conductors, the schools of fifteen orders of nuns and of six orders of monks. Only one section of Roman Catholic schools still remains outside the system, and the majority of the National Board having, after three years' deliberation, failed to include these schools—those of the Christian Brothers—without violating, in theory as well as practice, their fundamental principle, have boldly proposed to throw that principle overboard. They have determined not only to waive the rules which guarantee its observance for the benefit of the Christian Brothers, but to depart so far from the principle that all schools shall be open to children of all creeds as actually to permit the compulsory exclusion of all but one sect. This proposition has not, as yet, been acquiesced in by the Government; indeed the present Chief Secretary has given it a decided negative. But the fact that those who administer the national system have felt warranted in recommending it is eloquent of the distance traversed in this matter since 1831. Coupled with the statistics supplied by the Commissioners of National Education in their report for 1896–1897, it is surely conclusive as to the hopelessness of any attempt to make united instruction a reality in the primary schools of Ireland. It appears that of 8,606 national schools in

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operation on December 31, 1896, with a roll of 815,248 pupils, 5,248 schools with a roll of 501,577 pupils were attended solely by Roman Catholics or solely by Protestants. Thus of the total number on the rolls, 62·2 per cent. were in schools attended solely by Roman Catholics or solely by Protestants, and only 37·8 per cent. were in schools attended by Roman Catholic *and* Protestant pupils.* It may be added that the movement in the direction of denominationalism has been continuous and progressive for many years, the percentage of schools attended by Roman Catholic and Protestant pupils having fallen from 49·4 in 1887 to 37·8 in 1896.

The foregoing narrative has shown how potent has been the influence of the Irish hierarchy in relation to a system designed to destroy, or at any rate minimise, the evils of denominationalism. In the struggle between the State and the hierarchy the former has been decisively worsted; and, though Parliament still makes a stand in behalf of some subordinate principles, it has itself formally admitted its substantial defeat upon the large issues involved. In 1891 a question arose as to the relation of the State to the colleges for the training of national school teachers in Ireland. Complaints had been urged by both Protestants and Roman Catholics of the unfair treatment of the denominational training colleges in regard to State aid, as compared with the great undenominational institution founded by the State to provide teachers for the national schools. It was complained that whereas the State foundation, the Marlborough Street Training College, which was maintained on the mixed system, was supported exclusively by State grants, the denominational colleges were obliged to contribute one-fourth of their cost from private benefactions. In response to the demands for equality which pressed upon him from both sides, Mr. Arthur Balfour not only assented to the principle of uniform treatment in the matter of the annual grants, but applying the principle retrospectively to the building of the colleges, and in recompense for the State provision of the buildings of the State college, he caused a sum equal to the certified valuation of the denominational training colleges to be paid out of the public funds to those institutions. We make no complaint of the policy of the Government in yielding to this demand; but we assert that in so acting it absolutely

* Vide Sixty-third Report of the Commissioners of National Education in Ireland, pp. 11, 12.

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surrendered the principle of undenominationalism as a fundamental maxim or as a condition precedent to State aid. The State theory of education has not been expressly repudiated; but it has been tacitly ignored. No sort of distinction is made between institutions formed on the Government model and those which are established in the interests of one or other of the great religious denominations, and the State is as liberal to those who attack its own system as it is to those who support it. The facts on this point have been summarised once for all with a clearness and cogency which leave nothing to be desired in a speech delivered by Mr. Gerald Balfour, speaking as Chief Secretary for Ireland, in the Debate upon the Address at the commencement of the Session of 1896:—

'The education system in Ireland is denominational in theory to a very large extent, and it is so to even a larger extent in practice. There is nothing in Ireland which corresponds exactly to the distinction between board schools and voluntary schools. In Ireland all schools are maintained, almost entirely maintained, out of grants provided by Parliament. No restriction whatever is placed on the character of the religious teaching. A denominational religion is taught in the vast majority of the schools, it is quite true, as in the voluntary schools in England; but there is this immense difference between the two nations—that whereas in England pecuniary loss or disability is inflicted on voluntary schools in consequence of their denominational character, in Ireland no such distinction is made. It ought to be clearly understood once for all that everything which the most extreme advocate of voluntary schools in this country is asking for is already conceded in Ireland, and if we had in this country the system which now prevails in Ireland, it appears to me that all the complaints with regard to voluntary schools, especially those from Roman Catholic quarters, would be completely met.'

The foregoing sketch of the Irish system of primary education furnishes conclusive evidence of the strength of denominationalism in Ireland, and it does not appear to be more hopeful than it is logical to seek to crown the edifice built on these foundations by insisting on erecting a non-denominational university at the top. Let us see, however, how things stand at present in relation to undenominational university education. Let us start with the University of Dublin, which justly boasts that its highest rewards are open equally to all comers. And let us see who it is that comes to it. The authorities of Trinity College do not, we believe, give any particulars of the religious beliefs of their students. To do so, they probably consider, would only emphasise distinctions of which they desire to take as little

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account as possible. But we are approximately correct in stating that, of over twelve hundred students who entered in the five years ending 1895, less than one hundred, or about 6 per cent., were Roman Catholics. It may be urged that this disparity is to be accounted for by the fact that the university-going classes are in the main Protestant. No doubt this is to a great extent the case. But it is less and less so with every year that passes. The intermediate system has multiplied enormously the number of Roman Catholics who seek a university education, and it is impossible that, if Trinity College were satisfactory to Roman Catholic parents, it should not number a far larger proportion of Roman Catholic students. That it fails to attract them is due to a state of things in no wise discreditable to the University of Dublin, arising out of the history of the country and the traditions of the place, and which, notwithstanding the progressive liberalism of the authorities, has given to it what its distinguished senior member, Mr. Carson, has described as 'a distinct Protestant aroma.'

If we turn from Trinity College and the University of Dublin to the unsectarian foundations which have been established by Parliament in the vain hope of providing an undenominational solution of a denominational problem, we shall not find the case any better. The Queen's Colleges, which Sir Robert Peel established in the north, south, and west of Ireland, have admittedly failed to answer the objects of their founder, so far as regards the higher education of Roman Catholics. It is not, indeed, a legitimate subject of complaint that the Belfast College should be predominantly Protestant, since it is established in the midst of a predominantly Protestant population, though it is scarcely encouraging to find that of 5,679 students who have entered the college since its opening in 1849, no more than 305 have been Roman Catholics, and that the number of Roman Catholics on the roll has been actually diminishing in recent years. But there is no alleviation to the gloom of the figures for Cork and Galway during the same period. At Cork, indeed, where the presidents have been continuously Roman Catholic, the Roman Catholic students numbered, in 1896–7, 116 out of 206 students on the rolls, but this number is much smaller than that on the rolls of a few years ago, and the diminution has been steady for several years past. At Galway, of 2,489 students who have entered since 1849, no more than 1,048 Roman Catholics have been sent up by the most Catholic province in Ireland

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to the college founded for its benefit. Even more disappointing than these figures is the contrast between the numbers entering in the early years of the institution and those who matriculated in 1896–7. In the first year of its existence thirty-eight Roman Catholics entered the college. Last year the number had fallen to twelve, and in 1895–6 it was as low as nine. No argument could prove more irresistibly than these figures the failure of the Queen's Colleges to meet the educational wants of Roman Catholics.

If, then, it may be regarded as established, first, that the Roman Catholics of Ireland are entitled to look to the State for adequate provision for their higher education, and, secondly, that the attempts hitherto made to meet their wants have been, for one reason or another, incomplete and ineffective, let us see what it is that their spokesmen ask for, and the nature of the difficulties that stand in the way of a final and comprehensive settlement of the question.

In the document cited at the head of this article the Irish hierarchy have dealt with four points which, as they inferred from the course of discussion in Parliament, are regarded as fundamental even by those English statesmen and Irish Protestant politicians who have assented unreservedly to the general justice of the Roman Catholic claim. The first of these points is the regulation of the proportion of laymen to ecclesiastics on the governing body of the University. This is a question upon which, down to a very recent period, the Roman Catholic bishops have been understood to preserve a very unyielding attitude, and it is one which in the negotiations between Lord Mayo, representing the Government of Lord Derby in 1867, and the representatives of the Roman Catholic hierarchy led to the most serious divergence of opinion, the latter body remonstrating strongly against the provision for lay representation contained in the Government scheme. On this point, however, the current of public opinion has run in favour of a more liberal policy than the leaders of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland were prepared to sanction thirty years ago. The schism between the clerical and Parnellite parties in politics, as illustrated by the Meath elections, has not been without its effect upon the public opinion of Irish Roman Catholics, and the bishops no longer push their claims to the extent of demanding a clerical majority on any governing body which may be created. In their memorandum of 1897 they admit, for the first time without reserve, that they 'are 'prepared to accept a majority of laymen.'

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We must, however, in candour confess that, little as we like the idea of ecclesiastical predominance in the governing body of a University, there is some justification for the jealousy of the hierarchy on this subject. The predominance of the lay element in the governing body of a university or college presupposes the existence of a laity competent to assume the highest educational functions. It is in the best interests of Ireland that a Roman Catholic laity—cultivated, religious, yet independent of ecclesiastical direction in matters unconnected with faith and morals—should exist in ever-increasing numbers. No one, however, who really knows Ireland can honestly claim that such a laity exists. In December 1896, a number of representative Roman Catholic laymen published a declaration of their views on the subject of university education. The declaration, which had remained open for signature for nearly a twelvemonth, and which may, therefore, be considered exhaustive, was undoubtedly signed by many persons of distinction; but it is a singularly unimpressive document, though it is subscribed to by eleven peers and five members of the Irish Privy Council, and by about twelve hundred individuals of all classes. The melancholy truth is that the number of Irish Roman Catholic laymen who are capable of forming independent opinions of any serious value on the subject of university education is exceedingly small, and in the absence of any substantial body of educated lay opinion the bishops may have some right to doubt the wisdom of confiding to laymen too large a share in the government of the university. It is but just to observe, however, that the chief cause of this want of a cultivated lay opinion among Irish Roman Catholics is the absence of adequate provision for their higher education. It is scarcely fair to argue that a Roman Catholic university is unnecessary because the university-going class among the Roman Catholic community is so small. To a great extent it is small because there is no university.

The second point to which the bishops address themselves is the question of the endowment of theological teaching. On this point English, Scotch and Irish opinion is agreed. Neither Unionists nor Radicals, neither Churchmen nor Nonconformists, neither Protestant laymen nor Roman Catholic laymen, desire to see a chair of theology endowed out of the public funds. This particular point was incidentally settled during the debate on Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893, when, on the question of university

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endowments being raised by Mr. Balfour, an amendment of Mr. Morley was adopted by consent sanctioning the endowment of a university by an Irish Parliament subject to two provisions, one of which was that no theological chair should be endowed out of public funds. The bishops accept unreservedly the solution suggested by Mr. Morley and accepted by Mr. Balfour, and are ready to assent to any guarantees that may be necessary to secure that the moneys voted by Parliament shall be applied exclusively to the teaching of secular knowledge. This difficulty in the way of legislation may, therefore, be looked on as definitely removed.

In relation to the important topic of the appointment and removal of professors, the declarations of the bishops are scarcely so satisfactory; at least, they are a little vague. They propose to refer all complaints which may arise 'to the 'decision of a strong and well-chosen Board of Visitors, in 'whose independence and judicial character all parties would 'have confidence.' This would be highly satisfactory if the board so described could be constituted. But boards in whose independence and judicial character all parties have confidence are, unhappily, not common in Ireland, and it will be for the ingenuity of Parliament to supply some more definite safeguard for the protection of the teaching staff against arbitrary dismissal. The fourth point discussed by the bishops is the condition on which Mr. Morley has somewhat pedantically laid especial stress—namely, that the provisions of the University of Dublin Tests Act of 1873 should apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the new university so as to open up its degrees, honours, and emoluments to all comers. To this no objection is offered. It would be surprising, indeed, were any entertained. For the possibility of students other than Roman Catholics presenting themselves for examination in the new university seems exceedingly remote.

Having thus dealt, in a spirit of reasonableness and enlightenment which cannot be too freely acknowledged, with the objections or misgivings most commonly entertained in regard to the endowment of a Roman Catholic university, the bishops proceed to refer to a point of much importance, and it is the last of their observations to which we need refer. They express their belief that the interests of higher education will be better served by the creation of a university than by the establishment of a college. It is evident from this mode of putting the matter that

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there is still an open mind in the highest Roman Catholic quarters on the important question of college or university. The point is one of some consequence, because the claim put forward by the bishops on former occasions has been commonly regarded as a claim for a university in the fullest sense of the word or nothing; and it is obvious that the readiness of the hierarchy to accept a college as distinguished from a university considerably reduces the difficulty in the way of providing a satisfactory solution of the question. In the 'Historical Outline of the Irish University Question' with which Archbishop Walsh opens the useful collection of contributions to the discussion on the subject embodied in the volume cited at the head of this article, the Roman Catholic view on this point is presented in very clear language. Dr. Walsh, while stating that the bishops have always desired to have a university, endowed as such, as distinguished from a college, asserts that they have always acquiesced in the possibility of settling the question on other lines; and intimates that, subject always to 'the essential 'condition of equality,' they are prepared to accept in lieu of a university an endowed college or colleges.

We are not altogether clear that even from a non-Catholic point of view the Roman Catholic ideal is not to be preferred to its alternative. If by their readiness to accept a Catholic college in a non-Catholic university is meant the affiliation of an endowed Roman Catholic college to Dublin University, with a board of management representative jointly of Trinity College and of the new institution, we should much prefer to see a completely independent university endowed. And this for a reason entirely unconnected with any misgivings as to the abstract possibility of securing effective government free from friction under a joint board. There are, happily, examples in Ireland of the successful union of Protestants and Roman Catholics in the administration of great public institutions, and we see no reason why, if a new university were created, the principle of dual government should not be applied. But there is one condition of university reform which appears to us to be absolutely fundamental — as fundamental as the condition of equality upon which Archbishop Walsh so legitimately insists. It is essential that the boon to be bestowed shall not be granted at the expense of institutions which have done and are doing a great work in their own sphere. No scheme of reform which can injure the efficiency of Trinity College is admissible, and an affiliation of a Roman Catholic college to Dublin University could

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not fail to injure both college and university. If the statements we have referred to as justifying the unwillingness of Roman Catholics to rest content with Trinity College are well founded, they mean that Trinity College and the University of Dublin—expressions which are really synonymous terms, so closely are the college and university interwoven in constitution and in tradition—possess, in virtue of their three centuries of splendid work, a distinctive individuality, a *genius loci*, a power of attraction, which add enormously to their value, and which are dependent on the maintenance of the traditions and forms of government in which they have their origin. No change which would lessen the utility of Trinity College can possibly be contemplated; and no change which would affiliate a Roman Catholic college to the university could fail to have this effect, by reason of the altered educational standard which would have to be adopted. Such a scheme is, however, outside the range of the possible, since it could never be acquiesced in by the representatives of Trinity College; and so long as the equality of Roman Catholics can be achieved by other means this is in itself a sufficient objection.

It is impossible then to found a Roman Catholic college within the University of Dublin. But there appears to be no reason, *prima facie* at least, why an endowed Roman Catholic college affiliated to the Royal University should not meet all the requirements of the case. There would, in this case, be no such weakening of the utility of a successful and ancient institution as in that of the University of Dublin. The Royal University is but sixteen years established, and it is founded as an examining body, empowered to give degrees to all comers. At present it draws its students mainly from the Queen's Colleges, and from the college of that unendowed Catholic University in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, of which the origin and early struggles are detailed in the very interesting volume entitled 'My Campaign in Ireland,' published by the custodians of Cardinal Newman's papers. There is no reason that we can suggest why a Roman Catholic college richly endowed out of public funds, and possessing all the dignity, so far as its constitution goes, which belongs to Trinity College, should not be conducted successfully in connexion with the Royal University. That university is already framed as to its governing body on a thoroughly representative basis. Several of its fellowships have been held by professors of the Catholic University, and the rearrangement of its curriculum to suit the exigencies of the

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new system should not be a matter of any great difficulty. Such a plan would have the further advantage, fraught with no injury to the Roman Catholic college, of possessing elasticity enough to admit of the affiliation of the Queen's College, Belfast, on a similar basis, in the probable event of the recognition of Roman Catholic claims leading the Presbyterians to unite in a logically irresistible demand for a separately endowed Presbyterian college.

For such a union of sectarian colleges within a university administered by a joint governing body representative of the colleges there is no parallel within the United Kingdom. But a precedent, and a highly successful one, has been furnished by one of the British colonies in the University of Sydney. That university was founded in 1850, and to give the degrees a title to recognition outside the colony of New South Wales a charter was conferred upon it in 1858. Its senate is composed of sixteen Fellows, of whom twelve must be laymen, and of not less than three, or more than six, professors. The senate elects the chancellor and vice-chancellor of the university, and controls the appointment of its professors. Its Fellows are elected by convocation, a body representative of the Fellows, professors, and examiners in the schools of the university. A conscience clause protects any student who prefers to be freed from the obligation from attending university lectures or passing examinations in ethics, metaphysics, or modern history. The statutes of the university provide for the affiliation of colleges, and at present the University of Sydney embraces three strictly denominational colleges, viz.—St. Paul's, St. John's, and St. Andrews, which represent respectively the Anglican, the Roman Catholic and the Presbyterian communions. Each of the colleges of St. Paul's and St. John's consists of a warden and a council of eighteen Fellows, of whom six must be clergymen and twelve laymen, the laymen not necessarily belonging to the same religious denomination. The warden must in the case of St. Paul's be an Anglican clergyman, in that of St. John's a Roman Catholic priest. The visitor of the former college is the Protestant bishop of Sydney, in the latter the Roman Catholic archbishop. The Presbyterian College of St. Andrews is governed by a principal, who must be a minister, and by the councillors, of whom not more than four may belong to the ministry.

The rules of the colleges amply provide for giving a religious stamp to their system, and in effect restrict the

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students of each to a single denomination. For example, the rules of St. John's College oblige all students to attend morning and evening prayers, mass, and all public services in the college chapel, and to approach the Sacrament at least once a term, and they provide for gratuitous and systematic instruction to all students, resident or non-resident, in the doctrines and practice of the Roman Catholic Church.

It appears to us that the University of Sydney supplies a hopeful precedent for such a solution of the Irish University question as we have hinted at above. We cannot undertake to say to what extent the arrangement suggested would be palatable to the Roman Catholic hierarchy, who, in the absence of a really representative lay opinion must be accepted as practically acting in this matter for Roman Catholic Ireland. We feel pretty confident, however, that, in so far as a thoughtful and independent laity does exist, such a solution would be acceptable to those of the Roman Catholic communion who have given real consideration to the matter. Upon one point only does it seem necessary to enter a caveat. We have expressed unreservedly our view, which has not been lightly formed, that the circumstances of Ireland, the character of its population, and the natural title of the majority of its inhabitants to have their conscientious views on the subject of education fully respected, justify the provision in that country under State auspices of a system which would neither be sought nor sanctioned elsewhere in the United Kingdom. But our admissions in this regard are subject to one reservation which we will not do the advocates of a Roman Catholic university the injustice of hinting at the possibility of their objecting to. The standard of university education must not be unnecessarily or unduly lowered. If we advocate the extension of the university system to classes which have not hitherto been reached by the best efforts of Parliament, it is not because we are willing to see restrictions placed upon the pursuit of knowledge, but because we desire that the area of education in its fullest and highest sense should be widened and extended.

In a letter addressed to the Premier on the university question in 1889, the Duke of Argyll has given a characteristic account of the effect of Mr. Gladstone's bill of 1873 in this regard, a bill prepared by a cabinet of which his Grace was a member, and to which he gave a presumably reluctant assent:—

'In that year, 1873, we followed our distinguished leader into a

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celebrated mess. We produced a scheme which was, in itself, inherently absurd. We admitted that it was impossible to combine Catholics and non-Catholics in higher university education in Ireland, if that higher education was to be what it had always been elsewhere over the civilised world. But we suggested that it might be lopped, truncated, and maimed. Our suggestion was that in Ireland education would still be higher education, although it might be wanting both in philosophy and history. As Sir Lyon Playfair tersely put it, in a country which had given birth to Bishop Berkeley Philosophy was to be dropped out of academic teaching, and in the native land of Edmund Burke Modern History was to suffer the same fate.'

We do not profess to anticipate that, in relation to the topics of the Duke of Argyll's sarcasm, any marked advance on the ideal of 1873 is to be looked for in the advocates of a Roman Catholic university. As in the case of the University of Sydney, so in any system of Irish university education which Roman Catholics can at present be expected to accept, the study of philosophy and history must be, if not exactly 'lopped, truncated, and maimed,' at any rate pursued under restrictions which we will not pretend to approve. And that is one reason why, disliking the notion of giving the *imprimatur* of the State to a system in which those studies have not full freedom, we should prefer the endowment of a Roman Catholic college to the endowment of a Roman Catholic university. We believe, however, that it is not over-sanguine to anticipate some relaxation of the strictness of Roman Catholic notions on this subject, and that the religious guides of the majority of Irishmen are not, after all, very far from accepting that definition of the true relations between religion and merely human knowledge which has been so beautifully supplied by Tennyson in the dedication to 'In Memoriam:'—

> 'Let knowledge grow from more to more,
> But more of reverence in us dwell,
> That mind and soul, according well,
> May make one music as before,
> But vaster.'

We are fully conscious that the substantive suggestions contained in the foregoing paragraphs are, most or all of them, open to criticism from the widely different standpoints of the various parties interested. Nor are we unmindful of the fact that very different ideas are entertained by persons whose views are entitled to great respect. Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, for example, whose title to speak on educational matters does not depend merely on his posi-

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tion as President of the Queen's College at Cork, considers that the solution of the problem is to be found in the expansion of the Queen's Colleges at Belfast and Cork into separate and independent Universities constituted upon a representative basis. Such a settlement of the University question is undoubtedly attractive; but the chief infirmity in the proposal is that the personages who, *pace* Sir Rowland Blennerhassett, really control Irish Roman Catholic opinion, will have none of it. The scheme would add dignity to the provincial colleges, but it does not propose to alter the basis of their teaching, and those who have hitherto remained outside them would remain outside them still. Of the President's proposal, considered as a practical suggestion, it is enough to say that on the very day on which Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's lecture was reported in the Irish newspapers, Archbishop Walsh declared, in a letter to the 'Freeman's Journal,' that the ban under which the Queen's Colleges have lain since they were established can never be removed so long as the system of education embodied in them continues to be what it is.

We have put our views in a concrete form, not so much with the object of enforcing the arguments in favour of the solution of the difficulty which we have ventured to recommend, as because in an article upon the University question substantive proposals will naturally be looked for; and we are prepared to defend the creation of an endowed college for Roman Catholics as upon the whole the most satisfactory expedient. We are not, however, wedded to our suggestions in matters of detail. What we are really concerned for is that the people of the United Kingdom should recognise fully and frankly the claims of their Roman Catholic fellow-subjects to a better and fairer system of university education than at present exists. It is now more than thirty years since Lord Mayo, on behalf of a Conservative administration, admitted that a just claim existed for the creation of a university of a denominational character which would stand in the same position towards Roman Catholics as Trinity College does towards Protestants. It is, as we have already remarked, a quarter of a century since Mr. Gladstone, in the name of the old Liberal party, made equally full admission of the Roman Catholic grievance, though he proposed to remedy it by means widely different. Contemporary statesmen in the front rank on both sides of politics concur in allowing the justice of the demand, and, as we have pointed out, the fierce

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opposition which was formerly manifested in Ireland towards any and all proposals for the solution of the difficulty, though it has not disappeared, has considerably abated in violence. That claims so generally admitted should continue to be ignored by Parliament in deference to popular prejudice or to a theory of education, and in opposition to the highest needs of a nation, is neither justice nor statesmanship. The undenominational ideal has always been the ideal of the 'Edinburgh Review.' It remains our ideal still. But convinced that that ideal has no chance of acceptance in Ireland, and recognising that the whole trend of opinion amongst the great majority of the Irish people is, and has long been, in the exactly contrary direction, we feel that persistence in a denial of the Roman Catholic demand is not a course which can be justified any further, either upon the grounds of equity or upon those of political expediency.

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ART. V.—1. *A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons.* Par EDMOND DEMOLINS. Paris: 1897.

2. *L' Europa Giovane: Studi e Viaggi nel paesi del Nord.* Di GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Milan: 1897.

Two races and two irreconcileable ideals of society struggle for mastery in the battle-field of Western civilisation. As between races, the battle is practically over. Latin Europe—that is to say, roughly, France, Spain, and Italy—sees itself year by year more closely restricted to its own boundaries. Italy has been obliged almost to resign her only foreign possession; Spain's dependencies daily threaten either to break away or to rot off; France alone, where the southern stock is mixed with a strong northern infusion, retains her vitality, but in spite of a feverish activity in acquisition shows no real power to expand. The Teutonic-speaking peoples already predominate even in Europe, where their ascendency is curbed, partly by internal hostilities, partly by the presence of a third element—the huge bulk of Russia; outside Europe they overrun the habitable world. In South America Latin civilisation still maintains itself, but holds a precarious existence merely by the patronage and sufferance of the Anglo-Saxon North. As between ideals, however, the conflict is at its fiercest. Over against the commercial type of nation, the free Anglo-Saxon community, where the State exists for the convenience of the individual rather than the individual for the State, is set the Roman or military type, governed by a highly centralised bureaucracy, and tending ultimately to Cæsarism. The racial character of the struggle is for the time obscured, because at the very head and front of the forces of militarism stands the Emperor of Germany with his drilled nation of Teutons behind him. The ideal of the succumbing race perpetuates itself among a section of the victors. A society whose first object is to reduce the army to its lowest dimensions pitted against one which strains every nerve to enlist the last available man would seem of necessity condemned to undergo the fate of the unwarlike; yet Great Britain spreads faster and farther than any other European nation, and the whole world shows a surprising disposition to avoid war with the United States. We are all of us conscious of the facts, yet there is naturally a widespread uneasiness abroad, at least among us English, and we begin to ask whether the unarmed merchant can be safe in the

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midst of camps. It is, therefore, well worth while to consider how the problem looks from the other side. Admitted that our policy has paid so far, is it suicidal rashness to continue it? How is it that the unarmed race manages to hold its armed competitors at a disadvantage? Two very remarkable books have been published within the last year that seek to answer this question. One of them, 'Young Europe,' by Signor Ferrero (a disciple of Lombroso), proceeds to explain the victory of the Teuton over the Latin; the other, by M. Demolins, a student of social science, seeks to discover, as its title sets out, 'wherein lies the 'superiority of the Anglo-Saxon.' They should repay study, not so much because they may enable us to sleep quiet at nights, undisturbed by dreams of national degeneration, but because they show us how we impress a foreigner, and to know one's strong points is the best wisdom. It is not by patching up what is weak but by strengthening what is strong, not by assuming the defensive but by pushing a successful line of attack, that nations as well as individuals attain to success.

Both Signor Ferrero and M. Demolins are of opinion that the winners in the international struggle are winning because they are the people who have known how to adapt themselves to the changed conditions of life. The industrial revolution occasioned by the improvement of machinery and the wide use of coal has altered society root and branch. Individuals can no longer, except the few fortunate, step peaceably into the shoes of a father or an uncle, and no nation can retain of hereditary right the monopoly of any industry. Every place has to be fought for, while, on the other hand, every place is open to him who can win it. But we can only advance by making ourselves a necessary part of the great machinery; we are all of us, more or less, one of the nine men who take part in producing a pin. In short, the rewards for work are greater, but it is harder to get work, and when work is procured it is more laborious and more irksome than it used to be. Why then, under these new conditions, does the Teuton outstrip the Latin, the Anglo-Saxon his German or French competitors? Signor Ferrero points you to a physiological difference. In the Latin the sexual impulse developes earlier and remains more powerful than in the Teuton; it wastes a worker's energy and it distracts his attention. Consequently the colder northern, though not superior in skill or intelligence to the southern—Signor Ferrero says he is inferior—works

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harder at all work and more steadily at mechanical work. M. Demolins assigns a moral cause. The Anglo-Saxon succeeds, he says, by reason of his greater enterprise, his independence of character, and his power of initiation, all of which are partly cause and partly effect of his social system. Crudely stated, there does not seem to be much in this theoretical assignment of causes, but it is in the working out and application of principles that they acquire their interest and value. Let us develope first Signor Ferrero's theory, as being much the less important. Practically he starts with the utterances of Tacitus respecting the Germans—a chapter which still expresses the difference between the Latin races and their northern neighbours. 'Sera juvenum Venus ideoque inexhausta pubertas.' Physical precocity interferes with the intellectual and bodily developement of the Latins, and from the first the sexual desire is with them a hindrance, not, as so often with us, the greatest of all helps. The craving for a particular woman becomes with the man of German race a stimulus to exertion; the ideal element in his love which Signor Ferrero recognises, but recognises as strange, enables him to wait years, if necessary, for the fulfilment of his wishes; but with the Latin the same craving is a paroxysm, hampering all his activities. Besides, the emotional crisis is not done with once and for all. The Englishman, says Signor Ferrero, is a monogamous animal, while at any given moment the Latin's horizon is apt to be occupied by a petticoat or a succession of petticoats. Allied to the superior sexual morality of the English and Germans is a more practical conception of duty. The Latin expects his life to be variegated, interesting, and exciting. Duty to the Italian means something of the heroic order, a leap into the abyss if need be; but ordinary life does not call for Marcus Curtius. 'What distinguishes the German or English work-'man from the French or Italian is his greater conscien-'tiousness.' He does not need so much supervision, and this runs through the whole framework of society. The big wheels of the machine that are in view—prime ministers, generals, and the rest—cannot work in Italy because the little unseen cogs come to a stop for want of the workaday virtues. 'Somebody has remarked that one of the great qualities in 'a German workman is his ability to endure boredom,' and consequently the Italian is at a disadvantage wherever mechanical work has to be produced. Do you want an example? Italy and France produce better pastry than

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England, but they cannot approach English biscuits. Why? Because each individual piece of Italian pastry is an artistic creation—light, airy, full of candied fruits or exquisite cream, shaped into graceful or fantastic designs. Your London pastrycook only offers you stupid rectangles or lozenges, consisting of a stuff like pomatum, and rouged like a clown in the circus; but the English biscuits! 'What 'delicacy of flavour! what lightness of paste! what variety 'and grace of form. From the biscuit brittle as a wafer to 'one that is hard and compact as a crust, the English have 'taught the world how to manufacture the article in gross.' But biscuit-making is an affair of machinery, the attentive carrying out of a prescribed process, and this lies wholly outside the Italian's genius, just as his light creative touch with confectionery is beyond the Englishman's range. The example is a trivial one, but it exemplifies the whole racial divergence. English people readily accept monotony; returning from their work in a train, they sit by droves silent and stolid, whereas half a dozen Italians together in a compartment turn it into a petty theatre. Signor Ferrero may or may not be right in connecting this greater excitability and liveliness with a more strongly erotic temperament; but it is interesting to get from a Latin observer the admission that English standards of sexual morality do not rest upon an elaborate hypocrisy. Not only does he concede the greater chastity of our race and the more ideal character of attachments between men and women of Teuton stock; but he recognises on the most material grounds the value of this superiority. In the comparative chastity of Englishmen and Germans lies a very great cause of their success in the struggle for existence. Proceeding upon his lines from cause to effect—or, if we do not accept his psychology, taking merely the fact in itself—we find that the salient difference between the races is the Teuton's superior capacity for patient mechanical labour—a quality which never acquired its full value till an age of machinery was inaugurated, and one which accounts in great measure for the enormous acquisitions of English capital.

'Industrial capitalism developed in England because it was found more profitable than other systems of labour; it was found more profitable because it suited the character of English workmen; and it suited the character of English workmen because the Englishman is more patient and capable of methodic labour, thanks to his sexual coldness.'

And the consequence of racial characteristics shows itself

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even more clearly in the New World than in the Old. 'Latin America has remained almost purely agricultural. 'English America has in a short period rivalled England 'in the magnitude and perfection of her industries.' This means that in Signor Ferrero's judgement our workmen have taken the lead in the world precisely by those characteristics which the Socialist of Mr. Morris's type would wish to see eradicated. In an era of mechanical production, the mark of the best labourer is to do faithfully some monotonous and uninteresting piece of work. The sentiment which needs to be fostered, if we are to maintain our supremacy, is not the artist's pleasure in creation, but the sense of duty to one's work. It is a necessary warning, a counterblast to a good many theories which maintain that our first business is to make the world a pleasant place to live in.

In public life Signor Ferrero holds the opinion that every people has the government it deserves, and the Latin peoples have theirs.

'The social type natural to the Latin, the original creation of this people, so genial, so sensuous, so active, yet so greedy of enjoyment, is Cæsarism. That is a type which bases itself on agriculture and militarism; its essence is the systematic plunder of tillers of the soil, violently carried out through a taxation which the State levies in order to maintain a brilliant oligarchy of parasites grouped round the central authority; of soldiers who make useless wars and win useless colonies; of officials paid for doing nothing; of financiers who rob the State chest and use Government as a tool in their gigantic depredations on the public purse; of men of letters, scientists, and artists, supported out of public money. Cæsarism is a *régime* which rests on four pillars: a showy rhetoric of patriotism and military glory; a colossal system of mendicity under State patronage, which ranges from soup-kitchens for the poor to the construction of useless public works; a capricious and tyrannical bureaucracy, which harasses the people, especially the labouring classes; and a monstrous system of political corruption. The Roman Empire was the masterpiece in this kind, the supreme type of government by brigands and art patrons, by robbers and almoners; all the three great Latin Governments—France, Italy, and Spain—are merely three petty reproductions of that cyclopean structure, like Michael Angelo's "Moses" copied in a plaster statuette.'

Out of this violent declamation what conclusion arises, when the theories are applied to existing political facts? Plainly that one of the German races has got saddled with a political structure which is hostile to its natural developement. There is Cæsarism in Germany, and the only difference seems to be that it rests not on a corrupt, but on an

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incorruptible, bureaucracy, and consequently that its cramping effect is multiplied enormously. Yet Signor Ferrero does not despair of Germany—or, rather, one should say, that the question of racial ascendency does not interest him. 'L' Europa Giovane' is a purely philosophical inquiry; its author's standpoint is cosmopolitan. He preaches no reformation, is coldly contented to write down the decadence of his own race among other facts and draw conclusions from it. The progress of civilisation does interest him, and to his mind the hope of Europe rests with the Teutons. It is the Germans who are to be the great civilising agency of the future, the cement of new societies, because the German is of all men the most adaptable. Naturally peaceful, he has been trained into the perfect soldier, yet he can put off his militarism without an effort and go back into civil life. If he goes abroad, so adaptable is he that before a year is over he speaks the new language fluently, and in a generation he and his are naturalised without the least promptings to return. Patient, laborious, versatile, the German goes wherever civilisation gives him an opening, and falls easily into the existing order of things, an admirable citizen, bringing with him habits of thrift, knowledge, and energy. And so Signor Ferrero has a vision of Germany, that great mother of nations, fertile in men, but otherwise barren enough, placed in the centre of Europe like a great ant-hill from which stream out, north, south, east, and west, long lines of peaceable workers. That is very true; the value of German emigrants to alien countries is enormous. But what is their value to Germany? They emigrate, many of them, to escape their mother-country and its exacting demands upon the citizen; they lose their language—in America there are very few German newspapers, and those few restricted in circulation—and they become absorbed into the community they enter, which, nine times out of ten, is an Anglo-Saxon community. The Englishman, on the other hand, goes abroad without the German's industry, sobriety, or knowledge, but where he goes he joins himself to other Englishmen, and before many years are over they have an England, big or little—if it is only a lawn-tennis club—of their own. In short, the workers in the new worlds may be German, so may the foremen of industry, but it looks very much as if the whole direction of new civilisations would fall into Anglo-Saxon hands.

That at all events is the opinion of M. Demolins. His book, 'A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons,' is one

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of those amazing treatises of which the French alone have the secret—a masterpiece of brilliant writing and methodical arrangement. It is not a cold piece of reasoning, but a passionate exhortation, a call to France to be up and doing before it is too late. France sees her position in the world challenged, and the first thing for her to do, he says, is to realise the true danger. Who is the enemy? he asks. Is it the German, with his disciplined battalions and his scarcely less disciplined commerce, who undersells competitors in all the markets of the world? Industrial superiority, if it existed in alliance with such an overwhelming military power, would mean assured triumph. But the one superiority of the German consists in his ability to produce cheap goods which find a ready sale in all the half-civilised marts now being opened up with such rapidity in Africa and elsewhere; and this ability to produce cheap goods proceeds from the thrifty habits of old-fashioned Germany, which was of necessity the poorest country in Europe. Every day the discontent of the German with his conditions increases; the standard of living goes up with the spread of education, and the willingness of German workmen to work for a starvation wage cannot last for ever. Once that is gone, France is face to face with a nation diseased to the heart, cramped by a militarism imposed upon it from above which crushes out individual energy, and deeply permeated with the leaven of Socialism which destroys the main principle of activity, in destroying the impulse to personal aggrandisement. Even as it is, Germany is formidable only in Europe, and the struggle now between nations is not to maintain their old limits, but to acquire new ones. Who, then, is the enemy?

'The grand peril, the grand menace, the grand adversary, do not come, as we are apt to believe, from across the Rhine; militarism and socialism have taken in hand to deliver us of the enemy in that quarter, and their work will not be long in doing.

'The grand peril, the grand menace, the grand adversary, are on the other side of the Channel, on the other side of the Atlantic; they are wherever is found a pioneer, a settler, or a squatter, of Anglo-Saxon blood. People despise this man because he does not come, like the German, with big battalions and guns of the latest pattern; they despise him because he comes alone and with a plough. That is because they do not know the worth of a plough and the worth of the man.

'When we know that, we shall know where to look for the peril; but at the same time we shall know where to look for the remedy.'

England succeeds, says Signor Ferrero, because it is a country of hard work undistracted by a thirst for fresh sen-

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sations, and dominated by a sense of duty in the details of life. England succeeds, says M. Demolins, because it is the country of self-help. It is the country of self-help because the whole course of Anglo-Saxon education tends to make men self-reliant; because Anglo-Saxon society is 'particularist,' not 'communitarian,' composed, that is, of individuals, not of families for units; because in these communities the individual takes rank in virtue of himself, not of his occupation; lastly, because they are the least socialistic communities in the world, the states which interfere least with their citizens whether to restrain or protect. The purpose of the following pages is to show the application of these principles, and to sketch in rough outline the indictment which M. Demolins brings against the social arrangements of his own country. In his attack upon the system of education he brings forward many arguments familiar enough here. The whole, he says, is a vast system of cram (*chauffage*) directed solely to preparing youths for an examination. Well, we also have heard the like of that. But there is no doubt that the examination plays a much greater part in French life than with us, for every young Frenchman wants to get into a post under Government, and all these posts are only to be reached through an examination. Moreover the candidate may be kept dangling in suspense till he is thirty, whereas with us three and twenty is the very latest age at which a man can enter any profession by competitive examination. The result of all cramming is of course to deprive teacher and taught alike of any special individuality, and in addition to this, in France, as in Germany, the school system has been manipulated for political purposes. In neither case has the experiment been successful, but complaints of ill success avow the intention. The German Emperor is disturbed because the spread of education does not eradicate Socialism; French politicians are disappointed with the result of the anti-clerical propaganda which the *lycées* were designed to conduct. But whether successful or not, in each case, so far as the Government can effect it, Government dictates the intellectual tendency of all education. Boys at school are given a ready-made code of beliefs and political aspirations; when they become Government officials they find a fresh set of formulæ which have to be swallowed, and the result is to emphasise that likeness between one Frenchman and another which was noted two hundred years ago by Béat de Muralt in his letters on the French and the English. Ask a Frenchman,

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he says, the reason of his conduct, and you will get nothing from him in the last resort but 'Cela se fait,' or 'Cela ne se 'fait pas;' whereas the English 'go boldly against a custom, 'however well established, when their reason or inclination 'estranges them from it.' That shrewd old lady Madame du Deffand made the same remark when she wrote to Horace Walpole:—'The English are an odd people; each 'individual is an original; there are no two of the same 'type. We are just the opposite; with us all people of the 'same profession resemble each other. To have seen one 'courtier is to have seen all.' With the French system of education and with the German, upon which it was expressly modelled, M. Demolins contrasts the English. The two institutions which he quotes as typical are by no means so; one is an agricultural college, the other a school in Scotland where boys are taught carpentering and how to lodge money in the bank; in short, something entirely unlike the usual public school. But M. Demolins repeats with enthusiasm the saying of a public school boy that 'at his school boys 'learnt very little except may be how to behave;' and that expresses very well the spirit of our public school system. French boys and German boys are overworked, and their exercise is made as distasteful as a lesson. We perhaps overdo the other thing, but at all events we do not turn out a spectacled generation; and the most valuable part of our education is the sense implanted in every boy that he will have to provide for himself. This is really the root fact of the matter, the cardinal point upon which all M. Demolins's logic hinges. In England a father considers that he has done enough for his son if he rears him and educates him up to the age of manhood, as he himself was reared and educated. The French parent accounts it imperative upon him to provide for the boy; every infant that comes into the world has to be furnished with a portion. From this conception of duty two sets of facts follow; first, that the State gets a weaker class of citizens; secondly, that it gets fewer of them. The French youth does not take thought with himself what he shall do or be; he leaves it to his father to settle that. All that is incumbent upon him is to pass, if possible, whatever examination is put before him, and accept the career it leads to. He knows that if the thing can be managed his father or his friends will get him some sort of permanent billet under Government which will give him a modest but progressive income so that he can map out his life ahead with great certainty. He knows that if

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he fails his people will keep him at home, and that in any case they will arrange a suitable marriage with a girl who will bring him a fortune answerable to his own. All this, it must be allowed, is little calculated to develope a spirit of enterprise in the youth. But in proportion as the responsibility on him is light, so is it heavy on his parents. When children, boys and girls alike, have to be provided for in this complete fashion, it becomes impossible to afford many children; hence the voluntary limitation of the family. That it is voluntary M. Demolins proves conclusively; the French type is just as prolific as any other, but under existing conditions it is only the poor in France who can afford to have a large family, since their children alone are accustomed to count upon their own exertions for a livelihood. The result is a diminishing population—a hundred thousand vacancies annually in the social ranks which do not get filled up. The population, it is true, remains stationary, because into these gaps pour foreigners of all classes, Belgians, Swiss, Germans, Italians, and make the struggle hard for the French.

'The result is that our only sons, spoilt children, brought up under a glass case, and for ever tied to their mother's apron-string, meet these children of large families, inured to a severe discipline, and are beaten all along the line. Our business men and our engineers prefer Swiss or German clerks and Belgian or Italian workmen, because they find them more obedient, more hardworking, more thrifty, and less exacting. It is these foreigners who are the salvation of French commerce—but for them we should produce twice as dear, and be still more impotent in the face of foreign competition. But what does it cost us to be saved by them? It costs us our moral worth and our energy lowered, our force of expansion destroyed, our colonial power and our prestige in the world annihilated, and even our nationality slowly submerged by this alien invasion.'

There one touches the political aspect of the question. French young men have not the impulse to colonisation or foreign adventure because their families will provide for them comfortably at home. French parents will not have more than one or two children because they will have to provide a *dot* for each. It follows that there is no surplus of population which is driven to emigrate, no need for swarming; and no spirit of adventure that might replace necessity as a stimulus. Colonisation has never been a natural impulse in France since colonisation became important to modern Europe; when a French colony has been founded, kings or statesmen have acquired foreign posses-

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sions and have induced their subjects to go and occupy the land. But Great Britain has for the most part been reluctantly obliged to annex territories where her subjects, acting on their own initiative, have already acquired great interests. France still keeps the desire for acquisition, as witness her grasping policy in West Africa, but she does not seem able to profit by her new territories. She exports functionaries not colonists. 'Even in Algeria, which is at our 'doors, and where we have been sixty years in occupation, 'there are only 300,000 French as against 250,000 Europeans 'of various nationalities who threaten to submerge us.'

Another and an obviously kindred characteristic which runs all through French life is the tendency to avoid risk and responsibility. This has the utmost effect upon the financial position of the nation. France is sometimes said to be the richest country in the world; it is certainly the one where there are most savings, and Paris is the greatest market of securities. A Frenchman's ideal, says M. Demolins, is to have his fortune in a portfolio; to have his income proceeding exclusively from investments which require no outlay of energy and bring him in so much a quarter as if by clockwork. It is the nature of such property to be unstable; land cannot run away, but securities may be converted into waste paper. Consequently there is no country where a financial crash brings with it such wide-spread ruin, and the hatred of the Jew financiers in Paris is based upon a well-grounded feeling that they have the nation by the throat. It follows also that the country is the loser by the sum of countless energies. Much of the money which in England or the United States would fructify in commerce or agriculture under the direction of its owner goes into the shares of some company or a Government security. France gets one man idle the more and the money goes off to work mines in Johannesburg, or to build railways in Russia. It is the country of the *rentier*, and the *rentier* may be a charming individual, easy, happy and unperturbed, living peacefully on his economies and not driving his pursuit of fresh gains till the plough-stilts drop from his hands or the ledger swims under his eyes; but the country of *rentiers* is not likely to hold its own in the struggle against a race who have no desire even in old age for repose. We are accustomed to praise French thrift; but certainly M. Demolins throws a new light on the matter with his eulogium of Anglo-Saxon prodigality. In a society where men spend as fast as they gain the individual is

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perpetually stimulated to fresh exertions. The true principle of democracy, the salvation of the new order, was formulated by Napoleon in his phrase about *la carrière ouverte aux talents.* If the world is to be served by its best men, there must be free competition everywhere and no handicaps; a ready passage from one class to another always open. Men must not be afraid either to go up or go down. Well, in France, if we may believe M. Demolins, caste still remains; people are slow to attempt to go up and are in mortal terror lest they should appear to be going down. In France you have the symbol of social differences in dress; with us everyone dresses alike. The French workman with the blouse gets the blouse into his very composition. He may amass money, for, although he is not a good man to make money, he is good at saving it, but he simply becomes a rich workman; his tastes, his speech, his dress, and his dwelling are what they were before; the only difference is that he has money in the bank. The same phenomenon presents itself in Ireland, where one may see the family of a farmer who rents a thousand acres of excellent land, living in a cabin with earthen floors, and dressed as no English workman on thirty shillings a week would care to be seen. That is, says M. Demolins, because Ireland is Celtic and belongs to the primitive communitarian type, where the home is a fixed and material centre with an extraordinarily strong hold upon the affections, but where the only conception of duty to the home is to keep a roof tree over it, to keep the family centre unchanged. The English workman on the other hand does not value himself much on his savings or on his family, but a great deal on his personal respectability. He desires first of all comfort; plenty to eat for himself and his wife and his children; a decent house for them to live in; decent clothes for them to wear. He prefers to raise the standard of comfort rather than to lay up for a rainy day, trusting to his own exertions if a pinch comes. Self-reliance rather than prudence is his virtue, and prudence is not a virtue that gets much work out of a man. He has no attachment to any spot; he will go wherever his work takes him; and if he sees his way to better himself by emigration he will emigrate. The Irish workman emigrates under the pressure of dire necessity and with pangs like the parting of soul and body; he is always looking homewards from his exile. The French workman is more prudent than the Irish, and is therefore seldom driven to expatriate himself. The English workman, comparatively devoid of the sentiment for his country,

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emigrates for better wages; and, if he emigrates, does not lay by money either to return home or to bring his kinsfolk after him, but spends it as he makes it in improving his social condition. Consequently the passage from class to class in Anglo-Saxon communities is continuous and almost imperceptible; in America classes hardly seem to exist except as defined by the rate of expenditure. The Englishman, as compared with the Frenchman, has a wide field of choice. In France, a man who follows one of the black-coated professions accounts himself disgraced if his sons have to live by trade in any form, and simply does not contemplate the possibility of their labouring in their shirt-sleeves. With us the sons of an earl may run a steam laundry, may set up as wine or tea merchants, or, if they feel a taste for more elegant employments, may open a milliner's shop. When capital is not forthcoming for their ventures, and brains are pronounced inadequate for such things as have to be done now-a-days with brains, the younger sons emigrate to Texas and set up a ranch; when they have dropped their money over that, they conduct tramcars in New York, or open a lamp store in San Francisco. No gentleman would like his sons to do these things at home, but few mind how the 'lost legion,' that Mr. Kipling writes of, makes its way abroad. In the United States this last remnant of the old prejudice has disappeared and no occupation seems to be accounted degrading; all are honourable, and more or less so in proportion to the profits. To us it seems (as it generally seems to the Briton) that we have hit upon a happy and illogical compromise between two absurdities. M. Demolins goes like a true Frenchman to the limit of his logical tether, votes for the code of the United States, and preaches to his countrymen the gospel of the self-made man. However, of the two extremes we recognise that the American is more manly than the French. The bright ideal of every Frenchman would seem to be the life of a Government official, some sort of a public employ at a fixed salary. These situations with us are scarcely held in the same honour; excellent as we know our public servants to be, we regard the public service as the career for a respectable mediocrity. To begin, as a barrister does, by fighting for your own hand, and to be enrolled for the public only when you have proved your exceptional value, is the dream of ambitious youth rather than to mount slowly and regularly the ladder of official promotion.

In France, in short, the State is the great dispenser of

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patronage, the great abstract personality to which every Frenchman looks for favour and employment. It is hardly too much to say that with us the State is the servant of the individual, with Frenchmen the individual is the client of the State. We ask the State simply to see that we get fair play, that our activities may employ themselves unimpeded. They look to the State to tell them where to employ those activities, and to pay them for the employment. Such a conception is not without its historical descent; first Louis XIV., and afterwards Napoleon, imposed upon the nation this ideal of relations. Louis XIV., jealous of the local power of great nobles, drew them from their estates to Court, taught them to regard relegation to their beautiful châteaux as banishment, and schooled them to group themselves round him, or rather below him, like carp in a pond, waiting for the morsel of preferment that he might choose to throw in their way. Napoleon carried still further the system of Imperial centralisation, until it was firmly rooted in the minds of Frenchmen that the highest prosperity came, not from individual exertions, but as an unlooked-for and almost accidental distribution from an upper providence. Systems change, but the central fact remains. Paris was made something totally different from London. London is not so much the seat of government as the centre of national industry; Paris is a thing apart, a town claiming for itself special social and intellectual privileges, because of its immediate contact with the source of authority and its influence upon that source. A noticeable consequence has been the decline of agriculture in public esteem. The great landed proprietor as we know him is a power chiefly in his own county, and respected in the State, not because he has Government influence, but because he is a big man in Yorkshire. He does not exist in France. The old aristocratic prejudice against commerce is a natural survival, but the contempt for occupations upon a landed estate and for country life is a modern growth definitely imposed by a Government which desired to aggrandise the State at the expense of the individual. It became the fashion to look down on agriculture as bucolic, and to this day it is said to be hard for a Frenchman to get a wife who will consent to bury herself in the country. The result shows itself as significantly now under a democracy, when Government is elected by a population largely agricultural, as under the Empire. England is a country far less agricultural than France, yet the representation of agriculture in Parliament

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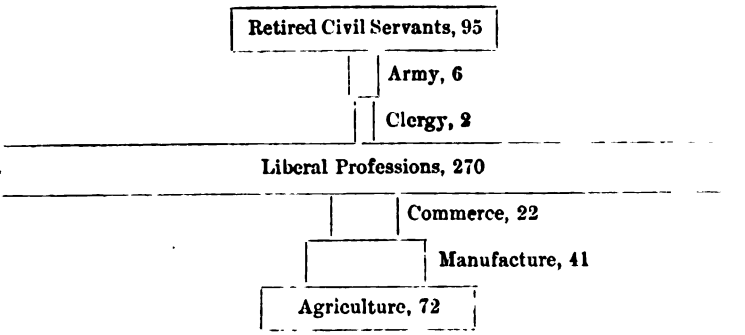
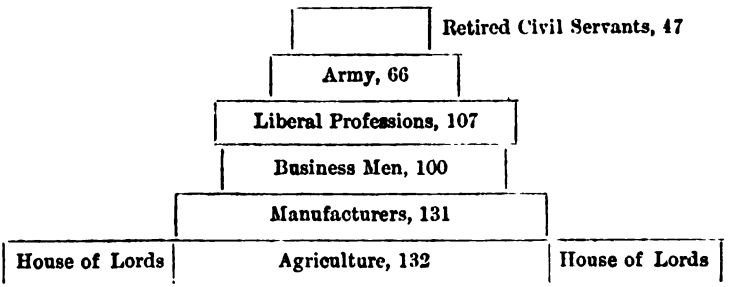
is infinitely greater, and M. Demolins shows this by a table so curious as to be well worth reproducing.

Composition of the Chamber of Deputies, 1896.



Composition of the House of Commons, 1896.



To this should be added the immense preponderance of landed interest in the House of Lords. The French Senate resembles the Chamber of Deputies in its elements.

This graphic representation designedly gives to the eye an impression of relative stability and instability. Agriculture, says M. Demolins, is of all professions the most stable, and after agriculture, commerce. Landowners and merchants are the people who stand to lose by social revolutions, and they therefore should make the base of any representation. Consequently the English fabric stands like a pyramid based upon steadiness; the French is in continual oscillation, swayed to and fro by a multitude of men who have little to lose and much to gain by altering the existing status. Most people would freely admit that the owner of property makes a better member of Parliament than the man who supports himself by his brains; yet

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the habits of the French people and the forms of the French Chamber tend to give the latter a great advantage. When all speaking has to be done from a tribune the trained speaker has the field to himself; in the House of Commons your business man or country squire may make weighty suggestions from his place, without any formalities of a set oration. But the truth would seem to be that agriculture and commerce are ill represented in France because they find it hard to get suitable representatives. The pick of the nation does not go into them.

'There is, perhaps, no country where agriculture is so completely abandoned and out of favour as France. A father will only make his son a farmer when he thinks him unfit for any other career. To live on one's estates is accounted the worst of exiles; a Frenchman would sooner be an official in the paltriest provincial town than live at his country place. In 1871 the republican press, wishing to discredit a section of the National Assembly, thought it sufficient to fasten on the deputies who composed it the name of "country folk."'

(To translate this 'yokels' or 'bumpkins' would obscure the point; the equivalent of *ruraux* has absolutely no suggestion of contempt in our language.)

The result is that men who own land become absentees, and the representation falls into the hands very largely of country doctors; for peasants do not return peasants to Parliament. Men of commerce are kept out of the Chamber partly by its interminable sessions, which occupy a man's whole time, partly by its academic and declamatory character, and chiefly because, their occupation being of no great repute in a country besotted in its worship of the 'liberal' professions, they do not command popular esteem. In short, taking the French Chambers as representative of the nation, their composition points strongly to a national attraction and a national repulsion. All the best brains and energy of the country seem to avoid the two productive branches of employment—agriculture and commerce. All the best brains of the country seem to seek an employment which will deliver them from any undue demand upon their energy; they are drawn towards posts in the service of the State, which afford a moderate salary for a moderate exercise of the faculties; which leave the holder in no doubt as to the continuance of his income, and offer a comfortable pension for old age. The ambition of the average Englishman is to be his own master; the ambition of the average Frenchman is to be head of a department.

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That is, in a nutshell, the view of M. Demolins: the Anglo-Saxon wants to make his own way for himself, the Frenchman wants to have it made for him. As between individuals, the man who avoids risks has, perhaps, the better assured future; as between nations, 'there is no duel possible 'between the particularist race which maintains its power of 'initiation at the highest possible pitch and the communi-'tarian type where individual enterprise is stunted and 'undeveloped.'

One sees the application of this in the field of theoretical politics. England and the Anglo-Saxon communities succeed because they are the least socialistic countries in the world of civilisation. Socialism in England and America, says M. Demolins, practically does not exist. Signor Ferrero's view would be rather that in these countries Socialism only exists practically. There is a natural cleavage in their views of the future, but a considerable resemblance between their sketches of the present position. To M. Demolins the problem is simply this. Why do the Anglo-Saxons outstrip the rest of Europe in the race for wealth and ascendency in the world? It is because they are a people who believe profoundly in self-help. What is Socialism? It is a creed which inculcates chiefly the duty of helping others. Who believes it? Either those who feel that life has favoured them unduly and whose soul rebels against an injustice done to their suffering brothers—this class is not a large one, though M. Demolins underrates its importance—or they are the people who feel that to maintain their footing in the world is a severe struggle, and demand that the struggle should be made easier. Socialism in his view is the cry of those who feel that the pace is being made too hot for them —it is the protest of the laggards. The altruism which they preach is not very different from egoism; it is altruism at some one else's expense. The struggle for life is a hard fact now-a-days, and the Anglo-Saxon welcomes it because he is backing himself to win and because his notion of happiness consists as a rule in exertion. The Latin seeks to avoid the struggle and is anxious to call in Government—'the State, 'which is the new providence of Socialism'—to ordain that the pace shall be slackened. Of this ideal M. Demolins profoundly disapproves. 'Social salvation is like religious 'salvation; it is an affair for the individual not for the 'community.' Every man must work out his own salvation. The Socialist ideal is that no man should need to work to the uttermost; that he should have reasonable leisure, and a

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certainty of decent existence in return for reasonable exertion. The particularist ideal, on the other hand, is again an ideal of happiness; but it is that everyone should find his happiness in sustained exertion. Socialism in short is the creed of those who are afraid of progress. It looks not forward but backward to the age when every family or every tribe was bound to find a provision for its own weaklings, as in Irish cottages the care of idiots is a sacred duty.

That is a very interesting point of view and one necessary to be kept before us; but it does not cover the facts. No nation is more notoriously hardworking than the German, and Germany is by all consent the focus of Socialism. Signor Ferrero sees the truth when he says that Socialism in Germany is a religion. Now, a religion is always a force, but that force is extremely apt to act as a solvent of society; and in Germany you have two irreconcileable ideals counteracting each other. You have a Socialist ideal widely permeating a people who take their beliefs seriously, and who might rapidly enough—if they were let—shape themselves into a great Socialist community. On the other hand, you have this same people, which is extremely malleable, being forged into a great machine under a military government. The force of Socialism in Germany is therefore opposed to the predominance of Germany among the nations, not because Socialism is a creed of the laggards, but because it is impeded in its natural developement by other forces, and itself acts as a disintegrant upon them. As things stand not much is likely to come of German Socialism. It is so complete theoretically that it will contemplate no compromise. German Socialists who oppose taxes levied to maintain an army think themselves bound also to oppose taxes levied to provide the people with public parks or with new railways; and for that reason Signor Ferrero is probably right in holding that England, with its practical instinct and its fine disregard of logic, will be the first of civilised countries to solve some of the problems which Socialism presses in upon us. Keenly alive to the need of maintaining the struggle for life, England may probably devise some compromise to alleviate the lot of those who are outpaced in the contest, without endeavouring to lay down a law that the speed shall not exceed eight miles an hour; something that may help the weak without hindering the strong. All that M. Demolins has to say convinces one that the Anglo-Saxon communities can stand a much stronger dose of Socialism

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than the Latin. They are naturally so slow to invoke State aid, and so ready to limit the number of officials, and to let the individual stand or fall by himself, that there is little fear of developing in them a vicious reliance upon the exertions of others. Practically we see in America a warning against the too exclusive cult of self-help. There comes a point in the developement of individual enterprise when public offices are regarded with disgust as offering only a contemptible remuneration for energy, and as being the happy hunting ground of people who want sinecures. The passionate desire of the average well-educated Frenchman to find a post for himself under Government is not so detrimental to the nation as the total avoidance of all public concerns manifested by the ablest men in America. We should be sorry indeed to see M. Demolins's philosophy accepted for the true one, since it makes the bright ideal of our nationality consist in such a career as the late Mr. Barnato's. But after all he is preaching not to us but to his own race, and we may take his book fairly as a glorification of the gospel of work. What France needs is on his showing as follows:—

'Parents convinced that they owe their children nothing beyond education, but that must be a manly education.

'Children convinced that they must provide for themselves in life.

'Young men determined to seek in marriage a companion and not a fortune.

'A Government that should reduce to a minimum the number of its functions and its officials, and thereby should throw the youth of the country back on independent careers, which demand effort, individual initiative, and personal labour.

'Finally, and consequently, a social state in which the official, the politician, and the idle man, should be of less account than the agriculturist, the manufacturer, and the merchant.'

Only under these conditions can a nation find its happiness not in having leave to cease from work, but in having work to do—and only by labour in the modern world can a nation work out its salvation.

'It is written,' says M. Demolins in his eloquent peroration, '*In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou earn thy bread.* That word is not merely the foundation of social power but the foundation of moral power. The nations who by endless petty combinations evade this law of labour—of intense and personal labour—have to accept a moral inferiority. As the Redskin is inferior to the Oriental; as the Oriental is inferior to the Western; so are the Latin and German peoples of the West inferior to the Anglo-Saxon races.'

It is a hard saying, not merely for a Frenchman to accept,

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but for the innumerable partisans—lovers, one might almost say—whom France counts throughout the civilised world. Put ourselves out of the question. Is the Frenchman inferior to the American? Is he as well equipped for the struggle of life? Is he as useful to the world he lives in? Of his superiority on all the decorative side of existence there can be no question, but we do not wish to look forward to the day—foretold by Signor Ferrero—when all the Latin communities will be gay little islands, studded in a vast grey tossing ocean of Anglo-Saxon or Teutonic peoples. Still, if we look at history, the answer is not encouraging. France has set her foot in many regions, under many constellations; she has never been backward to advance, but nowhere has she held her footing. Since Francis I. asked 'what clause it was in Adam's will that 'bequeathed the whole earth to Spaniards and Portuguese?' France has given ample reason for the cry of one of her sons: 'What country in the world have we not conquered—'and lost?' Not once only, but three several times France has built up a colonial empire. The first, begun by Francis and Henry IV., spread perhaps to its widest when Madagascar—which to-day the French are occupying afresh—was merely to be the keystone of a great Eastern France. That Empire fell in consequence of the grasping policy of Louis XIV. *Qui trop embrasse mal étreint* has always been the sentence pronounced upon French ambition. Yet the edifice of Colbert, shattered in the war of the Spanish Succession, was rapidly renewed. In America the English colonies were isolated settlements on the Atlantic seaboard, with Canada to the north and New France to the south of them, and a line of posts being pushed down the Ohio to connect the two vast tracts in the rear of the British. The same thing is happening to-day in West Africa, and if France provokes a conflict the result will probably be the same. The English only assumed a militant attitude under compulsion, but, when they assumed it, soon it was apparent that their petty settlements contained ten white men for every Frenchman in the huge domains that surrounded and enclosed them. In the East the empire of Dupleix swelled like a bubble and burst as quickly. 1814 left France at the nadir of her colonial power, yet since then a third empire of foreign dependencies is far advanced in building. The Legitimist monarchy gave them Algiers; Louis Philippe added Algeria and the occupation of parts of Oceania; since then has come the enormous increase in West Africa and the

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revived dream of an Indo-Chinese ascendency. But with each of these three succeeding attempts the impulse from the people itself has been fainter, the enterprise has been more than ever one of pure military aggrandisement. There is no apparent reason why France should not again succeed, as she before succeeded, for the ultimate benefit of others; no reason why she should not again paint upon the maps large tracts of the world in her own colour, to be altered by the next generation. She still has restless diplomats and enterprising soldiers in plenty. But of the people who will go out and work in these colonies and establish interests of their own, taking risks on their own heads, there is no output. Until the French character changes there is no probability that French history will change, and the radical characteristics of the Frenchman are caution in private life, temerity in public employments. Every Frenchman in his public character as a citizen will vote for the maintenance of a big standing army and applaud conscription; every Frenchman in his private capacity uses every means in his power to avoid military service for himself and his sons. Every Frenchman is enthusiastic for the colonial aggrandisement of France, yet no intelligent Frenchman will take upon himself the duty of providing his country with the abundance of citizens necessary to assimilate conquests. It sounds a paradoxical thing to say, but it is nevertheless profoundly true, that France is a nation in process of being ruined by the thrift and prudence of its citizens. To live poorly because it is so much easier to save money than to make it, to have no children for fear they should die of starvation, that is the summing up of the Frenchman's pennywise philosophy, and, if there is truth in logic, it is the individual Frenchman who is keeping France back in the race, just as it is the individual Anglo-Saxon who is winning the battle for his community.

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ART. VI.—1. *Historical Manuscripts Commission.* Fourteenth Report, App., Part II.; Fifteenth Report, App., Part IV.: *The Manuscripts of His Grace the Duke of Portland, preserved at Welbeck Abbey.* Vol. III. London: 1894. Vol. IV. London: 1897.

ROBERT HARLEY, Earl of Oxford, will never be regarded as a great statesman, but he filled a very large space in the eyes of his contemporaries, though it is difficult to ascertain definitely the extent of his influence in the tortuous politics of the reign of Queen Anne. His biography has yet to be written, and an impartial and complete judgement on his career as a whole remains also to be given. There are few who do not know Macaulay's brilliant and misleading picture of his character. Not even damning with faint praise, the historian describes him as a person whose intellect 'was 'small and slow;' and he leaves him discovered by his contemporaries to be 'really a dull, puzzle-headed man.' This is a character which is admittedly composed from the fragmentary allusions of contemporary writers, some of whom were political enemies, others time-servers, who varied their praise or blame according to the exigencies of the moment. No one supposes that Harley was a genius, but there is the solid fact—which is of the highest value—that, in an age which was full of able and brilliant men, he reached the very topmost place in the political life of the time, and that for years before he did so he was regarded with consideration by the most capable men of the day. A solemn manner, a dry-as-dust knowledge of parliamentary forms, an involved way of speaking, all tending, it is said, to hide the deficiencies of his mind and to impose upon his hearers, will not raise a politician without solid capacity, to the place which Harley attained. Macaulay's condemnatory description has been followed in our own day by a depreciatory description from Mr. Elwin's pen, in his notes to his edition of Pope, which, while it has not the brilliancy of that which was written half a century ago, is equally marked by the same one-sided view. It is therefore fortunate for the sake, if not of historic truth, at any rate for the opportunities which are afforded for a cooler estimate, that the biographer and the historian have recently been furnished with a large mass of material relating to Harley through the publication of the two latest volumes of the Portland Manuscripts, published by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, the

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sub-title of which is, 'Harley Letters and Papers,' Volume I. and Volume II.

Before, however, we deal with the material contained in them, it may be desirable, having regard to the attention which has been directed, in the House of Commons, during the last session of Parliament to the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, to say a word or two on these publications. We have on previous occasions called attention to the unattractive state in which this valuable material is laid before the public. The paper and print are bad; the volumes are unbound. The paper of the 'New 'State Trials' is poor enough, but at any rate they are bound books, as the reports of the Historical Manuscripts Commission should be. But, further, each volume should be indexed as it is published. Neither of the two volumes of the Harley Papers, between the publication of which three years have elapsed, has an index, which we presume will not be made until all the papers at Welbeck have been published. Each volume should have an index—a book of several hundred pages is useless without one; and an index at the end of the last volume of a series is extremely inconvenient for the purposes of reference. It is disgraceful that an important national publication should be issued in its present condition, and even if future volumes appear in a state more worthy of their contents, it will always be matter for regret that the important collections of Hatfield and Belvoir—not to mention others—have not been published in a more desirable and dignified form.

The first volume of the Manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, which is concerned with the family of the Harleys, was published in 1894, and it covers a period from 1582 down to 1700—in other words, we are brought into contact not only with Robert Harley, but with his forefathers. His great-grandfather was Thomas Harley, his grandfather Sir Robert Harley, and his father was Sir Edward Harley. They were all of Brampton Bryan, in Herefordshire, country gentlemen with an ancient lineage, men of substance, consideration, and of influence far beyond their county. The two latter were members of Parliament. Sir Robert was a man of wit and learning; he numbered among his friends Dr. Donne, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and George Herbert, the poet. He was an austere Puritan, and an influential member of the Parliamentary party, with which he consistently acted to the time of his death in 1656. He was thrice married. His last wife was Brilliana Conway, a

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woman whom we may rank with others of that age who have lived in history—courageous, sagacious, and womanly. Her letters, preserved at Eywood, and published by the Camden Society in 1853, have already afforded considerable insight into her character.

Supplemented by those which have now been issued by the Historical Manuscripts Commission, they give us not only a complete picture of an admirable woman, but a singularly interesting view of family and local affairs at this momentous period. She was born about 1600, and married in 1623. Like another memorable woman—Mary Lady Verney *—the trials of the times prematurely ended her life. In July 1643 she gallantly defended her husband's house for six weeks against the King's forces, but died in the following October, worn out by the anxieties and the fatigues which she had undergone during the summer.

Left in charge not only of the house, but entrusted with the management of the local affairs of her husband in 1642 and 1643, Lady Harley does not show to him the least lack of courage. Nothing could be more uncomplaining than the letter which she wrote to him on July 15, 1643, shortly before the siege of Brampton was begun :—

'Since you think Brampton a safe place for me, I will think so too, and I would not for anything do that which might make the world believe our hope did begin to fail in our God. But be pleased to send me directions what I should do if there should be any stir.' (I. 91.)†

She then enters into various details connected with her husband's affairs in a thoroughly business-like manner. In the same cheerful and steadfast spirit she writes to him in the very month of her death. The letter is of interest because it may well be compared with the last which is printed by the Camden Society, which was written to her son. To him she opens her heart more than to her husband, to whom, the whole of the newly published correspondence shows, she ever wished to seem cheerful in the darkest hour. This is the letter to Sir Robert Harley, written on October 16 :—

'1643, October 16. Brampton.—I long to hear from you whether you would have me come from Brampton, and how I should come.

'On Sabbath day last Sir William Vavasour sent me a letter from my brother by a trumpeter and wrote one from himself. His letter

* See Edinburgh Review, vol. 176.

† In these references vol. i. of the Harley Papers is the same as the Portland Manuscripts, vol. iii., and so on.

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was after his usual strain, that he must proceed against me as an enemy because I had taken from my tenants what they owed me; but I hope this winter will hinder their desires against me. In Hereford there are seven hundred soldiers with Sir William Vavasour and the rest of Hereford gentry. In Leominster there is seven score soldiers and in Kingsland, fifty. Gregory Wall is their captain. At Kingston there are fifty horse billeted and at Presteign the county troop. Young that was your servant is made a captain, and his soldiers billeted in Arnstey and Darval. They say they will send soldiers to Wigmor Castle. I have put some in who I hope will keep it. Colonel Massey could spare me but eight men and a barrel of powder and a small quantity of match. My brother's letter did much trouble me, he persuades me to that which I think he does not well weigh. It has pleased God to exercise me with many troubles but my God hath not yet left me, and I hope he will not. Dear sir pray for me, for I have great need of it, that the Lord would never leave me to myself, but to guide me by his wisdom that I may be able to deal with the subtle and malicious enemies that are against me. Mr Moore is a great help to me that I may more cheerfully undergo the great burden that is upon me.

'All the children are well but I have taken an exceeding great cold which much troubles me. I beseech the Lord to preserve you and to give you a comfortable meeting with your most affectionate wife. I have scarce time to write which has made me scribble.' (I. 117.)

Now we may compare this with the last which she wrote to her son:—

'My deare Ned,—Your short but wellcome letter I receaued by Prosser, and as it has pleased God to intrust you with a greater charge, as to change your trope into a regiment, so the Lord in mercy blles you with a dubell measure of abillitys, and the Lord of Hosts be your protector and make you victorious. My deare Ned, how much I long to see you I cannot expres, and if it be possibell, in parte meete my desires in desireing, in some measure as I doo, to see me; and if pleased the Lord, I wisch you weare at Brompton. I am now againe threatned; there are some souldiers come to Lemster and 3 troopes of hors to Heariford with Sr William Vauasor, and they say they meane to viset Brompton againe; but I hope the Lord will deleuer me. My trust is only in my God, whoo neuer yet failled me.

'I pray you aske Mr Kinge what I prayed him to tell you conserning Wigmore.

'I haue taken a very greate coold, which has made me very ill thees 2 or 3 days, but I hope the Lord will be mercifull to me, in giuing me my health, for it is an ill time to be sike in.

'My deare Ned, I pray God blles you & giue me the comfort of seeing you, for you are the comfort of

'Your most affectinat mother,

'Octo. 9. 1643.' 'Brilliana Harley.*

* Letters of Lady Brilliana Harley, p. 208.

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These letters show us Lady Harley as she appeared to her relations. We can easily gather why she was so much trusted by her friends and her family when we read her spirited answer to Sir John Scudamore's demand that she should surrender to him. Instead of doing so she asked that her petition should be presented to the King. This is clear from the letter of the Royalist commander, who rudely writes:—

'I have your petition instead of an answer, which in my opinion is too long by twenty lines, and too full of the spirit of contradiction and expostulations; yet since I can procure no better I must return with this early in the morning.' (I. 114.)

It is to this reply that the following answer is made:—

'1643, August 24. Brampton Castle.—I do so firmely believe the goodenes and bounty of our gratious Kinge that I am confident if his Majesty were truly informed of my condition he would never command mee out of my howse, and therefore I must still desire liberty to have my humble desires presented to his Majesty by a hand that I may chuse and confide in. Can I thinke that those who have sought the life of myselfe and family will so solicite as to gayne mee that which I humbly desire of his Majesty. Sir, tho you have beene pleased to call the pleading of my innocency the spierit of contradiction, yet I pray you doe not judge aright, and then I must tell you that for this twelve months the gentlemen of this countrey have sought the ruine of my poore family, but the Lord of Heaven knowes not deserved by my deare husband and myselfe. Nay, I may truly say that yet there is so much good will in me to all you, that had I power to revenge what has bene done to me I should no way doe it.

'Sir, what favours you are pleased to shew mee I hope you will never repente for they shall alwayes meete with thankfulnes and a hart ready to the utmost of my ability to answer it agayne in all the wayes of respectes.' *Copy.* (I. 115.)

These letters illustrate a period and a person; they add another to those pictures of the political and social life of the seventeenth century, without which it is impossible to realise adequately the condition of England at that time. And they have an additional interest, in that they depict for us the character of an ancestress of one of the first statesmen of his time.

Sir Edward Harley was as full of public spirit as his father, but more statesmanlike in his views. He served in his father's lifetime in the Parliamentary armies with great gallantry. He was opposed, however, to the developement of the anti-monarchical policy, and to the personal power which was later assumed by Cromwell. Like many others

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who had served vigorously on the Parliamentary side at the beginning of the Rebellion, he became an object of suspicion to the Government in the days of the Protectorate. He naturally welcomed the return of Charles II., but though a member of Parliament throughout this reign and that of James II., he held himself aloof from the political intrigues of the age. But he supported the cause of the Prince of Orange, and endeavoured in Parliament to advance all reasonable measures. He died in 1700 at his Herefordshire home. His second son, Auditor Harley, thus described him. He

'had all the accomplishments of a gentleman. His features were very exact, and he had great quickness in his eyes, which commanded respect. His temper was naturally very passionate, though mixed with the greatest tenderness and humanity. His passion he kept under strict restraint, and had a manner totally subdued, but his generosity and tender compassion to all objects of charity continued to the last.'

It was from this admirable and patriotic stock that Robert Harley sprang. He was Sir Edward's eldest son, and was born in 1661.

In these volumes we are brought into contact with him very early in his life. He went to the school of a Mr. Birch, for the first time, in 1671, at a place called Shilton, in Oxfordshire. In August of that year we find something of an antiquarian curiosity in the shape of the first letter which Harley wrote to his parents. Everyone knows what the young schoolboy's letters of the present day are like. This is one of an earlier age:—

'1671, August 28. Shilton.—Please to accept my most humble duty to you and my Lady Mother in this line from a learner. I hope through the grace of God, with your blessings and prayers, which I earnestly beg, my endeavours may in time send you fairer fruits than these first beginnings.'*

It has been sometimes supposed that Harley was educated at Westminster School, but of this there is in these letters no trace. In 1677 we find him still at Shilton, as he writes in that year particulars of an illness from which he had been suffering there; and in the next spring there is a letter from his father to him at the same place. In June 1678 Sir Edward, writing to Lady Harley from Westminster, where he was staying, remarks at the end of his letter, 'Bull and

* Endorsed 'First Letter,' I. 324.

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'Robin are well,' showing that young Harley was in London with him, but not, as it would seem, at Westminster School. In the following July he was at Shilton, and his father not only writes to him there, but adds, in the manner of a parent to a son at a school or college, 'study the Greek lexicon and 'Erasmus's adages.' It would seem, too, that at the time his father thought of sending him to Oxford, for in October he writes: 'Acquaint Mr. Birch that it will not now be needful 'to provide you a lodging at Oxford. I have altered my 'thoughts thereon' (I. 361). It appears, therefore, as though Harley remained at Shilton for the whole period of his youth. But in 1680 it is thought time that Harley should go to some more advanced place of education, and one was selected in London. It is somewhat amusing, when we are told that too great stress is set in the present day on physical exercises, to read the terms in which Sir Edward Harley recommends M. Foubert's house to his wife, obviously dwelling as much on the training of his son's body as of his mind:—

'[16]80, July 6.—Monsieur Foubert, who for his religion was driven out of France, has set up an Academy near the Haymarket for riding, fencing, dancing, handling arms, and mathematics. He is greatly commended and has divers persons of quality. I was with him and like him very well, so that if you dislike not I would have Robin spend some time there.' (I. 366.)

At this school, if such it can be called, Robert Harley remained until December 1682, when his education was ended. For the next few years we see little of him in this correspondence. In 1684 we find him living in London, and there are letters from his parents asking him to undertake various little pieces of business for them. 'I desire some 'good wine,' writes his father. 'You know what I like— 'neither hot, sharp, nor sweet; some canary requisite for 'friends. If you could find a right sort of white wine, neither '"eager nor stummed," it would do well.' In May 1685 Harley married Elizabeth Foley, who only lived till 1691. She seems to have been always delicate. 'Dr. Lowe,' Harley writes to his father, 'has prescribed my wife a course of 'physic for six weeks.' And he adds of himself: 'I find 'myself well but weak, especially my eyes. Many advise 'the cutting off my hair, but I hope it will off without that.' Between this time and the date of his wife's death there are numerous letters to or from Harley, who was much in London, all showing on his part a careful study of contemporary political events.

In 1689 Harley began his parliamentary career as mem-

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ber for the borough of Tregony, in Cornwall. The matter was entirely arranged by Sir Edward Harley, and, as often happened, without anything in the nature of a contest. The election is thus announced by Sir E. Harley:—

'Yesterday I received from Boscawen the indenture from the borough of Tregony in Cornwall, wherein you are returned burgess to serve in Parliament for that place, being unanimously chosen on April 6th. I pray God by the multitude of his tender mercies to enable you with every good and perfect gift, that you may with godly sincerity be faithful and serviceable in this great occasion. Acknowledge your obligations to Mr. Boscawen and your uncle Hampden.' (I. 436.)

When the general election of 1690 took place Harley did not stand again for this borough, but in July of the same year he was elected for New Radnor.

The first volume of these papers ends, as we have said, in 1700. During these ten years Harley was building up a parliamentary reputation. In 1690 he became a Commissioner for Public Accounts; in 1694 he introduced the Triennial Bill; and in 1697 he brought forward a motion for the reduction of the army. The estimation in which Robert Harley was held in the House of Commons is illustrated by a single paragraph in a letter from his brother to his father, written in 1691. 'The favour and acceptance,' he writes, 'that the goodness of God has given my brother in the House 'of Commons is extraordinary and much taken notice of' (I. p. 487). In the very next letter Robert Harley himself writes: 'Yesterday I was put into the Chair of the Com-'mittee for examining the estimates of the Fleet.'

Of Harley's political life during this intervening period we have some suggestive glimpses. In December 1693 Sir Edward Harley writes to his daughter in the country: 'In 'the great debate yesterday about the Triennial Parliament, 'the Lord was pleased to enable your brother to speak so 'that some in the House called upon me to bless God that 'vouchsafed to give me a son so to speak' (I. 549). A year later Harley took a conspicuous part in the debates on the same subject, though it was not until 1695 that the King brought himself to sanction this popular measure.

In 1697 Harley brought forward and carried a motion for the reduction of the army. Three short letters touch on this important subject. It is obvious that Harley himself —as was characteristic of him—was in favour of a middle course. On November 23 he writes to his father: 'The 'prospect is very cloudy. Everyone is full of the common

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'topic—a standing army—and it is talked with heat on both 'sides.' Nearly a week later he recurs to the same subject: 'The argument against a standing army has raised a great 'heat in the town. There is very little prospect of Moderate 'Councils' (I. 593). Harley was essentially one of the moderate and sober-minded men of the time; but he did not, like many such men, rest satisfied with expressing his moderation in words. He brought forward a motion for the reduction of the army, so that the conflict between the King and the people might receive, at any rate for the time, a practical solution. That by this parliamentary activity he heightened his reputation is certain. Writing in January 1699, when the same subject was still, though in a different form, under discussion, Edward Harley incidentally remarks: 'My brother's conduct in this affair is very much 'commended.'

When Harley was thus acting he was comparatively free. He had not attained a position where he must proceed with a view to certain definite political and personal aims. His conduct in these emergencies is, therefore, to some extent a key to his future actions. He had a keen sense of political currents. He was essentially a man of a common-sense mind. He was averse to extreme courses, and so it was inevitable that he should in later years be suspected by each political party, and should, when he attained the highest position, fail as a political leader. For the moment we are not yet considering him as a prominent statesman; but when his father, honoured by all men, died, in 1700, he had seen his son reach a position in public life where the high offices of the State were within his grasp.

With the first volume of the Harley Papers the more domestic and private life of Harley may be said to end. He now begins to have a much greater influence on contemporary politics, and from a politician he becomes a statesman. We have seen him hitherto as one of an active and intelligent family, keenly interested in the affairs both of the nation and of the district—one of a family group, with every one of whom he was on friendly, if not affectionate, terms. In some respects in these letters Sir Edward Harley and his second son, Edward, are more defined characters than Robert Harley, who, even in these early years, seems to show himself reserved, on the watch, careful not to express opinions of men or of events. His father and brother were of a franker and more open nature, and were unable quite to appreciate or to understand Robert Harley's character or powers, which

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were gradually giving him a position in Parliament which to his relatives seemed scarcely deserved.

The second volume opens with the year 1700; and the second period of Harley's career now begins, for he takes his place among those who may be regarded as the political leaders of the time. It exemplifies his character that he was chosen Speaker this year, and it is of special interest to note that he primarily owed his elevation to the Chair to Godolphin.

'I had an opportunity this morning,' writes the latter, 'to discourse with Sir E. S[eymour?] about filling the Chair of the House of Commons, and finding him totally decline it himself, as soon as I named you to him, he came as entirely into that as I could wish. I had no mind to lose any time in acquainting you with this, because he seemed to think of speaking to you of it this day.' (II. 15.)

From this time until 1704, when he became a Secretary of State, Harley was Speaker. But he was more than a mere Chairman of the House: he was on confidential and friendly terms with the Lord Treasurer. There are a considerable quantity of short letters between Godolphin and Harley, almost wholly to the latter. They are characterised by a tone which, while it indicates the terms on which the two statesmen stood to each other, shows in a marked degree the quiet yet effectual influence which Harley was beginning to exercise.

His political position is, perhaps, more graphically shown by a singularly frank letter written in 1704 by his friend, Stanley West, from Tunbridge Wells. The policy of standing-in with both parties was the ruling idea of his political career:—

'For want of other information, be pleased to give me leave to acquaint you with my observation of people's opinion of your Honour. You have a happier fate attending you, than any in the present Ministry, or in former either. You are entirely master of two opposite parties, both think you to be theirs and confide in you as such, to promote their several different interests: whatever distinguishing favour you show to either side, doth not lessen your esteem in the other party, 'tis all ascribed to a depth of policy which they cannot comprehend and which they say is peculiar to yourself, but is not a leaving the party; and in such an unprecedented manner do you manage the heads of both parties, that both sides believe, at a proper time and occasion you will show yourself entirely in their distinct interests. I am very glad to see so eminent a post free from the reproach that usually hath attended it, and to observe your Honour stand so right in the people's opinion, being very confident you will so manage the weaknesses and follies of both sides as will

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in the issue redound to the true interest and advantage of the Kingdom. The Duke, the Treasurer and yourself are called the Triumvirate, and reckoned the spring of all public affairs; and that your interests and counsels are so united and linked together that they cannot be broken, nor in any danger of it during this reign.' (II. 215.)

It was natural that there should be this connexion between Harley and Godolphin, for they resembled each other in many points. 'Both,' writes Mr. Lecky, 'were slow, 'cautious, temporising, moderate, and somewhat selfish men, 'tedious and inefficient in debate, and entirely without 'sympathy with the political and religious fanaticism of 'their party.'* But each was obliged to make use of party ties. As to the relations at this time between Harley and Marlborough, they are well illustrated in the following letter from the Lord Treasurer:—

'1703, November 4.—I have been with Mr. Secretary Hedges and left with him the paper of names and settled the method he is to take in concerting matters from time to time. I believe he will take to his part very faithfully and diligently and be desirous on all occasions to receive his instructions from you. He seemed to agree Sir Edward Seymour would thwart everything, but that he must be called to two or three meetings at least, till his opposition became open and avowed. Besides these meetings and those agreed upon last night to be at your house, it is necessary above all the rest that the Duke of Marlborough and you and I should meet regularly, at least twice a week if not oftener, to advise upon everything that shall occur; and if you will give me leave to propose let Saturday evening at the same time and place be the first meeting. In the meantime I must beg you to be careful that neither of our names be mentioned, as to our knowledge of the least tittle of the discourse betwixt Lord Nottingham and Sir Christopher Musgrave as to the conversation his Lordship had with the Queen.

'I have taken care in the matter of De Foe. It would avoid a good deal of trouble and uneasiness if Mr. Mansell would recommend Banastre to be the Welsh judge. I shall speak to the Queen this night about the affair of Sir Christopher Musgrave.' (II. 75.)

In the same letter Defoe comes before us for the first time. Lying in prison as a punishment for the so-called seditious libel which was contained in his 'Shortest Way 'with the Dissenters,' he had obtained the good offices of Harley. On the 9th Defoe writes a grateful letter to Harley. We have space only for some portions of it:—

'1703, November 9th.—As there is something surprising in your bounty to a mortified stranger, so I am more than usually at a loss in

* History of England, i. 129.

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what manner to express my sense of it; but at the same time that you stoop to do good you subject yourself to a necessity of bearing the impertinence of a thankful temper.

'Of all the examples in sacred story none moves my indignation like that of the ten lepers who were healed by our Saviour. I, like that one grateful wretch am come back to pay the tribute of thankfulness which this so unexpected goodness commands from me.

'And, though I think myself bound to own you as the principal agent of this Miracle, yet, having some encouragement from you to expect more particularly *to know my benefactors*, I cannot but wish for that discovery, that my acknowledgments may in some measure be proportioned to the quality of the persons, and the value of the favour.

'It remains for me to conclude my present application with this humble petition, that if possible I may by some means or other know what I am capable of doing, that my benefactors whoever they are may not be ashamed of their bounty, as misapplied. Not that I expect to be able to merit so much goodness, but as a grateful temper is always uneasy to be loaded with benefits, so the *virtue* which I call gratitude has always so much pride in it, as makes it push at a retribution, though 'tis unable to effect it. Whoever are the principals in this favour I cannot but profess myself a debtor wholly to yourself, who till I may be otherwise instructed appears the original *as to me*. And in the kindness the manner is so obliging, and all the articles of it so generous, that as a man astonished at the particulars, I am perfectly unable to express my sense of it.

'Only in the humblest manner I can most earnestly pray that I may have some opportunity put into my hands by Providence to make more explicit acknowledgments. . . .' (II. 75.)

This is important from two points of view: it fixes the beginning of the connexion between Harley and Defoe, and it shows that it arose out of a natural and a proper gratitude on the part of the man of letters. It was a beginning creditable to both men, though it is probable enough that Harley, in giving his assistance, was desirous of securing as a friend so capable and versatile an assistant. It seems also to show the date of Defoe's release from prison, for the terms of the letter can only relate to it. This is made clearer by two letters on May 12 and 16 from Defoe to Harley, in which meetings between the two are mentioned. In the second Defoe writes: 'I received last Friday a letter 'appointing me to wait on you on Thursday evening at six 'o'clock. I was at the coffee house after four that evening.' Evidently, therefore, Defoe was a free man at this time, and his freedom must have been obtained in the previous November.*

* These letters are inconsistent with the view taken by Mr. Minto

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The first mission in which Defoe was employed by Harley was in the summer of 1704, when he was commissioned to travel through England to ascertain the opinions of the different localities, and to report to Harley. Throughout his political career Harley took the greatest possible pains to have accurate intelligence both from home and abroad, and it was partly to this fact that some of his influence was due. In this correspondence are to be found many letters from Captain John Ogilvie, one of the Airlie family, who was a most capable and intelligent spy on the Continent. He usually wrote under the name of Jean Lebrun, and was Harley's emissary in Paris and among the Scotch Jacobites. He ran great risks, but he had all the abandon and nerve of the soldier of fortune. His letters contain facts, and seldom opinions, on public questions, as do those of Defoe. From beginning to end, however, there is nothing in them which suggests that at this time—1705–7—Harley was in any way intriguing with the Jacobites at St. Germains.

To return, however, to Defoe, whose personality adds a special interest to his work. In July 1706 there is a letter from him to Harley at the moment of his departure. 'I 'believe,' he writes, 'this journey may be the foundation of 'such an intelligence as never was in England' (II. 106). The letters which follow are full of details of the political characteristics of men and places, and must have been invaluable to the Minister, giving him a knowledge which to the politician was as effectual as a marked card to a gambler. The latter part of the work is summarised in 'An Abstract 'of My Journey, with Casual Observations on Public Affairs.' One sentence of it summarises in one general statement many details. 'In all parts the greatest hindrances to the 'forming the people into moderation and union among 'themselves, next to the Clergy, are the Justices' (II. 272). In an earlier letter he speaks of 'spreading principles of

in his monograph on Defoe as to his release; but the somewhat vague statements of biographers cannot override the clear evidence of Defoe's own letters. 'He (Harley) entered upon office in May 1704, and one of his first acts was to convey to Defoe the message, "Pray ask that gentleman what I can do for him." Defoe replied by likening himself to the blind man in the parable, and paraphrasing his prayer, "Lord, that I may receive my sight." He would not seem to have obtained his liberty immediately, but through Harley's influence he was set free towards the beginning of July or the beginning of August.' (Minto, p. 49.)

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'temper, moderation, and peace.' In other words, he was a Whig emissary, though Harley was a member of what has been regarded as a Tory Cabinet.

When we arrive at the period of the Union with Scotland the correspondence becomes of great interest. Apart from the higher political issues which it touches on, it sets at rest some personal questions of considerable historical importance. Both before and after the Treaty of Union had passed the English Parliament Defoe was in Edinburgh. It was said that he was there 'as the agent, if not the spy, of the Government.' These reproaches he denied with indignation, declaring it 'particularly hard that he should be subjected to such de-'spiteful and injurious treatment.' No one could have more strenuously repeated these denials at the time than did Defoe. Later on, however, in spite of these assertions, he admitted that the charge was true, and that he was sent to Edinburgh by Harley. But there has always been much doubt as to Defoe's exact position at this time, and his latest biographer, Mr. Minto, who has carefully examined the voluminous works of which Defoe has been the subject, does no more than hazard an opinion on this point. The present correspondence, however, will set at rest any doubts upon the subject. In a letter to Harley on September 13, 1706, Defoe states that he was coming to wait on the Minister, and take his last instructions before leaving for Scotland, when he received the order to leave at once, without further conferences. He then remarks, that as Harley has acquainted the Queen and the Lord Treasurer with his mission, it is important that he should be successful in it; and after some further preamble he proposes to set down what he understands his present business to be; and he then, with great clearness and brevity, evidently summarises the results of the conversations which have taken place between himself and Harley. These heads are as follows:—

'However, that if my notions are wrong I may be set right by your instructions, I beg leave, though it be beginning at the wrong end, to set down how I understand my present business as follows:—

'1. To inform myself of the measures taking, or parties forming, against the Union, and apply myself to prevent them.

'2. In conversation and by all reasonable methods to dispose people's minds to the Union.

'3. By writing or discourse, to answer any objections, libels, or reflections on the Union, the English, or the Court, relating to the Union.

'4. To remove the jealousies and uneasiness of people about secret designs here against the Kirk,' &c. (II. 327.)

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Having very clearly given the heads of his instructions, Defoe—as was so often the case—breaks off into a diffuse demand for money. 'I cannot quit this without mentioning 'the subject of expense.' This was very characteristic of the man. It adds, however, nothing further to our knowledge of the directions which he had received for his mission.

No man could have done his work more zealously or efficiently. He was an apostle of the Union and a collector of intelligence of the utmost value for the Government. The letters from Scotland, which follow from the date of these instructions, give a complete picture of the actual political difficulties which had to be overcome in Edinburgh, and the state of feeling there. They seem also to prove that in regard to the Union Harley was not disloyal to his colleagues. In Mr. Hugh Elliot's very interesting biography of Godolphin it is suggested that Harley was opposed to the Lord Treasurer's policy. It appears, however, that the information which was forwarded by Defoe was placed before Godolphin, and that its value was appreciated by him. On January 16, 1707, there is a short note from Godolphin to Harley in which this passage occurs: 'Defoe's letter 'is serious, and deserves reflection. I believe it is true, 'and it ought to guide us very much in what we are 'doing here, and to take care in the first place to preserve 'the peace of that country' (II. 382). It is equally clear also that Godolphin was prepared to put Defoe in some permanent post on the completion of his mission, though his promises were not succeeded by a performance solid enough to please Defoe. 'I was just on the brink of return-'ing,' he writes on September 11, 1707, 'when, like life 'from the dead, I received your last, with my Lord Trea-'surer's letter. But hitherto his Lordship's goodness to me 'seems like messages from an army to a town besieged, that 'relief is coming, which heartens and encourages the famished 'garrison, but does not feed them' (II. 445). It is, however, equally clear that Defoe has a preference for Harley as a principal. At the very time when it was reported that Harley—as in fact was the case—was dismissed from office in 1708, Defoe writes: 'I entreat you to use me in anything 'in which I may serve you, and that more freely than when 'I might be supposed following your rising fortunes. 'Tis 'also my opinion you are still rising. I wish you as success-'ful as I believe you unshaken by this storm' (II. 477). But any personal liking for Harley did not prevent him—as everyone knows—from continuing to serve Godolphin. Nor

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when the latter fell, in 1710, had Defoe the least difficulty in finding reasons why he should at once place himself again at the service of Harley. We are fortunate enough to have in the present collection the letter which Defoe wrote to Harley on his accession to office. Nothing could be more plausible. There is a charming candour about it, a suggestion of having acted always for the public good, which is put forward with much skill:—

'1710, August 12.—I cannot but heartily congratulate you on the happy recovery of your honour and trusts in the Government. Her Majesty is particularly just in placing you in this station, where you had been so coarsely treated. It is with a satisfaction that I cannot express that I see you thus established again; and it was always with regret that when you met with ill treatment I found myself left and obliged by circumstances to continue in the service of your enemies. And now, though I am sunk by the change, and know not yet whether I shall find help in it or no, yet I not only rejoice in the thing, but shall convince you I do so, by publicly appearing to defend and reconcile things, if possible, to open the eyes of a wilfully blind and prejudiced party. In order to this, I shall wait on you in the evening with those sheets I showed you, finished from the press and to lay before you some measures I am taking to serve that honest principle which I know you espouse at a time so nice and when every man thinks 'tis in his power to wound the government through the sides of the Treasury, and to run down their masters by running down the public credit. I have two or three times set pen to paper to move you in my own case, yet cannot put on assurance enough to do it, believing also your own generosity, and the former goodness I have had such experience of, will move you in my behalf.

'Providence seems to cast me back upon you (I write that with joy) and lays me at your door; at the very juncture when she blesses you with the means of doing for me what your bounty shall prompt to.

'But in recommending myself to you, I would fain have an eye to your service. I would not be an *invalid*, and my hope is, that as you were pleased to recommend me to another as one that could be made useful, and who it was worth while to encourage; the same argument will move you to entertain the man yourself, since your merit, and the voice of the nation places you in the same point, in which you were pleased to present me to another.

'I cease to press you on this head; I shall study to make myself useful and leave the rest wholly to your goodness.' (II. 562.)

Endorsed by Harley 'Mr. D. F.'

Defoe was continued by Harley as his agent in Scotland, and up to the time that the present volume ends, in 1710, he sent him important information.

To return, however, for a moment to the earlier period of Defoe's mission. It is somewhat difficult to understand how a man, who apparently presented himself as a private

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individual, could be treated with the confidence and taken into the counsels of prominent men in Edinburgh.

Two letters in the month of November 1706 are very characteristic. They show the kind of intelligence which was transmitted by Defoe, and, if they are to be believed, indicate quite clearly the manner in which he went about his work. The first, written on November 5, begins by giving an account of the proceedings in Parliament; and it then proceeds:—

'Last night the grand question was put whether the first article, or in short the Union itself, should be approved or not—and carried in the affirmative, which being on King William's birthday is to me very remarkable and encouraging.

'I had today the honour to be sent for by the Lords Committee for examining the equivalents, and to assist them in the calculating the drawback on the sale, the proportion of the excise, and some *addenda* about trade.

'They profess themselves obliged to me more than I merit, and at their next Committee I am desired to dine with them. I am looked on as an Englishman that designs to settle here, and I think am perfectly unsuspected and hope on that foot I do some service. Only I spend you a great deal of money at which I am concerned and see no remedy if I will go through with the work. I have now great hopes of it though today the Assembly men make a great stir; in short the Kirk are *au wood*,* pardon the Scotticism.' (II. 346.)

The second gives an amusing description of Defoe's ways with various kinds of men, more creditable to his versatility than to his truth:—

'1706, Nov. 26. Edinburgh.—I cannot express to your honour what a cordial the favour of your letter was to me. After such a strange and surprising silence I thank God, my faith in your regard to me was too firmly fixed to suffer me to neglect my duty, but I own I have been under perplexity and discouragements innumerable. I shall trouble you no more with them.

'My success here I am in hopes will answer your expectation, though the difficulties have been infinite. If no Kirk devils more than we yet meet with appear, I hope all will be well, and I begin to see through it.

'If I understand the cautions you are pleased to give me in your letter, they respect England as much as Scotland, and indeed I am afraid of erring most that way, and am therefore very wary.

'Though I will not answer for success, yet I trust in management you shall not be uneasy at your trusting me here.

'I have compassed my first and main step happily enough, in that I am perfectly unsuspected as corresponding with anybody in England.

* All mad.

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'I converse with Presbyterian, Episcopal-Dissenter, Papist, and Non Juror, and I hope with equal circumspection. I flatter myself you will have no complaint of my conduct. I have faithful emissaries in every company, and I talk to everybody in their own way, to the merchants I am about to settle here in trade, building ships, &c., with the lawyers I want to purchase a house and land to bring my family and live upon it. God knows where the money is to pay for it!

'Today I am going into partnership with a member of Parliament in a glass house; tomorrow with another in a salt work, with the Glasgow mutineers I am to be a fish merchant, with the Aberdeen men a woollen, and with the Perth and Western men a linen manufacturer, and still at the end of all discourse the Union is the essential, and I am all to everyone that I may gain some.

'Again I am in the morning at the Committee, in the afternoon in the Assembly. I am privy to all their folly, I wish I could not call it knavery, and am entirely confided in.' (II. 358.)

The entire collection is brightened by these humorous touches. They are a constant example of Defoe's skill as a writer, and of his shrewdness, capacity, and industry. Many parts are full of careful statistical details. But he will break off from these to give an amusing sketch of character, or a broad view of some particular phase of politics. Thus, in 1710 we find a memorandum enclosed in a letter to Harley. This is headed 'Of Improvements in Scotland,' and in it he deals with improvements of trade and of land. One chief head among the former was the encouraging of Scotland to build, fit out and repair her own shipping. It is a State paper which illustrates the wide capacity of Defoe, and it is one of those pieces of work which, whatever were his personal defects, show that he was a patriot at heart. Self-seeking and vainglory were, says Mr. Minto, united in him with higher and wider aims, and this paper illustrates well the enthusiasm and the grasp of details which he could display when he was arguing on some kind of reform. These letters, indeed, will tend to raise the opinion of posterity; beyond the inevitable demands for cash, obviously put forward with the skill of the practised beggar, there is nothing in them mean or selfish. He was doing difficult and useful work with skill and persistence, and he certainly regarded the completion of the Union, and its subsequent successful working, as of more moment than the rise or fall of statesmen. It is impossible not to compare him with Beaumarchais. Each was a man of letters who was employed by statesmen on concealed political missions. Each was able and diligent, and a humorous observer; each was a liar, but Defoe was liberal-minded and patriotic,

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working for reforms. Beaumarchais was without real political insight. Other differences might be insisted on, but in their position and their general characteristics there is a great resemblance between the creators of Robinson Crusoe and Figaro.

We must now turn to another phase in Harley's career, which has been, perhaps, overrated in importance—his influence on Queen Anne through his cousin, Abigail Hill, who afterwards became Mrs. Masham. How she supplanted the Duchess of Marlborough as the favourite and the friend of the Queen is well known. It is, however, desirable in the first place to bear in mind some important facts. In 1707 the Treaty of Union with Scotland passed through the Scottish Parliament; in March of the following year Harley was dismissed from office. It is said that he opposed Godolphin and Marlborough, at the end of 1707, in regard to the selection of new bishops for Chester and Exeter, and had influenced the Queen in a manner antagonistic to his colleagues. But the Queen, it has been pretty well proved, acted on her own motion. What was really required was a victim for the Whigs, and Harley was dismissed to strengthen that party. It is well known also how a person named Greg, who was a clerk in his office, was tried and condemned for high treason—for betraying confidential correspondence to the French—and how it was endeavoured, but without success, to show that Harley was cognisant of this treachery. Thus, from the spring of 1708 to August 1710, when Godolphin was dismissed, Harley must be regarded as being in opposition to the Government, and especially to the Lord Treasurer, and he would have shown astonishing self-denial and a political honour quite out of keeping with the standard of the age if he had not made such use as was possible of the position of his cousin at Court.

But to return for the moment to Greg. He has been spoken of as a clerk in Harley's office, which he undoubtedly was at the time he was accused of high treason. But he was more than a mere clerk. 'His kinsman, Hugh Greg, 'was English Resident at Copenhagen for some years, '1693–1702, during the latter part of which time William 'acted as his secretary. Hugh died in 1702, and William 'remained in Denmark, giving like assistance to the 'succeeding Resident, James Vernon' (II. introd. ix.). We first meet him in this correspondence in 1705, when he 'was out of business,' as he says, referring to an offer of a

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tutorship. Then he proceeds (he is writing to Harley): 'Twenty pounds a year did surprise me, yet when the 'meanness of my circumstances would have tempted me to 'close with his Lordship's conditions, prudence bade me stay 'and try whether your Honour could not better my fortune, 'which I should look upon as desperate were it not in so 'good hands' (II. 159). It is thus obvious that, to use a common phrase, Greg had 'come down in the world.' Later we find him writing from Scotland; evidently sent on a mission much the same as Defoe—partly spy, partly diplomatist. After his return Greg was in poverty, and Harley probably put him into his office rather for the purpose of retaining him in his service until he was again needed as a spy, than for any other reason. It is certain, also, that it was Greg's poverty which caused him to disclose confidential papers to the French. In a memorandum of his examination before the Privy Council, in Harley's handwriting, there is, among other statements, one that he was to receive a hundred guineas for a particular piece of information. It is equally clear also that strong attempts were made to cause Greg to say something adverse to Harley, but wholly without success; and in an account of Greg's execution, sent to Harley by another confidential clerk, named Thomas, there is repeated Greg's statement on the scaffold, that Harley was 'perfectly innocent' of any knowledge of the treasonable correspondence. Thus, while this recently published correspondence confirms previous authorities, it enables us to understand better than we have hitherto done how Greg came to the position he did, and how he was enabled to obtain the information which he sold to France. The system of espionage is double-edged, and Harley fell a victim for the moment to his use of it. That a spy should turn traitor seems to us in these days not at all astonishing; it was a risk, however, which politicians in the age of Anne had continually to encounter, but it was not a very serious one unless, as in Harley's case, other circumstances were in action to make what was regarded by all men as a mere political accident a vehicle for a party attack.

The letters from Mrs. Masham to Harley show several things very clearly. One is, that as early as 1707 they were on intimate and confidential terms. This of itself was quite enough to raise among his contemporaries suspicions of intrigues by Harley; but whether such were taking place it is impossible to say. Another aspect of the correspondence is the light which it throws on Mrs. Masham herself. She cer-

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tainly was not the illiterate and ignorant woman she has often been represented. On the contrary, she writes with correctness, clearness, and intelligence, and appears genuinely anxious to be of use to the Queen, whom, it must be added, she regarded as being childishly weak. On the other hand, it is equally certain that she regarded Harley as her adviser; and while, as we have already said, it would be absurd to suppose that he would not use his influence with Mrs. Masham for his own advantage, it is unfair to regard him as being bent solely on his own personal advancement, and as being without a thought for the good of his country. The following letter may be regarded as a fair specimen of the ordinary letters of Mrs. Masham; in it is clearly indicated her reliance on Harley:—

'1708, July 27.—My brother delivered yours very safe into my hands, I am sorry he has not business to oblige him to go back this week that I might send him to a place where I have locked up the papers you desire to have returned. I dont care to trust a servant to go to the place, but if there is a real necessity for it I must do it, for I cannot get leave to go myself. When you do me the favour to write to me say what you will have me do in that matter. I have nothing new since to acquaint you with but I am very much afraid of my aunt's (the Queen's) conduct in her affairs, and all will come from her want of a little ready money (courage) for hitherto you know the want of that has made her make a most sad figure in the world. I shall be very glad to have your opinion upon things that I may lay it before her, for that is all can be done. I trust in God and beg of him to supply her, that she may not be so blinded but save herself while it is in her power. She will give me your book and I will keep it till I shall have the comfort of seeing you which I heartily wish for, my brother tells me he never saw you look better in his life.' (II. 499.)

As we approach closer to the time when Godolphin's fall placed Harley in power there are undoubtedly indications of what may be termed an active policy on the part of Mrs. Masham and Harley, as distinguished from mere passive advice on his part. There is in the following letter, for instance, an obvious difference of tone from that of the former. There is an anxiety in it unlike the common-sense coolness of previous correspondence:—

'1710, April 17.—I am very uneasy to see you, but my poor aunt (the Queen) will not consent to it yet, she puts me off from time to time which gives me a great deal of trouble. I think it necessary for her service as well as my own for us to meet, for a great many reasons, therefore I have a mind to do it without her knowledge and so secret that it is impossible for any body but ourselves to know it. I

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would come to you to-morrow night about eight o'clock to your own house if you approve of it, but if you have made any appointment with company any other night will serve me. Send this person to me to-morrow about ten in the morning to let me know your resolution what I must do.' (II. 540.)

From this time to the date when Harley came into power there are no letters in the volumes from Mrs. Masham. We must, therefore, be content with the evidence before us, which, however, is sufficient to show that for some time before Godolphin's fall Harley had the ear of the Queen. That to depose the Lord Treasurer was one main object of Harley's policy seems to be shown by a passage in an earlier letter from Mrs. Masham. It is written on August 9, 1709, and in it are these noticeable words:—

'As for your writing a letter for me to show my friend (the Queen) you had better not do it, for I fear she will be afraid of being examined about it, so I dare answer she would much rather know nothing of the matter. I have often spoken to her concerning Lord T.'s office, but never could obtain a satisfactory answer. If I cannot be so happy to secure it for you, I won't attempt doing it myself.' (II. 524.)

The last few words are somewhat ambiguous, but the gist of the whole passage seems to be that Mrs. Masham was working for a transference of the office of Lord Treasurer from Godolphin to Harley.

We must, at any rate, pity the Queen drawn hither and thither by her advisers; nor can we be surprised that she saw a personal relief in placing herself in the power of Mrs. Masham and Harley—one a quiet, pleasant woman, the other an unobtrusive and good-natured politician—and so escaping from the tiresome masterfulness of Godolphin and the Marlboroughs. It might, however, have been foreseen that the continuance of Harley in power could not be long; he was too moderate in his aims, and too much without a power of personality. Just when he was coming into office, Defoe wrote to him a letter, obviously notifying that he was carrying out Harley's instructions:—

'1710, July 28.—Since I had the honour of seeing you, I can assure you by experience I find, that acquainting some people they are not all to be devoured, and eaten up—will have all the effect upon them could be wished for; assuring them that moderate counsels are at the bottom of all these things; that the old mad party are not coming in; that his Grace the Duke of S[hrewsbur]y and yourself, &c. are at the head of the management; and that neither have been moved, however ill treated, to forsake the principles you always owned; that toleration,

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succession or union are not struck at, and they may be easy as to the nation's liberties—those things make strong impressions, and well improved may bring all to rights again.

'I wish for an occasion to discourse farther on these heads, when your leisure will permit me that favour, when I have also something to offer about ways and means to prevent the ruin of the public credit; and raise things again in spite of some people's endeavour to run them down, in which if I can do any service I shall think myself happy. I should enlarge, but rather refer it to discourse, and shall call on your servant myself to receive your commands as to time, promising myself when I have that honour again I shall not break away so rudely as I did last.' (II. 552.)

The long and short of this letter is, that whilst Harley is coming into power as a Tory Minister, he is prepared to carry out a Whig policy, except, of course, in regard to the conclusion of peace; and that Defoe, as his confidential agent, was going about the country allaying the anxieties of the Whigs. It is equally certain, also, that he was personally not hostile to Marlborough. There is a long and interesting letter, among others, from John Drummond, a Scotch merchant and banker settled in Amsterdam, who stood high with the Dutch Government, and whose letters are characterised not only by great good-sense and insight, but by a frankness which was rare in the seventeenth century. The gist of that letter is that peace was necessary, but that it would be hindered by the removal of Marlborough. It is too long for complete quotation, but some part may be given.

'All the weak arguments which I can produce can be but of little influence if matters be otherwise fixed and a scheme laid by which that great man is to lose his command, and I only should reason in the dark if I pretended to give the best reasons I am capable of on that subject, and therefore as to a reconciliation I should think it no wise impracticable if there were a real inclination to it on both sides and that it be the Queen's intention. The true way to begin it is by a mutual complaisance and I could wish there were no dispute who was to begin and make the first advances. I think a faithful honest man who had no by-end, and in whom both had some confidence, might by a mutual consent of both parties break ground, and try by one or two preliminary points, whether there were hopes of succeeding in an entire treaty. I am confident you would strengthen your party more by gaining that one man than by any other thing imaginable, and I believe he is sensible of the intolerable measures which others encouraged him to go into. I know he hates some of their leaders very heartily, and I believe he would abandon his old friend so far as never to desire to have him in play again, but let him lie by the rest of his days. I am also persuaded he would part with any one or all of the

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damnation club for their ill behaviour, but these may be conjectures and cannot be well known till they are proposed. I know this would be insupportable doctrine to Lord Rivers and the Duke of Argyll, whom I both honour, love, and esteem, but as no private man's interest ought or must come in computation with the present welfare of the public, and to get honourably rid of this bloody, pernicious, expensive, and destructive war, neither any private pique ought to prevail so far as to hinder or any wise encourage the enemy not to renew their proposals for a peace, which the Dutch I am sure and very sure want but to have in a manner on any terms, and if ever proposed if they don't come to a concluaion as well as they can, I shall never pretend to know anything of them or their measures for the future, and we are in no worse circumstances than when the enemy made their last proposals. We have gained two battles in Spain, and four strong towns in Flanders, and the like success another campaign must bring us upon the territories of old France.

'What is it are we to imagine that hinders or will hinder their new proposals, but what they write us every day, viz. the hopes they have of the divisions in England and that the Duke of Marlborough will be made so uneasy as to be obliged to retire and abandon the army, who they know has been no less instrumental in keeping the Allies together as in his success in the field. It is not for his person, but for the public good that I argue or presume to meddle in so important an affair, for well do I know all his vices as well as his virtues, and I know as well that though his covetousness has gained him much reproach and ill will on this side of the world, yet his success in the field, his capacity or rather dexterity in council or in the cabinet, and his personal acquaintance with the heads of the Alliance and the faith they have in him make him still the great man with them, and on whom they depend. I can tell you with certainty what I meet in daily conversation, that you will have little money to expect from this if he stay at home, that they wish with all their hearts almost any sort of peace before he be taken from them, that there is no Englishman who they have any opinion of for the command of an army but himself, that his agreeing so well with Prince Eugene is one of their greatest contentments and to make a new acquaintance and intimacy of such a nature with any one is what they fear and abhor the thoughts of.' (II. 620.)

Drummond's views had as much weight with Harley as with the Dutch Government, and the sincerity and openness of his communication seems to have induced Harley to reply with greater frankness than was his wont. 'You have 'wrote,' he says in answer, writing on November 7, 1710, 'so plain, so prudently, and with so much affection, that I 'were very unworthy the name of your friend if I do not 'ever acknowledge it with the best return that shall ever be 'in my power.' He then goes on to refer to some financial details in which he was engaged, with the view to restore

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the credit of the country, 'notwithstanding all the villanous 'and peevish arts of the faction.' He proceeds:—

'As to any reconciliation between me and the [Duke of Marlborough] give me leave to say that I were unworthy the Queen's service, should I not live with any one that her service or the public good requires. I do solemnly assure you I have not the least resentment towards him or any one else. I thank God my mind puts me above that. I never did revenge injuries, and never will sacrifice the public quiet to my own resentment. I believe there is not one here thinks I retain any revenge but have given many instances [of for]giving and forgetting very great injuries. I [have] scarce used the common caution of doing any thing *se defendendo*, for fear it should be thought to be the effect of resentment. In one word I do assure you, I can live and act with the Duke now in the same manner and with the same easiness as the first day that ever I saw him, and that you may be convinced this is my temper and not words only I must tell you some things which have passed since April last and many more I could add. . . . But this I find by experience those who have done injuries are more difficult to be reconciled than those who have received injuries, and hatred, the more groundless and unreasonable it is, the more durable and violent it most times proves. Now I have opened to you my heart upon this subject and do again assure you that no resentment of mine shall ever obstruct the public service or hinder the co-operating with any one for the good of the common cause.' (II. 623.)

Nothing could better illustrate than this letter the absence of that political fanaticism and the presence of that moderation in victory which, as Mr. Lecky says in his excellent delineation of Harley, characterised this statesman. There is no reason for one moment to suppose that Harley was not expressing his real feelings.

Drummond's reply to Harley is of great length. It is of interest not only as showing that Harley's moderation was not a mere expression, but an opinion to be acted on; it was equalled by that of Marlborough. Yet in a few months' time Marlborough was to fall, and the Peace of Utrecht was to be concluded by Harley and Bolingbroke. But the first portion of this long letter must be quoted, since it gives, with the previous correspondence, a complete statement of the views of Harley and Marlborough towards each other at this moment:—

'1710, [November 29–] December 9, new style. Amsterdam.—Since I had the honour of writing last to you I have had occasion to make much use of the letter you were pleased to favour me last with, and I dare say with no dishonour or prejudice to you. Mr. Secretary St. John will have acquainted you with what I wrote him of my discourse with ——; the longer he stays at the Hague the more he

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will be convinced of the necessities he lies under to submit himself to the Queen's pleasure and the measures which her Majesty and her ministers think most for her honour and satisfaction. He has faithfully promised both to the Grand Pensionary and to ours, that he is resolved to live with you if you will make it practicable or possible for him; he will not enter into the heats of party debates, but will go heartily and sincerely into all the measures that may be esteemed proper for carrying on the war, but for other votes he will be at his free liberty. When he said pretty passionately—do they imagine I must make the first advances after all the insults and affronts they have put upon me? I answered, no, my Lord, they have made once and again offers of correspondence with you, and I did read to him the three instances which you are pleased to mention to me, the last by Earl Poulett. He owned, and said he did not reject your proposal, but desired the Earl as a good friend to you both to make use of his good offices till his arrival in England. As to the two former proposals he believes they may have been made to Lord Godolphin but were not proposed to him. I told him that I had been conversing with Mr. Cardonnel, who believes that his losing his place which his Grace seemed to be so uneasy at proceeded from, and in revenge of, the neglect he had made of your proposals of commencing a correspondence; even I told him that Mr. Cardonnel and Mr. Watkins had prepared and composed an answer he should make to that period of Earl Poulett's letter, and that he would make no use of it. He seemed concerned that I knew this, I told him he needed be under no concern what I knew, that my design was fair and honest above board, not to widen but to reconcile breaches, not to flatter him into a great opinion of his services and that they could never be rewarded or forgotten, nor to raise his imaginations above his true interest and the safe way he was to take to live easy; that some people about him had screwed him up to undervalue the humble though just advices of honest men who had no design but his own and the public good, while his flatterers were enriching themselves at the expense of his reputation. I read to him another passage in your letter, that though he might now be pretty well resolved to live with the Queen's new ministers and especially with you, that he would be no sooner at home than he would be led into the rage and revenge of some about him, by which instead of abating he would aggravate and inflame the divisions and differences, which if wisely gone about might be removed and converted into affection and friendship. To this he answered, you mean my wife and those I must live with, and that he thanked God he had more temper than some he would have to do with in the new ministry; and yet he could and would live with Lord Rochester and doubted not he would find friends amongst the old Tories, complaining of some resentments by preferring people under his command who made it their business to lessen him, and be ill with him, meaning Lord Orrery's being made Major General. I told him he was a person of quality and I believed that proceeded from the Queen's own inclination, that I was informed that you had been so far from personal resentment that you had shewn as much complaisance

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in his affair of Blenheim as Lord Godolphin had done. This he consented to, and desired me to write very plainly that he was pretty much desponding, and yet seemed well resolved to carry on the war he had so successfully brought this length, by sticking to her Majesty's service as long as even his greatest enemies should think it possible or practicable for him.' (II. 634.)

So far as Marlborough and Harley were personally concerned there was, it would thus seem, no bar to their acting in concert. Marlborough regarded the struggles of partisans at home from the point of view of a Continental general and a diplomatist. Harley was no friend of what Defoe called in his contemptuous way 'the old mad party.' But popular feeling in England was too strong for them, and whilst Marlborough fell before the revulsion of public opinion, Harley was the last man in the world to try to stem it. In the letter to Drummond from which we have already quoted he emphasised the state of feeling in England:—

'I will add,' he writes, 'but this one thing, your State [Holland] is a very wise State, but it is inconceivable how they should be so ignorant of the true condition of this country and of its interest and where the weight and strength of the nation lie and by what accident the minor part has for some time insulted the majority instead of governing them.' (II. 624.)

The 'interest' of the nation was to make peace, and with this aim in view Harley, feeling sure of the state of the nation on this point, was not careful of the means by which it was accomplished. Unfaithfulness to allies was not an obstacle; much less, therefore, if popular feeling demanded the degradation of Marlborough, was Harley inclined to prevent it. The very nature which enabled him to offer still to work with Marlborough would allow him to watch the great general's downfall, and to assist in it without a qualm. His moderation was based not on generous feelings, but on an easy and phlegmatic temperament.

We have in the preceding pages endeavoured, whilst giving some extracts from the interesting and voluminous correspondence which is contained in these two publications, to group them round the Earl of Oxford, so that they may form some kind of consecutive narrative of his career. As we said at the commencement of this article, a complete biography of him has yet to be written; but, at any rate, these letters help to clear up some obscure points, and to show without doubt that Harley's great position was the result of his own capacity. From boyhood he was in close touch with political affairs and with persons of sound

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political judgement, but otherwise he had no special advantages. He became Secretary of State solely by reason of his own political weight; he ultimately became Chancellor of the Exchequer and, in fact, Prime Minister, on the fall of Godolphin, because he was the most capable person—as one would say at the present day—in opposition to the Government. It would be absurd to suppose that he had not access to the Queen's ear through Mrs. Masham, and that after his dismissal from office he would give opinions favourable to the Lord Treasurer was not likely. But backstairs influence would not have been sufficient to bring him into office, had not the country been in accord with the Queen. She disliked the Whigs, Godolphin had become too much of a master; England was thoroughly tired of the war—these three elements were sufficient to enable her to change her Ministers, and, Godolphin dismissed, Harley was the only person who could take his place, and he was the only man likely to be able to do what the country desired—to conclude a peace with France. While, therefore, we may admit that the Masham intrigues are in a sense true, we may be equally certain that their political importance has been overrated. There were stronger forces at work. The natural weakening of a political party by a considerable tenure of office, the desire for peace which eventually comes over a nation after a long continuance of even successful warfare, were more potent forces than the conversations of a lady-in-waiting. Nor can Harley be properly blamed for what are called intrigues. He lived in an age of low political morality; the spy was then in England as much a part of political warfare as the wire-puller is now in the United States. It is absurd to test Harley by a standard inapplicable to the times in which he lived. He had been thrown out of office to give the Whigs more weight in the Government; he used those means which were at hand to enable him to return to power, determined to carry out a policy which should end in the restoration of peace. But he would never have been able to avail himself of the opportunity had he not by sheer capacity attained to the position of being for the moment the indispensable man. We leave him at the end of this second volume at the summit of his political career. We may be able at a future time to follow his downfall as we have his rise, and his descent into that retirement where, as a lover of art and letters, he has obtained a fame more durable, perhaps, and less tarnished than in his high political station.

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ART. VII.—1. *British Birds: Key List.* By Lieut.-Col. L. HOWARD IRBY, F.L.S. London: 1892.

2. *London Birds and other Sketches.* By T. DIGBY PIGOTT. London: 1892.

3. *The Birds of London.* By H. K. SWANN. London: 1893.

MANY ornithologists have employed themselves in writing works on the birds of various counties. They have carefully collected the records of rare birds, shot or observed, within the several districts; they have made notes of the arrival and departure of the birds of passage; and they have recorded their haunts and their nesting places. Some ornithologists have even busied themselves with writing on the birds of London; and it is a matter of rivalry among local ornithologists to compare their local lists with the complete list of British birds. The ordinary inhabitant of London, even though he be of a fairly observant nature, would probably be puzzled if he were suddenly called on to name a dozen birds which may commonly be seen in London. We have examined a number of lists of London birds, some ancient and some recent, which varied greatly in length. One observer, who confined himself strictly to Hyde Park in one year, has twenty names on his list. Another, who extended his observations to the whole of London, claims to have recently seen forty-four species. The late Mr. Yarrell, who died in 1856, put down seventy-five species as having been seen in Kensington Gardens; but that was many years ago, when the fauna of London was much richer than it is at present. Mr. Swann, in the little book on 'The Birds of London' now before us, enumerates no less than 221 different species; but he extends London from Epping Forest to Richmond Park, and from Highgate Woods to Epsom Downs. We propose to confine ourselves strictly to so much of London only as lies within a radius of four miles from Charing Cross.

If we go back as much as three centuries, we come to times when kites frequented the streets of London like the sparrows of to-day. The original authority for this often repeated statement is Charles Clusius, who visited England under Elizabeth. In a note to a work by Pierre Belon, an old French ornithologist, Clusius wrote: 'I think the number of kites to be seen in Cairo can 'hardly be greater than in London in England, where they 'appear in very large numbers at every season of the year:

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'for, since it is forbidden to kill them, in order that they may 'pick up and devour the garbage thrown out by the inhabi- 'tants into the streets, and even into the river Thames, which 'washes the city, they flock thither in multitudes, and become 'so tame that even in the midst of crowds they are not afraid 'to snatch the prey which they have seen from above while 'on the wing, as I often saw with astonishment, whilst I 'was there.' We might add other stories of interest to the antiquarian in ornithological matters, but we propose to devote our attention to more recent days.

In 1879 there appeared in the 'Zoologist,' one of the most complete lists of London birds that has ever been compiled. The author of this account of London ornithology was Dr. Edward Hamilton, and much of the article had the merit of being based upon his personal observations. The paper was entitled 'The Birds of London, past and present, residents 'and casuals.' It is of great interest to-day, as showing how the avifauna of London has varied in twenty years. Dr. Hamilton mentions altogether eighty-five species, of whom naturally the vast majority are casual visitors.

These catalogues of species are not, however, of much interest, unless we are able to compare them with the whole number of species which are actually included under the comprehensive name of British birds. On turning to Colonel Irby's List of British Birds, which is one of the standard authorities on the matter, there are to be found the names of no less than 376 species which compose the avifauna of our isles. It has, however, always been the habit of ornithologists to consider any bird British which has, even once only, been obtained in the British islands in a wild state, and the list is constantly receiving additions. A large proportion of the 376 species are accidental stragglers to our shores, like the vulture, the flamingo, and many others of an equally unexpected nature. In London, the list of birds is also swelled by equally remarkable stragglers. On May 16, 1887, a puffin flew into the window of a bedroom at No. 45 Brook Street, Grosvenor Square. This erratic sea-fowl was picked up alive by the inmates of the house, but was found to have broken a leg. Another straggler, of a similar kind, was a storm-petrel, or 'Mother Carey's chicken,' which appeared many years ago in the Edgware Road, and was knocked down and captured in an exhausted condition. Another petrel was picked up in Kensington Gardens about ten winters ago, and a guillemot in Russell Square, both

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driven inland, doubtless much against their will, by rough weather.

The number of species which breed in the British islands is 184; and out of these, the following have recently nested within four miles of Charing Cross:—The thrush, blackbird, robin, hedge-sparrow, white-throat, sedge-warbler, reed-warbler, great-tit, coal-tit, blue-tit, wren, starling, jackdaw, crow, rook, fly-catcher, swallow, martin, greenfinch, sparrow, chaffinch, cuckoo, wild-duck, wood-pigeon, moorhen, and dabchick. There may well be others, but we are anxious to understate rather than to exaggerate. Some of these birds are 'residents' and spend the whole year in London, or, at least, in England; others, on the other hand, are 'summer migrants,' which arrive regularly about the same time in the spring, and, when they have raised their brood, depart in the autumn for their winter-quarters in the South. Besides these, there are on the list of British birds a certain number of others which appear under the name of 'winter visitors.' They are birds which have nested somewhere north of Britain, in Norway or the Arctic regions, and come each winter to enjoy the more genial climate which we offer them. The fieldfare and the redwing are good examples of these; for although every winter vast flocks of both arrive, some of which usually penetrate into the parks of London, there is no authentic record of a fieldfare's or redwing's nest having been found in these islands. The redwing has been seen alive in Leicester Square, and has been picked up frozen in the streets in hard winters.

Migration is one of the great mysteries of bird life, about which much yet remains to be discovered, although it has attracted the notice of men from the earliest times. The prophet Jeremiah observed that 'the stork in the heaven 'knoweth her appointed times; and the turtle and the crane 'and the swallow observe the time of their coming.' Every spring the London ornithologist looks out for the coming of the migrants, and when one understands the enormous multitudes of birds which migrate, it is not surprising that some of the number should find their way into the most unexpected, and one would think, unattractive places in London. Migrating birds have been seen falling exhausted on the coast in masses, and beating against the lighthouses like a storm of driven snowflakes. In the whole order of nature there is nothing more marvellous than that a white-throat, let us say in Damaraland, should be taken with an irresistible desire to

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fly to Battersea Park, and there spend three or four months. The same birds annually return to the same bush or patch of ground, sometimes travelling several thousand miles to do so. In London, this love of the old nesting place is often strangely illustrated in the suburbs. There, a piece of land may be an open field one year, and the next, be surrounded by houses or all but built over. The unfortunate birds, guided by instinct to the old spot, arrive and set about nesting, or would do so if they were allowed to live. Many arrive in the South of England in a state of comparative exhaustion, hardly knowing where they pitch. Flying, as they do, over London, in the early hours of an April morning, when the air is smokeless and the parks are green, it is not astonishing that they should alight there.

One Sunday morning in April, two years ago, we saw a furze-chat perched on the railings near Rotten Row. The bird seemed ruffled and exhausted, and suffered one to approach within a few feet. Possibly, in the preceding night, it had arrived from the Gambia. The furze-chat is a lover of gorsey commons, and had no intention of staying longer in London than was necessary to recover its flying powers. Still the furze-chat may be claimed as a genuine London bird, and there are several other summer migrants which come under the same category. There is the chiff-chaff, which is annually heard in Kensington Gardens, and has even been reported from Belgrave Square. It is the earliest and most easily recognised summer visitor, which proclaims its presence by the monotonous double note from which its name is derived. There is the redstart, which used to nest in Kensington Gardens some thirty years ago, and possibly later. There are sometimes, but not often, tree-pipits; on one occasion a large party of these was seen in Kensington Gardens on April 19, which would be just about the date of their arrival in England. The willow-wren, also, regularly passes through, and was seen by the present writer, last year, singing its plaintive song, and collecting insects from a tree near the Albert Memorial. The wheatear has often been reported, usually in small parties on the ground in the open parts of Regent's Park and near the Marble Arch; and often it is seen in the autumn on its return journey.

All these birds are of such comparatively frequent occurrence, that there can be no doubt as to the correctness of the observers. It is, however, often wise to receive reports of rare birds with scepticism, unless we are satisfied

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of the trustworthiness of the observer. All amateurs of ornithology love writing to the newspapers, and, in their excitement, the song of the thrush is too often taken for the nightingale's, and the imitations of a small boy announced as the cry of the cuckoo. Some while ago, there appeared, in the columns of the 'Times,' a letter announcing that the writer had seen five golden orioles in Hyde Park. The golden oriole is one of the rarest and most brilliant of our summer visitors, and the announcement, naturally, was enough to excite the ornithological world. The matter was investigated, and it turned out that the writer of the letter had, somehow, mistaken the sober-coloured little wheatear for the golden oriole.

We have been at some pains to inquire into the trustworthiness of the records of uncommon birds which we mention, for an untrustworthy observation is of no value and also of no interest. If we do not always give authorities, it is for fear of being considered tedious. The date, however, when a bird was seen, or when it nested in London, is of the greatest interest, for a record a few years old is by no means any proof that the bird is still to be found in London. The history of the birds of London is the history of a steadily diminishing community. Every year some species, which used often to be seen, becomes rarer until it is extinct; and not only do the number of species become less, but the individuals become fewer. Last year there was but one rookery left in London. The only exception, we believe, to these decreasing numbers are the wood-pigeons, which have astonishingly multiplied. If the Londoner can now rarely hear the pleasant cawing of rooks, every cockney might say, in the words of Virgil:

'Notavi
Ipse locum, aeriæ quo congessere palumbes.'

The reason for this general diminution in numbers may be found, partly, in the growth of London, but more, we believe, in the increased civilisation of the parks. Every year some thicket is cut down, and iron railings and artificial beds are substituted; new paths are made, and more people frequent the parks. Railings and lamps might be thought uncomfortable nesting places, compared with hedgerows and bushes. Yet, quite recently, a titmouse built a nest in a hollow iron post near the Humane Society's house by the Serpentine. The railing, which passed through the post, had been removed, and the birds found a convenient entrance to the hole. About the same time a robin's

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nest, with three eggs, was discovered in the crown which surmounted one of the old George the Fourth lamps on the Horse Guards' Parade.

The growth of London has been so rapid towards the West, that the present generation are astonished by stories of birds frequenting places which are now in the centre of London. Mr. Wilberforce, speaking in the House of Commons in 1815, declared that he had, a few days before, dined with a gentleman who had killed woodcocks in the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. We have all heard of the aged sportsman who had shot snipe on the site of Belgrave Square. But if he were still living, he would now be a veteran, for Belgrave Square and Eaton Square were built in 1825.

The most striking way of realising the growth of London is by looking at some antiquated map: even one so recent as 1850 will do. The angle between Sloane Street and Brompton Road was then occupied by nursery gardens. Along Kensington Gore were a few villas, and behind them open fields down to Brompton and Earl's Court. Great parts of Pimlico and Bayswater were not built. It is not surprising that there should have been woodpeckers and wrynecks nesting in Kensington Gardens. But on the whole, the wonder is, not that the London birds should have so diminished, but that there should still be so many.

We have in London, at the present day, three classes of birds: first, the species which nest there; secondly, birds of passage, which sometimes spend a while with us, and appear with certain regularity, such as the sea-gulls in winter, and the chiff-chaffs in spring; and, thirdly, the unfortunate stragglers, which usually come to an untimely end, like the puffin and petrels we mentioned above.

The ubiquitous sparrow, which finds a living in the streets and builds his nest on the houses, is the most urban of birds, and would flourish in London if every tree were cut down and every garden built over. He builds his untidy nest under the eaves of the tumble-down houses in Whitechapel, and in the capitals of the Corinthian columns in Belgravia. Last year, in spite of the daily music, there was a sparrow's nest in the bandstand on the Embankment. Another pair we happened to notice, chose a quieter spot opposite Westminster Abbey, under the arm of Mr. Canning's statue. In every niche on the façade of the Abbey itself there was a nest; and we may say in the words of the psalmist: 'The 'sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for

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'herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, 'O Lord of Hosts, my King, and my God.' The abundance of food has made the Zoological Gardens the paradise of the London sparrows, where many pay for their over-indulgence and greed by dying of enlarged livers. In one of the old account books of the Inner Temple there appears an item of 'twenty shillings: for stuff to poison the sparrows by my 'orders.' The expenditure was disallowed by the Benchers; but the cynic will be amused when he learns that the treasurer, who ordered it, was the Hon. Daines Barrington, the friend and correspondent of Gilbert White.

Besides the parks and squares, there are within our area a number of green retreats of various sizes each with its birds. Lincoln's Inn Fields, which is five acres in extent, has now been thrown open to the public, and whatever birds may have found a refuge there before, there are now nothing but sparrows and wood-pigeons. Close by are the gardens of the Inns of Court, where the green turf supplies food for a few starlings. There is also the large garden of Buckingham Palace, with an excellent and varied fauna; the gardens of Lambeth Palace, of Chelsea Hospital and the old Physic Garden, and a few more. There is Brompton Cemetery, where a dunlin has been seen on the tombs; and, lastly, the park of Holland House, which deserves more than a passing mention as one of the last nesting places of the nightingale. A large portion of the park on the Notting Hill side has now been built over; but what remains is, for its position in London, wonderfully secluded.

The first and largest among the bird haunts of London is Hyde Park. Including Kensington Gardens, its area is no less than 630 acres; and it well deserves the name, Lord Chatham first gave it, of one of 'the lungs of London.'

We have seen it stated that, as late as the last decade of last century, the keepers used to destroy the foxes by shooting them; and there still exists a remnant of an old elm-tree in which ravens used to build. We have not been able to discover the last occasion that they did so, but Mr. Jesse, in his 'Gleanings,' published in 1834, says:—

'Many persons must recollect a raven which used to hop about amongst the workmen employed in the construction of the bridge, at the top of the Serpentine river in Hyde Park. This bird, from its familiarity and odd habits, attracted at the time the notice of many persons, and amongst others that of a friend of mine. He constantly noticed and made many inquiries respecting it. It was taken from a nest on the top of an elm tree in Hyde Park, with two or three others, all of which died.'

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Now, the stone bridge over the Serpentine, which connects Kensington Gardens with Hyde Park, was built in 1826; and (although ravens are believed to live to a great age) there is reason for supposing, if Mr. Jesse's story be true, that this bird was taken from its nest in Hyde Park in the present century, which is sufficiently surprising. It is worth recording, while on the subject of ravens, that in the month of May, 1850, early in the morning, two ravens were observed in Regent's Park in deadly combat; the fight continued till one of the combatants was killed and his body was picked up by a park-keeper who had been a spectator of the occurrence. According to Mr. Pigott, 'in 'March and April, 1890, the ill-betiding croak of the 'raven was a familiar sound to West-end Londoners; a 'fine fellow, who, judged by his tameness and by the fact 'that several wing-feathers were missing, was probably an 'escaped captive, having for some weeks settled in Kensing-'ton Gardens.'

The appearance of birds which have escaped from captivity is one of the great difficulties which meet the London ornithologist. Not long ago, a chough was knocked over, at Balham, by a well-aimed stone. It was an old bird, and one can only suppose had escaped. A sparrow-hawk which flew into a window in the City, and attacked a caged canary bird, bore the traces of captivity on its plumage.

Another very agreeable haunt for wild birds, not more than three miles from Charing Cross, is afforded by Battersea Park, which has an area of 200 acres, and in parts is very fairly secluded and well planted. The old Battersea Fields, once a famous hunting ground for London botanists, were enclosed by Act of Parliament in 1846. Much of the land was marshy, and submerged by every tide; a condition of things very attractive to the families of the ducks and snipes. For many years after its enclosure, the park was surrounded by open lands, and only within recent years have the encroachments of streets reduced it to an oasis among the squalid houses and smoking factories. For London birds, it has proved a most welcome refuge, partly, perhaps, because of the numbers of thickets into which the frequenters of the park cannot penetrate.

From Battersea Park we have the last account of kingfishers in London. A pair have frequented the lake for some time; but they were exceedingly shy, and only to be caught sight of in the very early hours of the morning. Last year, however, a second pair, which seemed to be young birds,

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made their appearance, and it is conjectured that they were the offspring of the first pair. Although no nest was seen, there are, doubtless, suitable holes round the banks of the lake where they might have bred; for the kingfisher is a wary bird and careful that its nesting place should not be easily discovered. The last authentic record we can find of a kingfisher on the Serpentine is in 1886, when the bird was several times seen by Mr. Harting, a distinguished ornithologist, whose accuracy cannot be doubted. Five or six years ago kingfishers frequented the water in Regent's Park. Quite recently one was seen from the train, flying over the reservoir of the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company. This was, no doubt, one of the birds from Battersea Park, where it is much to be hoped they will be allowed to remain unmolested.

To the north of Charing Cross, there is the Regent's Park, laid out in 1812 on the site of Marylebone Fields, and nearly double the size of Battersea Park, if not quite so picturesquely designed. The Regent's Park possesses in its midst a particular sanctuary for birds in the Botanic Gardens. We have it on good authority that within recent years the sedge-warbler and the reed-warbler have bred there.

Green Park and St. James's Park, although of small extent, contribute to the avifauna of London. If Green Park is very bare, St. James's has some very good cover for birds, especially round the water. One of the most interesting but least generally known birds of London, the dabchick, or little grebe, is a regular visitor to St. James's Park. As early as March the birds arrive, and, if the weather is mild, they at once begin building their floating nests of grasses and water weeds in a more or less secluded spot somewhere near the bank. The dabchicks are very entertaining birds to watch, and most skilful divers, constantly plunging beneath the surface and rising again in unexpected directions. Their numbers vary, for in some years as many as six or seven pairs arrive, and in others not more than four. These are very constant, and remain till September or October before departing with their broods. In former years, dabchicks used to frequent the Serpentine, and though occasionally one is to be seen there in winter, the dabchicks have lately shown the most marked preference for St. James's Park. At one time they used also to nest on the Round Pond, but this has now been so much weeded and scoured that its attractions are gone. These dabchicks are among the strangest examples of genuine wild birds choosing

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the unlimpid waters and exposed margins of a London artificial lake as their breeding place.

He who desires to be an observer of London birds must also make up his mind to be an early riser. The parks at sunrise are very different in appearance from what they are at midday. The dew is on the grass, the early worms are still crawling over the paths, the birds are fearless and hungry, for an empty belly overweighs the dread of man.

The missel-thrush, or 'storm-cock,' the largest of the genus, has disappeared from Kensington Gardens, where, as late even as 1888, we have records of two or three resident pairs. It is, we believe, the same elsewhere in London; though at Battersea the bird has recently been observed as a casual visitor. Song-thrushes and blackbirds are common; the former perhaps the most abundant, but it may be that the thrush sings during more months of the year and attracts greater attention to his whereabouts. We have heard the notes of the thrush in the densest of fogs.

It would be interesting to know whether the London thrushes and other resident birds are the descendants of birds which have been gradually shut in by the growth of the streets, or whether they ever receive additions to their number from the country. A great number of birds, more or less common in Surrey and Middlesex, are constantly appearing in London, but we are inclined to think that the country birds which make their way into London, soon take their departure or perish. We have a recent record of a stonechat being seen in Hyde Park, a golden-crested wren in Kensington Gardens, and a pied wagtail near the Serpentine. One September afternoon, during the quiet of the Long Vacation, we have ourselves seen a skylark running about the roadway in New Square, Lincoln's Inn. Many other small birds have in recent years been discovered dead in London. A hawfinch was picked up in St. James's Park in 1890, a brambling in the same place a year later, and a yellow-hammer in Green Park.

To return, however, to the residents in London, we have next the robin, which may be found in all the parks. The robin is one of the first birds to suffer in a frost and to be compelled to seek scraps at the hands of the benevolent. We have seen a robin, in a hard winter, contend with sparrows for bread crumbs in a back garden in Mayfair. But all through the autumn and winter months, and even in a frost, if only the sun be shining, the London robin sings his sad and poor little song. Every robin has his territory,

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which he is very particular none other of his kind should invade. Somewhat less plentiful is the sober-plumaged hedge-sparrow—in spite of its name, no relation of the common sparrow. It builds in the evergreen shrubberies of the parks, and sings a feeble song in the spring-time, but seldom attracts much notice.

The engaging family of the titmice is represented by four, out of five, of its English members. The great-tits, with white cheeks, and the blue-tits, both very grimy, may be seen any day in Kensington Gardens; and to say that a bird is still an inhabitant of the most central of the London parks implies, in almost every case, that it is still to be found at Battersea and Regent's Parks. The coal-tit is said still to exist in Kensington Gardens, but it has become very scarce. A straggling marsh-tit took up its quarters in Battersea Park only a year ago.

Among commoner birds, there may be seen the wren, which nests regularly in the parks, and in the spring mornings pours out its shrill and hurried song. We have lately noticed a wren searching the window-boxes of a house near Kensington Gardens. There is also the chaffinch, whose cheerful call always attracts the ornithologist's attention, and which still nests in the parks, but is becoming steadily rarer. In May 1895, a chaffinch used to frequent Lincoln's Inn Fields and make himself observed by his loud song. For two months the solitary bird was seen about the place, but no signs of a mate or a nest were to be discovered.

The black-cap, we fear, is now extinct as an inhabitant of the parks; but it is no less surprising than agreeable to note that the sedge-warbler has recently nested by the Serpentine. The greenfinch still breeds in Battersea Park, and for several years a pair of white-throats have nested in a clump of bamboos in the sub-tropical gardens.

It is a matter of great satisfaction to be able to mention all these birds as inhabitants of London, but we must now record the disappearance of several species. The little brown tree-creeper, with its speckled plumage and curved bill, is now a rare casual visitor to Kensington Gardens. The same may be said of the nuthatch, a lively and attractive bird, which runs up and down the stem of a tree like a mouse. The Gardens have become too much frequented for both of these. The bark of the old elms has become, we imagine, too much impregnated with soot to provide insects for the woodpeckers. This family has departed, and of the

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three species which used to inhabit Kensington Gardens, only two have been seen for many years. The greater spotted-woodpecker was frequently observed in Mr. Yarrell's day, and he mentions that the keeper at the Bayswater Gate reared a family of the young of this species. The lesser spotted-woodpecker survived its larger relative, and was frequently seen by Dr. Hamilton as late as 1866. Since then, a few birds are recorded to have come in from the country, for this species is not uncommon in the Thames Valley and round London. In November, 1885, a green woodpecker used to haunt the Gardens; and in the month following, a specimen, no doubt the same bird, was reported from the park of Holland House. The last appearance we have discovered of the green woodpecker is in July, 1897, when a very trustworthy observer saw the bird soon after daybreak on the ground near the Long Water.

In mentioning the white-throats, which build in Battersea Park, we have so far only given half their history. It is not uncommon, in the early hours of the morning for wandering cuckoos to make their way into the parks, and last spring, about seven in the morning, one even roused the inhabitants of the Temple by its call. In 1895, according to a correspondent of the 'Field,' a cuckoo deposited her egg in the nest of these white-throats, which reared the young bird with all the care which the cuckoo's foster-parents are accustomed to lavish on it. The cuckoo, like the other birds we have mentioned, when migrating southward in the month of August, very frequently passes over London. A gentleman, whose chambers command a view of Gray's Inn Gardens, declares that hardly a year passes but what he sees cuckoos there in that month. Of course, at such a season the cuckoo is silent and may easily escape the notice of the unobservant.

There is an unobtrusive, sober-coloured, little bird which one is surprised to find still nesting in the heart of London, and yet it is one of the most regular summer visitors. The spotted-flycatcher for years built regularly in Lincoln's Inn Fields; now, its chief and almost last remaining haunt is Kensington Gardens. Mr. Jesse, writing of the earlier part of the century, relates that a nest with five eggs was taken from the top of a lamp near Portland Place; twenty years ago it used to nest in Hamilton Gardens, while much more recently, an old bird and her brood were seen in Cleveland Gardens, Bayswater. The flycatcher loves to have some solid support for its nest, and

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often chooses a shelf or the top of a buttress against a wall. For many years a pair used to build on a narrow ledge outside the middle arch of the Serpentine Bridge. In 1892 there was a nest with four young on the branch of an elm tree in Kensington Gardens, near the Broad Walk, and the two following years the birds frequented the same spot and had a nest near. In 1895 the birds moved, and the female might have been seen, from the road, sitting on her nest, constructed on the projecting bole of an elm tree near the tea house at the end of Rotten Row. The following year the birds were seen, in July, feeding a full-fledged brood of young on the railings near the Albert Memorial. Last season the flycatcher was frequently seen, by the present writer, about the same end of the Gardens, and it doubtless had a nest not far off. The flycatcher is a very mute bird which seldom attracts attention by its note, and is generally seen sitting motionless on a railing, from which it sallies into the air in pursuit of insects, and returns to the same perching place. It arrives in London about the first week of May.

The family of swallows are now chiefly birds of passage in London, although they may be seen every spring and autumn on their travels north and south. Generally, the first to arrive are the sand-martins, which reach England, in some seasons, as early as the end of March. There are, of course, no suitable nesting places for this species in London. Next come the swallows, which used to build in the Zoological Gardens, and a year ago nested in one of the buildings in Battersea Park, and might be seen skimming over the Thames from Chelsea Embankment. The last to arrive are the house-martins, much more urban birds, which in 1878 used to build in Kensington Garden Terrace, and against the Powder Magazine in Hyde Park. Later, there was a house in Westbourne Terrace, from which they were, however, driven by house painters; thence they moved to Sussex Square, where, in 1882, there were ten nests to be seen. There was also a house in Bayswater Road where they used to build, but this is recorded as being deserted by the birds so long ago as 1888. We fear that now house-martins only nest in the suburbs of London. The house-martin is confused by the majority of persons with the swallow, though the two species are very easy to distinguish, even on the wing. The swallow is black above, from its head to its tail. The martin has a shorter tail, and a very conspicuous white patch on the lower part of the back. The sand-martin, on the

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other hand, is of a dull mouse colour, with a grey collar at its neck. Hundreds of the swallow family may sometimes be seen together, hawking for flies over the London waters on a fine April morning: the day before not one was to be seen, and the following day all may very likely have gone. Occasionally, they pass a few days with us in the autumn, and one September morning, a few years ago, dozens of house-martins were to be seen flying up and down Keppel Street, Bloomsbury. The swift is commonly thought of in connexion with the swallow; though, strange as it may seem, this bird is strictly of the same order as the woodpeckers. The swift is only a bird of passage in London; one of the latest to arrive in May, and the first to leave us when it has reared its progeny. One or two pairs have been at times seen hawking over the Serpentine, and occasionally flocks pass over London in the early autumn.

Strange to say, the last record of the nightingale's appearance in London comes from Lincoln's Inn. At the back of No. 20 Old Buildings, close to Chancery Lane, there is a small garden, planted with smoky shrubs, and quite surrounded by walls and houses. The legal occupants of the adjoining chambers were startled, soon after ten, one morning in April 1897, by the rich song of a nightingale proceeding from the garden. The bird became silent on the appearance of faces at the windows, but was seen and clearly identified. It sang again in the afternoon, but next morning it was gone. Several credible witnesses attest the truth of the story, and the incident was recorded, in a letter to the 'Times,' by Mr. George Henderson. One could desire that other appearances of nightingales in London were as well authenticated. The nightingale certainly nested on Campden Hill (and possibly in Kensington Gardens and the Botanic Gardens) until well past the middle of this century. Since then, traditions have lingered on, but there have been, so far as we can discover, no nests in London for many years. Dr. Hamilton heard it singing in Kensington Gardens in 1872 and in Regent's Park in 1879. In earlier years its favourite haunts were the shrubberies in Cadogan Gardens and on the banks of the canal in Regent's Park. The male nightingales arrive in England some days before their mates, and sing vigorously as soon as they have recovered from their journey. It is travellers like these who, in recent years, have been heard in London. The nightingale, above all things, loves thick undergrowth, tangled hedgerows, and dense copses. The gardeners are too busy in the parks of

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London, and the shrubberies are made too tidy to attract it; but for that we might possibly still hear its song regularly.

Besides fieldfares and redwings, we have other less common winter visitors to London. Royston crows, with grey hoods, now and then appear in the parks and stay as long as the cold weather lasts and they can steal the ducks' food. The black redstart is a scarce winter visitor to the South of England, and Mr. Howard Saunders states that, in the month of November 1885, one frequented the grounds of the Natural History Museum, and remained in this dangerous locality until the snow-fall of January 6, 1886. On several occasions, vast flocks of larks have been seen flying over, sometimes but a few feet above the chimneys; their appearance has usually been the sign that a heavy snow-storm or a severe frost was coming, to escape which the birds were making their way southwards.

We cannot but envy Mr. Yarrell the pleasure, which he mentions in his book on British birds, of having seen twenty-three magpies together in Kensington Gardens. We believe that all the magpies, which have appeared in London in recent years, have either escaped or been turned out from their cages. Many persons must have seen the pair in St. James's Park three or four years ago, and others have since then frequented Regent's Park. As late as 1856, however, a pair of magpies—we believe genuine wild birds which had never known the restraints of a cage—frequented the trees of Kensington Gardens and nested there.

It is pleasant to think that, in spite of the extermination of the magpie, we still have three members of the crow family nesting in London. The rooks and the jackdaws must be familiar to everyone; but most persons will be surprised to hear that carrion-crows, who probably are often taken for rooks, build in Kensington Gardens. All these birds are sufficiently alike in their appearance to puzzle the unknowing at a distance, but in their habits they are entirely different. The rook and the crow are the most often confused, though the rook is gregarious and the crow a solitary bird. The crow, moreover, has feathers round the base of its bill, while the rook shows a bare white spot, which, even at a little distance, is very visible. The jackdaw is smaller than either, and has a greyish head. He frequents church steeples, as a rule; but in London of recent years, the chief nesting places of the jackdaws seem to be the old hollow trees in Kensington Gardens, which they share with starlings.

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The carrion-crows, we imagine, are attracted to Hyde Park by the ducks, for these crows are great stealers of eggs and of helpless young birds. In the early morning we have recently seen as many as four or five together stalking round the edges of the pond in Kensington Gardens, and searching for any edible morsel which the water may cast within their reach. But it is in the spring, when broods of young ducks abound, that they are most busy; any young duck which wanders from the water is promptly swooped upon with the swiftness of a hawk and carried off. Last year the carrion-crows nested in an elm tree between Speke's Monument and the Round Pond, and the curious may still see the nest in the leafless branches.

The decline of the rookeries is one of the saddest chapters in the history of London bird life, and it can now only be a matter of a few years before the rooks cease to nest in London. The disappearance of rookeries has gone on steadily since the beginning of this century, but during the last twenty years with more than doubled speed. There was at one time a rookery at the Tower; and another in the gardens of Carlton House, which lasted till 1827, when the trees were cut down and the old house demolished. There was also a large rookery at the Temple in the elms of King's Bench Walk, which dated from the reign of Queen Anne, when it was founded by Sir Edward Northey. A legend (the truth of which we have not verified) declares that he colonised the trees with birds from his estate at Epsom. A bough was cut, with a nest containing two young rooks, and taken in an open wagon from Epsom to the Temple, where it was affixed to the trees. The old birds followed their offspring, and they remained and nested there. The following year a magpie built in the gardens; her eggs were taken and those of a rook were substituted, and in due course hatched. It was the Temple rooks which Goldsmith used to watch, and whose proceedings he so pleasantly describes in his 'Animated 'Nature.' The rookery in King's Bench Walk was deserted some time during the first quarter of the present century, when exactly, no record shows. Until the middle of the century the rookery in College Gardens, Doctors' Commons, close under the shadow of St. Paul's, still flourished. There was also at that time a large colony in Green Park, in the elm trees at the end of the garden of Green Park Lodge, which was destroyed about the time of the Piccadilly Improvements Act, 1845. There were smaller colonies in a

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plane tree at the corner of Wood Street, Cheapside, and in the burial-ground of St. Dunstan's in the East.

All these are now long since gone; but, even twenty years ago, there were large rookeries at Holland House in the tall trees along the Hammersmith Road and in the avenue leading to the house. At Chesterfield House, Mayfair, in what Beckford said was the finest private garden in London, the rooks nested till 1879. The garden is now built over, and the trees and their inhabitants gone. Close by, at Wharncliffe House, in Curzon Street, there was a rookery in three or four large plane trees behind the house. In March 1882, the rooks, after two years' absence, caused, no doubt, by the building in the neighbourhood, returned to this spot, rebuilt their nests, and successfully reared their young. In the following spring they came back for a few days, but did not nest, and since then have deserted the trees. There was a dwindling rookery in the grounds of the deputy ranger in Hyde Park, and there were still small colonies in the gardens of Brunswick House, Marylebone, and in Gower Street and Gordon Square, Bloomsbury. In 1875 some rooks, no doubt driven from elsewhere, built in a tree at the back of Hereford Square, Brompton. Next year there was a flourishing settlement of ten nests; now the trees are gone.

We now come to the rookeries which still existed in 1890. First, there was the colony in Kensington Gardens, which had been one of the largest in London, and fifty years ago extended all along the north side from the Broad Walk near the Palace to the Serpentine. In 1878 there were only some thirty nests, confined to the tall trees at the north end of the Broad Walk. In October 1880, these trees were cut down, and the rooks, next spring, apparently migrated to Holland House. There were plenty of fine old elms left; but for many years Kensington Gardens were deserted. In 1892, for some unexplained reason, the panic ceased and a single pair built their solitary nest in the south-western corner of the gardens near the High Street. In the following spring. London ornithologists were delighted to see that other rooks intended to follow the example of this couple. Over a dozen nests were built this time, in the old spot at the north end of the Broad Walk, and many broods were successfully brought into the world. It was hoped that the rooks were firmly re-established, but in the spring of 1894, these nests were visited and then suddenly deserted. Since then, no rooks have built in the Gardens; but we are not

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quite without hopes that, if the trees are spared by the authorities, they may take it into their heads to build there again.

Until quite recently there was a small colony of rooks, not many hundred yards from the Marble Arch, close to the site where Tyburn Tree stood. In 1893 there were eight or ten nests in the tall trees of Connaught Square, five nests in Stanhope Place, and two nests in a plane tree in Albion Street close by. Next spring, which was the year the new colony in Kensington Gardens deserted their nests, the Connaught Square and the Albion Street trees were also deserted. But, strange to say, in the season of 1895 the rooks returned to Connaught Square, and there were five nests there, as well as three in Stanhope Place. Since 1895, however, all these trees have been untenanted.

We come, then, to the last existing rookery in London, which is also one of the oldest. Within sound of the roar of Holborn, in the gardens of Gray's Inn, the rooks still build. There have been many alarms that the birds were about to leave; but, in spite of the felling of trees and building of new houses all round, the rooks have remained faithful to the garden which was planted by Sir Francis Bacon. Most of Bacon's elms are now gone, and instead of thirty or forty nests, as there used to be twenty years ago, there are only three to be seen, each one solitary, in the highest tops of three plane trees. Next spring the ornithologist will make an anxious pilgrimage to the spot, hoping that he may not find the Gray's Inn rookery also deserted.

Nothing, we fear, can be done to induce the rooks to build once more in the London trees. London has become too large; and the rooks' feeding grounds have become so distant that they can no longer find enough to rear their hungry broods. Many rookeries in London have been deliberately destroyed by felling the trees in which the birds nested; but it is more, we think, to the extension of London that their decline must be attributed. Rooks in London have not always been dependent on trees for nesting places; for many years ago a pair built on the dragon of Bow Church spire, and in 1838 a pair made a nest on the crown which surmounted the vane of St. Olave's Church, Crutched Friars.

The *Falconidæ* are represented in our list by several of the smaller birds of prey, for we venture to discredit the recorded appearance of the 'king of birds.' Moreover, the majority of so-called golden eagles which are killed in the South of England are immature specimens of the white-tailed sea-

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eagle, a member of another genus. A correspondent of the 'Times' announced some winters ago that he had observed a pair of eagles soaring over the West End; but as a very accurate and trustworthy observer, the same day, saw a pair of greater black-backed gulls, we are inclined to give more credit to the latter. This large gull, with its great stretch of wing and habit of soaring high in graceful curves, is quite capable of being mistaken for a large bird of prey. The last time, we imagine, that a hawk nested in London must have been in April 1871, when a pair of kestrels had a nest in the cable attached to the anchor on the summit of Nelson's Column in Trafalgar Square. Since then kestrels have, from time to time, come into London, and been seen hovering over the parks, where they can have found but little prey to satisfy their hunger. Many years ago, peregrine falcons, the boldest and most voracious of the family, used to frequent the top of St. Paul's, as they have in recent years haunted the spire of Salisbury Cathedral. Sir John Sebright informed Dr. Hamilton that they could always be seen during the month of October, and were no doubt attracted by the flocks of pigeons which congregate in St. Paul's Churchyard and on the dome. Among the more remarkable stragglers may be recorded a kite that was seen flying over Piccadilly forty years ago, a hen-harrier picked up dead in a garden in Brompton in 1880, and a merlin which took up its quarters for a short time on one of the towers of South Kensington Museum in January 1886.

Until last summer, the inhabitants of houses along the western end of Kensington Gardens were often delighted by the melodious hooting of owls, which used to proceed at night from some hollow trees near the Orangery. We often had the pleasure of hearing the birds; but now the hooting has ceased, and it is to be feared that the owls have been destroyed or driven away. The hooting was that of the tawny or wood owl, and we believe that the birds were wild and were attracted, perhaps, by the mice about the rubbish heaps, stables, and greenhouses.

We have said that most birds are diminishing, but one of the most strange exceptions to the rule is the gradual invasion of London by the wood-pigeons. Every Londoner must have noticed the increase of these birds, and we have endeavoured to trace their origin. Twenty years ago, the wood-pigeon, or ringdove, was a rare bird in London. Dr. Hamilton, writing in 1879, says:—'Until the greater 'portion of the Scotch firs in Kensington Gardens were cut

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'down there were generally three or four pairs of these 'birds breeding there, and up to 1878, a pair nested for the 'three previous years in an old pollard poplar in the Green 'Park.' That is the only mention of a species which may now be counted by hundreds. The birds in Green Park were disturbed by digging and planting under their nest; and we have no record until 1883, when a pair nested in Buckingham Palace Gardens in a chestnut tree overhanging Grosvenor Place. In 1888, about ten pairs appear to have nested in the parks, and two in Kensington Gardens, probably all descendants of the pair in Green Park. After that, the wood-pigeons increased visibly, and now it may be said that there is a nest in almost every clump of trees. Nor do they confine themselves to the parks. They may be seen in Lincoln's Inn Fields and Temple Gardens; they have spread to Westminster, and nest in Dean's Yard and the Canon's Gardens. A pair built in one of the two trees in St. Margaret's Churchyard, and another pair made their way into the City, and built in a tree in St. Botolph's Churchyard, not five feet from the window of the new Post Office. It is sad to relate that the two young birds fell out of the nest and were killed. It is now a common thing for dwellers in London squares to look out of their upper windows, and see the birds building, or the two white eggs reposing in their fragile nest but a few yards off. What makes this the more extraordinary is that the wood-pigeons, as everyone knows, are the shyest and wariest of birds; yet they may now often be seen in the parks, perching on the railings within an arm's length of the passers-by, and even taking food out of their hands, and settling on their arms. It is perceptible from the smaller numbers in the parks that the greater part of the wood-pigeons leave London in winter time.

A famous shot of the last century, General Oglethorpe, was fond of boasting that he had killed woodcocks on the spot where Conduit Street now stands. General Oglethorpe died over a hundred years ago, but it is still possible, if not to shoot, at least to kill a woodcock in London. Not a year passes but some woodcocks—in some years quite a number—are seen in the parks, or come to a sad end in the streets. The woodcock, as every sportsman is aware, is a winter visitor to our country, and though a few remain and nest here, it is only in the autumn and winter months that it appears in London. On November 3, 1835, Colonel Hawker wrote in his diary:—

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'I went into our United Service Club to get some soup about 4 o'clock, and Sir F. Egerton came in and said he had just marked down a woodcock in the little shrubs of the park, close to the club-house; and, had it not been so late, General Mundy would have gone to the Ranger and got leave for me to go and kill the woodcock for the King. What a novelty this would have been!'

Even since Colonel Hawker's day there have been many woodcocks seen in London. One was observed in St. James's Park, flying fast and low from the barracks towards Marlborough House; during a frost, another was seen at dusk flying down the centre of the Serpentine, not twenty yards over the heads of the skaters. On another occasion a woodcock flew so near a gentleman who was walking in Hyde Park that he struck at it with his umbrella. We have also records of the bird's appearance in Regent's Park, and of one flying up Eaton Place a little above the tops of the houses. Some men at work in Frank Buckland's Fisheries Museum at South Kensington saw another bird fly through the open window, and dash against a large pane of glass opposite, breaking the window and killing itself with the force of the concussion. Another specimen was captured in the court of the Stationers' Hall; another was seen to fly against the telegraph wires in Fleet Street, which is a frequent way for many birds to meet their death. A cabman in St. John's Wood was surprised to see a woodcock alight at his feet, but had sufficient presence of mind to chase the bird and throw his hat over it. Another specimen was reported, one Sunday afternoon in October, to have pitched in the gardens in Marylebone Road, and on being flushed, mounted high over the houses and made off in the direction of Oxford Street. The catalogue is endless, and lastly we will only mention that a live bird was observed on the lawn of a house in Kensington, and probably the same was caught soon after in Cromwell Road and exhibited by a local fishmonger for three days, when the unfortunate creature died.

The snipe is also occasionally picked up in the streets; but there are many men living who can remember when it was not uncommon to put up snipe in winter between Hyde Park Corner and the Marble Arch. The jack-snipe, a smaller species of the genus *Scolopax*, has also come into London, and quite recently, on a night in January, a half-starved one was picked up in the courtyard of the Bank of England. It had apparently flown against the telegraph wires, as the upper mandible of its bill was almost cut through at the base.

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We have never come across any account of a pheasant in London. Quails have so frequently appeared that one can only suppose they have escaped from the poulterers. Partridges have more than once been seen in London. Many years ago one dropped alive into Regent Street. More recently, another single bird appeared in Hyde Park, where it was flushed by several people, much to their surprise.

We are inclined to think that the sea-gulls in London have increased; for of recent years, all through the winter months gulls may be found on the Thames in varying numbers. A hard frost or a heavy gale invariably produces an influx of these birds, some of which make their way through London to the upper reaches of the river and to the waters in the parks. The great majority of these belong to the species, somewhat inappropriately, called 'black-headed gull,' for in winter its head is white, and from March to August a dusky brown. During the great frost in the winter of 1895 the number of gulls was quite unprecedented, and the scene along the Embankment was of the most extraordinary description. The river was filled with small icebergs which floated up and down with the tide, whilst the air was filled with countless thousands of starving gulls. Some hovered and flapped their wings a few feet from the spectators; others plunged and fought for any scrap of offal in the water; others rested on the blocks of ice or the decks of barges. Enterprising costermongers sold horseflesh in pennyworths and invited the spectators to remember the starving birds; and many persons amused themselves in throwing food to the gulls. Among the black-headed gulls are a few other species; but in winter the feathers of every gull are of the same dusky grey colour and many are young birds in immature plumage. There is, however, an infallible way of persuading gulls to disclose their identity; and that is by throwing some food into the water. A small flock at once collects, and the birds, as they flutter and scream over the water, put down their heads and drop their legs, which have hitherto been concealed under their tails. It is then possible to distinguish the red legs of the black-headed gull, the brownish legs of the kittiwake, the flesh-coloured legs of the herring-gull and the yellowish-green legs of the common-gull, which, in London, is decidedly rare, in spite of its name. Rarer in London are the lesser and the greater black-backed gulls, though both are occasionally seen over the Thames. The latter are much shyer than the others, and much larger.

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Our account of London birds would be very imperfect if it did not more particularly mention the various species of water-birds which are attracted by the pieces of artificial water in the parks. Round these lakes numbers of semi-domesticated wild-ducks (if such an expression be permissible) congregate and nest. In winter-time, genuine wild-fowl are often induced to settle, invited by the sight of these birds. A contributor to the 'Zoologist,' some forty years ago, stated that he had seen no less than eight different species of British ducks on the London waters—the gadwall, widgeon, teal, pochard, shoveller, ferruginous-duck, golden-eye, and tufted-duck. All these had perfect wings, and were probably really wild birds. Even to-day, teal sometimes appear upon the St. James's Park lake, and a correspondent of the 'Field' reports widgeon on the lake at Battersea. Flocks of wild geese have more than once in winter been seen flying over London; only twelve months ago a flock was observed at Holloway. These birds, we need hardly say, do not settle in the parks. Moorhens regularly nest at all these lakes, and coots have occasionally been noticed as casual visitors. In spring and autumn, on their migrations, terns of four species have been known to rest and disport themselves there. Among those that have been clearly identified are the common tern, lesser tern, arctic-tern, and black-tern. On their migrations, sand-pipers have been observed to frequent the banks of the Serpentine. Every now and then herons, from the two heronries near London, at Richmond and at Wanstead Park, are noticed flying over the town. There are even stories of these birds alighting on the cross of St. Paul's Cathedral; and a solitary heron was lately seen fishing in the lake at Battersea Park.

We do not pretend to have given a complete catalogue of all species of London birds. It is very possible that others may have nested in London without the fact of their doing so being recorded. It is certain that many names might be added to the list of stragglers, even within the last few years; for it is easy to imagine that a bird may take up its quarters in London and depart again unnoticed.

It must be a matter of interest to every Londoner, who has any feeling for natural history, that, if possible, those species of birds which still inhabit London should be preserved. The London County Council have been active in making use of the powers given them by the Wild Birds' Protection Acts. The Home Secretary, upon their application, has extended the close time, which exists under the original Act for all

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birds throughout the country, so that in London there is a close time for every species of wild bird from February 1 to August 31. Any person, who kills a wild bird between those two dates, is liable, subject to certain provisos in the Acts, to a fine for every bird killed. The County Council had previously resolved to ask the Home Secretary to issue an order prohibiting the destruction of any wild birds or their eggs, at any place within the county of London, during any part of the year. The authorities at the Home Office appear to have considered such a comprehensive order to have been more than the Legislature contemplated. The Home Secretary has, however, made an order forbidding the taking or killing of some fifty selected species during the autumn and winter months, as well as during the normal close time; in other words, making it an offence to kill these birds at any time of year. It is unfortunate that the majority of the birds selected for this special protection are summer migrants which leave for the South before the arrival of winter, so that they will derive little benefit from a special close time which extends from September to February. Another order has been made, the effect of which is to impose a penalty of 1*l.* for every egg of certain specified birds taken or destroyed within the area administered by the County Council. The names of some sixty selected birds of all orders, from the nightingale to the merlin, and the magpie to the coot, appear. Among all these sixty, it is disappointing to find that only nine are among the birds we mentioned as having recently nested in London proper. The resident birds of the parks, the thrushes, blackbirds and robins, are left out; and the reader may be pardoned for smiling when he finds that the osprey and its eggs are among the objects selected for special protection in the county of London.

We fear, however, that, with the best intentions, no resolutions of County Councils, orders of Home Secretaries, or Acts of Parliament can do much to protect the birds of London. The number of species which inhabit London must go on decreasing as London grows larger and more smoky, and the parks more artificial and more frequented. The migratory birds will pass through, but fewer of them will be tempted to remain and nest. The accidental stragglers will still go on appearing, and will perish in the streets of London, as so many birds have done before them.

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ART. VIII.—1. *Plain Tales from the Hills.* Third edition. London: 1896.

2. *Soldiers Three, and Other Stories.* London: 1896.

3. *Many Inventions.* London: 1896.

4. *Life's Handicap.* London: 1897.

5. *Wee Willie Winkie, and Other Stories.* London: 1896.

6. *The Light that Failed.* London: 1896.

7. *Barrack Room Ballads, and Other Verses.* London: 1897.

8. *The Seven Seas.* London: 1897.

9. *Departmental Ditties, and Other Verses.* London and Calcutta: 1897.

10. *The Jungle Book.* London: 1894.

11. *The Second Jungle Book.* London: 1895.

12. *Captains Courageous.* London: 1897.

WHAT are we to include under the term 'literature'? The dictionary-makers are somewhat devious in their definitions. Johnson, after his manner, is curt and comprehensive, but less logical than usual, in defining it as 'learning; skill in letters;' seeing that 'letters,' as here used, is itself but a loose synonym for 'literature;' and as to his first term, he is confounding receipts with expenditure, 'learning' being obviously something acquired, 'literature,' whatever it is, something produced; so that dear old Sam comes out of it rather badly, though we have not the slightest doubt that he would have his answer ready if he could look over our shoulder. Worcester gives us the simple summary: 'The results of learning, knowledge, and imagination, preserved in writing;' by which definition a text-book on the steam engine would rank as literature. That will hardly do. Whitney (in the excellent American 'Century Dictionary') goes more fully into the matter:—

'*Literature*: The use of letters for the promulgation of thought or knowledge, the communication of facts, ideas or emotions by means of books or other modes of publication. . . . In a restricted sense, the class of writings in which expression and form, in connexion with ideas of permanent and universal interest, are characteristic or essential features.'

'Qualities' would be better than 'features' (a dangerous word ever since the days of Lord Castlereagh), but, nevertheless, Whitney, like 'Number Two' in Master Hugues's fugue,

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'must discept—has distinguished,' and that not without discretion; and by tabulating two grades or degrees in literature he has provided for the recognition of many important books which one can hardly refuse to class as literature, and yet in which expression and form are not 'characteristic and essential' qualities. As examples, one might name, perhaps, such books as Hallam's 'Constitutional 'History' and 'Wellington's Dispatches.' It may be observed that for books to rank as literature in this outer circle they must, as a general rule, have one or other of those qualities the combination of which is generally necessary to the inner or esoteric literature. Thus, to refer to the two books just mentioned, the 'Constitutional History' has form—very carefully considered form—but no interest of expression. The 'Wellington Dispatches' have plenty of expression, sometimes of a very piquant description, but they are deficient in literary or artistic form, which was not the business of their author. Our friend Whitney, however, has another and a very important suggestion for us—that the expression and form in the inner circle of literature should be 'in 'connexion with ideas of permanent and universal interest.' That would be scanned. What are 'ideas of permanent and 'universal interest'? Strange to say, if we come to think of it, we shall have to dismiss from the schedule some of what are currently regarded as among the most serious objects of human contemplation. Not to theology can we look to furnish them; have we not the warning before us of our great English epic, weighted and disfigured by the frayed sackings of a worn-out theologic system flapping about it? Nor to science, though there are that fondly so dream; for the scientific facts of one age occupy the lumber-room of the next; science is the very goddess of mutability, and even in her contemporary strength appeals only to the intellect, and not to the heart. No: 'Humani nil a me 'alienum' is the motto of literature; that which is of permanent and universal interest to man is man himself—his passions, trials, hopes, aspirations; his character and his humour, his laughter and his tears; and nature only as directly related to and influencing his own feelings in her simpler and more direct relation with his perceptions. This earth and the little but ever-absorbing game of life that is played out on it—that, after all, is our 'permanent interest,' and that is the food of poetry, along with the scenery which forms the background to the play. Literature has no call to inspect the machinery; she deals with the effects and

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the acting. She is not concerned with the movements and average collisions of the particles that are said to form the ring of Saturn, or with the canals of Mars, or the parallax of *a* Centauri; she prefers to contemplate the spectacle from her own point of view:—

> 'in heaven's marge
> Show Titan still, recumbent o'er his targe
> Solid with stars—the Centaur at his game
> Made tremulously out in hoary flame!' *

The question, however, has been put in recent days, both practically and in criticism, whether literature dealing with human actions is called upon to select those which are of permanent and universal interest; whether form and expression are not in themselves sufficient for higher literature, independent of any high interest in the subjects treated; in other words, the principle of *l'art pour l'art* applied to literature. Did not M. Bourget preach this gospel the other day to an Oxford audience, and show them how, in 'Madame 'Bovary,' Flaubert had of choice and purpose selected a phase of life and action sordid, mean, and revolting, for the express purpose of concentrating the reader's attention on the literary art displayed in treating it. That such a work is literature, and literature of the inner circle, may be admitted, but one may say of the art displayed what Johnson said of the art of mimicry: 'It requires great powers, but it 'is putting them to a very low use.' Then there is still another combination to be noticed: that in which perfect literary form and expression are devoted to the exposition of a subject or a thought pleasing in itself, but the inherent value of which is so slight as to be hardly worth consideration, and which merely serves as an excuse or occasion for play of literary art. This type of literary creation is hardly to be found in perfection, and the attempt at it is perhaps hardly excusable, except in poetry, the class of literature in which it need scarcely be said that form is of more importance than in any other type of literary production. There is a peculiar charm about this type of poem when handled by a really finished artist; it is such pure 'play,' so to speak; it appeals to our most delicate and cultured sense of form, without troubling or wrenching our feelings in any way; it will neither console us in grief nor uplift us in strife, to be sure; it is the mere recreation of a pleasant and unalloyed hour.

* Sordello.

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We may, therefore, in a comprehensive manner, classify books, from a literary point of view, as follows:—

1. Books containing mere records of material facts, valuable only for their accuracy, without regard to form or expression.	not literature.
2. Books containing records of facts of general human interest, history, observation of life, &c., either drawn up with some regard to form, or pervaded by interest of expression.	outer circle of literature.
3. (*a*) Books dealing with facts or ideas of general and permanent human interest, in which form and expression are essential qualities; and (*b*) books dealing with subjects of little inherent interest, but which are remarkable for perfection of form and expression.	inner circle of literature.

All poetry is included under the third heading, but not all verse. Poetry requires that the best word should be used for expressing the idea to be conveyed; verse that comes into our second heading does not aspire to that degree of refinement; provided that the words are fairly expressive, and that the lilt of the verse is kept going, that is all that is aimed at. Versified narrative of this type has a value of its own. Only let it be remembered that it is not poetry, which implies the greatest attainable perfection of form and expression; and that its interest is only transient, while that of poetry is permanent.

In the second term of our classification we have inserted one sub-heading which has not been referred to before, in regard to books dealing with 'observation of life,' and that brings us to the main subject of this article, the contributions to our literature of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; for it is in regard to the nature and contents of a considerable proportion of his already numerous volumes that we felt that this additional heading in the classification was absolutely required in order to do him justice. For of the many remarkable qualities in Mr. Kipling's publications, the most remarkable of all is the extraordinary faculty of observation which they display; observation of the manners and characters of various classes of men—Anglo-Indian society, native society in India, soldiers, seafaring men; observation of the details of construction of all kinds of things by land and sea, of military tactics and operations, of animals and their ways. Nothing he comes in contact with seems to escape his notice, and, while still a young man, he gives one the impression in his books of having lived two or

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three lives, and lived them pretty thoroughly. 'Choses 'Vues' might be the general title for a great deal of his work; with the important addition that he not only sees things himself, but he makes the reader see them. As an instance of the vivid touch of reality which he gives to a description, one could name, perhaps, nothing better than the incident in the charming little Indian story called 'The 'Finances of the Gods' ('Life's Handicap'), where the money-lender heard the gods walking in the temple 'in the 'darkness of the columns,' and Shiv called to his son Ganesh to know what he had done about the lakh of rupees for the mendicant (Ganesh, or Ganesha, it will be remembered, is an elephant-headed deity); 'and Ganesh woke, for the 'money-lender heard the dry rustle of his trunk unfolding.' The realism of the incident quite startles the reader; Ganesh is no longer a Hindu myth; he is actually sitting there 'in 'the darkness of the columns;' we have never been so close to a real Hindu deity before. Mr. Kipling's concern, however, is in general with things which are not supernatural, and so varied and so vividly conveyed is his information as to these, that he has by his sole observation and descriptions largely contributed to increase our general knowledge of what is done in the world, and the way it is done. Whatever new scene he visits, whatever new operation of men's hands he becomes acquainted with, he gives the impression that he has taken it all in, that not a detail has escaped him, and he brings it all before the reader in the most vivid and dramatic manner. As a spectacle of alertness of perception and vigour of descriptive power it is unique in English literature.

Mr. Kipling's prose works may be approximately classified under the heads of sketches of Anglo-Indian life and manners, sketches and stories of native Indian life, scenes of military life and of warfare, two or three stories which do not come under any of these heads, and 'The Jungle Book,' which may be said to form a class by itself. The poems it may be more convenient to consider separately. He first came before the English public with two small volumes, entitled 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and 'Soldiers Three.' Their success was immediate and unquestionable; everyone recognised at once that here was a new writer, who had his own way of looking at things and his own way of treating them; and possibly the fact that the 'Plain Tales' professed to give an insight into the ways of Anglo-Indian society, gave them an additional interest for those who had no con-

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nexions in India and knew little of the country. Looking at the collection again now, one sees at once that the author has far surpassed most of the things in it in subsequent works, and that the tone of it is for the most part very cynical—one may, indeed, say ill-natured; a quality which probably counted for a good deal in its immediate success. It is not difficult to conclude that the impression conveyed in it as to the way our exiled compatriots spend their time on Indian stations must be taken with a good many grains of salt. No doubt a civilised society which forms a high-class caste by itself in a country where there is practically no middle-class of its own blood to criticise it, and where it is in the position of a dominant race ruling over an inferior one, is under the temptation to do what is right in its own eyes—or occasionally what is wrong—with greater freedom than a similar society at home would enjoy. On the other hand, it is not surprising that a man of genius, drawing pictures of said society from outside its barriers, should mix a little of the gall of bitterness with his ink. Mrs. Hauksbee, however, is an intelligible creation, and does credit, after her manner, to her inventor; and among sketches that have genuine humour of a pleasanter kind are 'The Germ-destroyer,' 'His Wedded Wife,' and 'Tods' Amendment.'

The author's cynicism on the subject of Anglo-Indian life comes to a head in the story, cast in dramatic form, of 'The Gadsbys,' which appeared some little time later. Clever enough this is, but it is the kind of superficial cleverness of which one sees too much in the modern Society drama, where the stage is occupied by personages whose aim in life seems to be to say unpleasant things to each other in a smart manner. Disagreeable as the story is it has a moral of a kind (emphasised in a versified epilogue), to the effect that marriage spoils a zealous officer; Captain Gadsby having come to think that life is now too precious to risk the loss of it in a *mêlée*, or even the remote chance of being ridden over by his column on parade if his horse should stumble. The scene in which he confesses this weakness to a brother-officer, who tries to argue it out of him, is the best-written and the least disagreeable. Is there anything in the moral? One may answer 'Yes,' for the sort of marriage among the sort of people described. We recall the expression of an Indian soldier of another stamp, Sir Thomas Seaton, who in 1839 had brought out a young wife from England, and had to leave her immediately to escort a

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convoy on what proved a terrible march across a desert plain under a burning sun, when water had failed them and his men were dying off on the road from thirst and exhaustion, and who records that during the horrors of that march, when he sometimes felt tempted to lie down and die, one of the chief influences that kept him up was 'the thought 'that there was one far away, who, while sympathising with 'his sufferings, eagerly desired to see her husband play the 'part of a man in the career which lay before him.' The Gadsby moral looks poor enough after that; and, in fact, the whole production is vulgar in style and in tone from beginning to end; and possibly the author, who has lived to write better and healthier things since then, regrets it now.

Other stories connected with India present better morals than this; and one of the best qualities in Mr. Kipling's work is the serious and patriotic interest he evidently feels in the position of England in India, and his thorough belief in the greatness of his country, in spite of governmental and departmental weaknesses and blunders. In the way of a story which is at the same time a political criticism he has done nothing better and more telling than the account of the very brief career of the Bengali Deputy Commissioner, emphasised in effect by the sketch, at the commencement, of his English predecessor, Orde, who dies of fever while giving his last advice to the unruly tribesmen whom he had bullied and kept in order, and who mourned like children over his death. And then came wisdom in the person of 'the greatest 'of all Viceroys,' deciding that it was time for the cultured native to be put forward, and appointing to the vacant office Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, M.A., who was 'more English 'than the English,' and conversed with his English second in command 'of Oxford and "home," with much curious book-'knowledge of bump suppers, cricket matches, hunting runs, 'and other unholy sports of the alien,' and whose appointment was thus hailed in 'The Viceroy's Excellence Gazette,' published in Calcutta:—

'Our beloved Viceroy once more and again thus vindicating the potentialities of the Bengali nations for extended executive and administrative duties in foreign parts beyond our ken. We do not at all doubt that our excellent fellow-townsman, Mr. Grish Chunder Dé, Esq., M.A., will uphold the prestige of the Bengali, notwithstanding what underhand intrigue and *peshbundi* may be set on foot to insidiously nip his fame and blast his prospects among the proud civilians, some of which will now have to serve under a despised native, and take

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orders, too. How will you like that, Misters? We entreat our beloved Viceroy still to substantiate himself superiorly to race-prejudice and colour blindness, and to allow the flower of this now *our* Civil Service all the full pays and allowances granted to his more fortunate brethren.'

How 'Mr. Dé, Esq.,' was crumpled up at once by the uprising of the very tribes who had mourned the death of the Englishman who had kept them in order, and how he flung himself for protection and advice on his English subordinates, is graphically told, and is probably pretty fair prophesying. The time for these things is not yet, at all events. The constantly recurring domestic tragedy of the Indian-born child, sent home to grow up under unsympathetic care, is touchingly portrayed in the history of 'Baa, Baa, Black Sheep,' in connexion with which we may observe that the author's love for and sympathy with children, and understanding of their ways and feelings, is pleasantly evident over and over again in his works. Another domestic problem—perhaps one ought not to call it domestic—in the possible relations of the white man with the native woman, is touched upon in the story of 'Gorgie Porgie,' and in another and pleasanter aspect in the beautiful though sad little idyll, 'Without Benefit of Clergy,' telling of the love of John Holden for the Indian girl who was bound to him by every tie of true affection, and whose figure is one of the most charming sketches in all these volumes. Yet, if poor little Ameera had not died, all their love could not have prevented her being a serious clog on any possible career for the man who loved her. So she evidently thought.

'"Take no hair from my head. *She* would make thee burn it later on. That flame I should feel. Lower! Stoop lower! Remember only that I was thine, and bore thee a son. Though thou wed a white woman to-morrow, the pleasure of receiving in thy arms thy first son is taken from thee for ever. Remember me when thy son is born—the one that shall carry thy name before all men. His misfortunes be on my head. I bear witness—I bear witness"—the lips were forming the words close to his ear—"that there is no God—but thee, beloved."

'Then she died. Holden sat still, and all thought was taken from him, till he heard Ameera's mother lift the curtain:

'"Is she dead, *Sahib*?"

'"She is dead."

'"Then I will mourn, and afterwards take an inventory of the house. For that will be mine. The Sahib does not mean to resume it?"'

The story of 'The Man that Was,' one of those which has

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taken most hold on the public, and justly, for its dramatic and spirited style, is also concerned with more than mere story-telling, though the point does not appear till the end, when the Russian officer, who had been so unfortunately candid in his cups, said 'au revoir' to the English officers who saw their guest to the train, and 'pointed to where 'the North Star burned over the Khyber Pass.' 'Of course; 'happy to meet you, old man, any time you like,' said 'little Mildred,' the big subaltern, humming to himself, as the train disappeared, a verse from a Simla burlesque:—

'I am sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I am sorry to cause him pain;
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again.'

Many things may happen in the meantime, but a 'terrible 'spree' there certainly will be if Dirkovitch comes back that way; with one of two results—either England will become a second-class Power, or she will start on a new career of greatness.

If one does not like the tone of the social sketches in 'Plain Tales from the Hills,' and some others of the same kind which have followed them, there is no such complaint to be made against the military stories and the studies of barrack-room life and character. They are manly and healthy in tone throughout; the only complaint we make against them is the amount of chopped English and barrack-room *argot* that one has to wade through. But we must admit that we do not see how the author's immediate object —that of giving an impression of the soldier as he actually thinks and talks—could have been very well attained in dictionary language. That the picture is in the main a true one we may feel pretty sure, for in regard to facts about military service and warfare, even military men (usually very sharp critics of civilian descriptions) seem to admit that Mr. Kipling's accuracy in details is extraordinary, and that he is hardly to be caught tripping anywhere; and, therefore, we may conclude that he has also pretty correctly appreciated the typical character of the private soldier, with whom he has evidently, whether for purposes of 'copy' or otherwise, consorted on familiar terms. Private Mulvaney is, for the general reader, a new and distinct creation in fiction; whether he can secure a place in literature is a question we will return to; but, in the meantime, he has certainly added to the gaiety of nations.

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The general reader also gets quite a new idea, from some of the battle stories, of the realities of warfare. This has been done in the Erckmann-Chatrian stories, of course, to some extent, though in a more general manner, and with less attention to detail; and those who are interested in learning how battles are fought have had plenty of opportunity of acquiring this kind of knowledge in the numerous personal records of the American Civil War, which have been going on for years in some of the American magazines. But the general public do not read mere military records much; they only take these pills with the sugar of a good story, and that is where Erckmann-Chatrian and Mr. Kipling have succeeded. But there is the great difference between the two, that Mr. Kipling deals with Englishmen and with up-to-date warfare, and (which is far more important) that, while the French novelists wrote with the direct purpose of discrediting war, and there is a rather miserable whine of 'I wish I were well out of it' running through their stories, Mr. Kipling glories in it—he is Tyrtæan; he asks one to believe that to rush into a cut-and-thrust *mêlée*, where your life is not worth a second's purchase, is a joy to be panted after. We have no space here for the proper digression on the morality of war: but we know which is the manlier feeling of the two, and which of the two authors we would rather our boys should read. As in other stories, Mr. Kipling throws out from time to time little criticisms and morals which are of wider significance than lies in mere story-telling. 'Tis only a *dah* and 'a Snider that makes a dacoit,' says Mulvaney; 'widout 'thim he is a paceful cultivator, an' felony for to shoot.' In the capital story of 'The Taking of Lungtunpen,' two of the men who are invited to strip, 'an' swhim in where 'glory waits,' replied that they could not swim. 'To think,' said Mulvaney, 'that I should live to hear that from a bhoy 'wid a board school edukashin. Take a lump of thimber, 'an' me an' Conolly here will ferry ye over, ye young 'ladies!' The importance of knowing how to deal with your foe is suggested in a telling passage in 'The Drums 'of the Fore and Aft,' when the Afghans charged, led by fifty Ghazis, 'half maddened with drugs, and wholly mad 'with religious fanaticism.'

'Anyone who knew the business could have told the Fore and Aft that the only way of dealing with a Ghazi rush is by volleys at long ranges; because a man who means to die, who desires to die, who will gain heaven by dying, must in nine cases out of ten kill a man who

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has a lingering prejudice in favour of life. When they should have closed and gone forward, the Fore and Aft opened out and skirmished, and when they should have opened out and fired, they closed and waited.'

There is a significant comment on the subsequent events, when the regiment had realised that 'an Afghan attacked is 'far less formidable than an Afghan attacking'—'which fact 'old soldiers might have told them. But they had no old 'soldiers in their ranks.' The story of the 'Big drunk 'Draf,' the home draft of men who had got out of all control of the young officer in charge of them till, under the inspiring advice of Mulvaney (now retired from the Service and only in camp as a visitor), he broke the regulations and 'pegged out' two of the most unruly men, 'and bullydamned them down to the dock, till they could 'not call their souls their own,' and was cheered by the men as they embarked, has also its practical moral. Over and over again we have the same wholesome gospel of the value of discipline and the respect felt for the strong man who does not shrink from enforcing it.

In regard to others of the miscellaneous stories, there are two that we would single out for special mention; one which everyone knows—'In Flood Time,' the story told by the old native to the Englishman benighted on the bank of the flooded river, when 'the boulders were talking in the bed of 'the river,' and even Ram Pershad, the pearl of elephants, shook his head and came back when driven into it. This little story is quite a poem in prose; it could not be praised too highly; perhaps we feel its beauty and literary merit all the more because for once we get into a region wholly free from slang and colloquialisms. The other we refer to is less known than it should be; it was first published in the 'Contemporary Review,' under the title 'The Finest Story in 'the World,' and is republished in 'Many Inventions.' The author met with a bank clerk who had partial recollections, at intervals, of his pre-existence as a galley slave in a Greek trireme, and subsequently in a Norse galley, and comes out with them unexpectedly in conversation. He was on the lower deck in the trireme, where almost the only light came in through the oarholes, and where the oars were jammed back against the rowers, and shot up into the air, when another galley rammed them. There is plenty of detail of this description, and there is one detail which is significant of the way the author realises in his own mind the situations he describes: there was a raised gangway down the centre

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of the galley, above the level of the rowing floor, for the overseer to walk up and down, 'and a rope running over-'head, looped to the upper deck, for him to catch hold of 'when the ship rolls.' How many writers, if they began to imagine such a story at all, would have thought of that little practical necessity? But Mr. Kipling is as much at home on the sea as in barracks. Unfortunately, the bank clerk's recollections of past states of existence were untimely quenched by the more powerful influence of his love for a pretty assistant in a tobacconist's shop, and so 'the finest 'story in the world' remains in a fragmentary state. But what there is of it was well worth having, and suggests a direction in which Mr. Kipling's imaginative power might find further exercise.

One cannot quit the miscellaneous stories without a warning against the pitfall of sensationalism into which the author has been tempted in some of them, and which is one of the natural results of writing too much and too fast. Once let a writer, even of genius, take to writing 'shockers,' and find that he succeeds in producing the shock, and there is the temptation to repeat the experiment, partly from the feeling that his readers will look for more of the same kind of excitement; and this kind of thing, both to author and public, is like dram-drinking: the dose has to be continually strengthened to keep up the effect. 'The Mark of the 'Beast' and 'The Return of Imray' are 'shockers' of an exaggerated and pernicious stamp, and even fail in their effect, as such, because they pass our bounds of credence; and the horrible story of 'Bertram and Bimi,' though its power cannot be denied, is a kind of thing that ought never to have been written—a story that a man who had read it would probably warn his wife against reading, lest she should get an image of horror into her brain which she could never get rid of. This is nightmare literature. The short story which succeeds it in 'Life's Handicap,' told by the same stolid German, of 'Reingelder and the German Flag,' is, on the other hand, an admirable piece of grotesque humour, and another example of Mr. Kipling's quickness of observation. It is a delightful study of the stolid egotism of the middle-class German *savant*, with his assumption that everyone is ignorant beside himself: 'Dis was in Uruguay, 'which is in Amerique—North or Sout' you would not 'know.' 'Yates was a crate authorité ubon der reptilia of 'Sout' Amerique. He haf written a book. You do not 'know, of course, but he vas a crate authorité.' It is a

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very slight sketch, hardly to call a story, but it is excellent as far as it goes.

The only two stories of any length which the author has produced as separate publications are 'The Light that 'Failed' and his most recent work, 'Captains Courageous.' 'The Light that Failed' has been rather overrated. It is hardly a story so much as a succession of scenes and conversations, mostly among pressmen and newspaper correspondents, who talk entirely in slang of the most audacious type, and seems to have been intended partly as a vehicle for conveying the writer's opinions on art and society, for it is pretty evident that the hero of the story is to a great extent the author's mouthpiece. There are brilliant pages in it, but we should say that little trouble went to the writing of it, and that it is flung together rather than composed. The redeeming portions of the book are the two scenes between Dick and Maisie on the shore at Fort Keeling; the first one where, as children, they first get the notion of being in love with each other; the second, where Dick beguiled Maisie, now an independent young woman working in her own studio, on that defiantly unconventional Sunday excursion to the same place, in the vain thought that the old associations of the scene would assist him in the effort to awaken the love which he had grown to regard as the one thing worth living for. The waste coast scene, with the wind shrilling across it, peopled by only these two figures, makes a picture that remains in the memory; and Dick's description of the glories of the earth, as an inducement to Maisie to come with him 'and see what the world is really 'like,' is fine.

'"I know such little heavens that I could take you to—islands tucked away under the Line. You sight them after crashing for weeks through water as black as black marble, because it is so deep, and you sit in the forechains day after day and see the sun rise, almost afraid because the sea is so lonely.'

. . . . . .

'"I don't quite like that place. It sounds lazy; tell me another."

'"What do you think of a big, red, dead city built of red sandstone, with raw green aloes growing between the stones, lying out neglected on honey-coloured sands? There are forty dead kings there, Maisie, each in a gorgeous tomb finer than all the others. You look at the palaces, and streets, and shops, and tanks, and think that men must live there, till you find a wee grey squirrel rubbing its nose all alone in the market-place, and a jewelled peacock struts out of a carved doorway and spreads its tail against a marble screen as finely pierced as point lace."'

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'And more of it—and more of it,' as Pippa says. Highly characteristic, too, is Dick's change of interest when the beating of a screw-steamer is heard, and Maisie, as ignorant as most people about nautical matters, on her sending up a rocket, asks if it is a wreck:—

'"Wreck! What nonsense! She's only reporting herself. Red rocket forward—there's a green light aft now, and two red rockets from the bridge."'

'"What does that mean?"

'"It is the signal of the Cross Keys line, running to Australia. I wonder which steamer it is." The note of his voice had changed; he seemed to be talking to himself, and Maisie did not approve of it. The moonlight broke the haze for a moment, touching the black sides of a long steamer working down Channel. "Four masts and three funnels —she's in deep draught, too. That must be the *Barralong*, or the *Bhutia*. No, the *Bhutia* has a clipper bow. It's the *Barralong*, to Australia. She'll lift the Southern Cross in a week—lucky old tub! —oh, lucky old tub!"'

We have quoted this because it is so characteristic of the author—of that keen interest which notes every class of fact, and how everything is done. Mr. Kipling is, in fact, reading the public a constant lesson on the philosophy of 'eyes and 'no eyes.' One can understand the contempt which he expresses somewhere for the kind of first-class passenger who asks what makes the cranks go round, and whether the stoke-hole is hot.

'The Light that Failed,' however, is not a book in the proper sense. 'Captains Courageous' is a far more satisfactory performance. The author has apparently been having some experience among a cod-fishing fleet off the North American coast, and as all is fish that comes to his net, he has shaped his experiences into a story which, though there is none of the tragic element that comes into 'The Light 'that Failed,' is a much better written book, and is governed by a distinct plan and motive. Harvey Cheyne, an exceedingly disagreeable specimen of a spoiled American boy of sixteen, the only son of a millionaire, and whose possible future developement has already given his father much anxiety, contrives to let himself fall overboard from a liner, and is picked up half-drowned by the boat of the 'We're Here' fishing schooner, whose rough skipper does not believe his statement about unlimited money to be gained by taking him to New York, says he cannot leave his fishing for four months, and knocks Harvey down for a defiant demeanour, excusable under the circumstances, but which the

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skipper regards merely as innate and gratuitous 'cheek.' Finally, Harvey is given no choice but wages and work, dons a seaman's costume, gradually learns his work and the management of boats, and when, at the close of the fishing season, he at last gets ashore again and his sorrowing parents are telegraphed for, they find the indolent, weakly, self-indulgent, loafing boy transformed into a strong, healthy lad, full of energy, proud of his work and of his newly acquired knowledge of seamanship, and with the highest admiration for the rough but clever and honest skipper, Disko Troop. There is a terrible amount of fishing-fleet vernacular to wade through in the book, but the whole description of the sea-life and Harvey's gradual acquaintance with it is most vividly told; there is a salt-sea smell about it all, and we even seem to get the feeling of everything being on the swing with the movement of the water. On the voyage for port, when there was no fishing,

'Harvey had time to look at the sea from another point of view. The low-sided schooner was naturally on most intimate terms with her surroundings. They saw little of the horizon, save when she topped a swell; and usually she was elbowing, fidgeting, and coaxing her steadfast way through grey, grey-blue, or black hollows laced across and across with streaks of shivering foam, or rubbing herself caressingly along the flank of some bigger water-hill. It was as if she said, "You won't hurt me, surely? I'm only the little 'We're Here.'" Then she would slide away, chuckling softly to herself, till she was brought up by some fresh obstacle. The dullest of folk cannot see this kind of thing hour after hour through long days without noticing it; and Harvey, being anything but dull, began to comprehend and enjoy the dry chorus of wave-tops turning over with a sound of incessant tearing; the hurry of the winds working across open spaces and herding the purple-blue cloud-shadows; the splendid upheaval of the red sunrise; the folding and packing away of the morning mists, wall after wall withdrawn across the white floors; the salty glare and blaze of noon; the kiss of rain falling over thousands of dead, flat, square miles; the chilly blackening of everything at the day's end; and the million wrinkles of the sea under the moonlight, when the jib-boom solemnly poked at the low stars, and Harvey went down to get a dough-nut from the cook.'

Another remarkable passage is the description of the sudden breaking of the water over the 'Virgin' rock around which the fleet were anchored (we do not quite gather whether the true name of the rock is given, but we have no doubt the incident is from observation)—a large expanse of rock just near enough to the surface to cause breakers when there was a sufficient swell to catch a check from the submerged mass,

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a phenomenon which in certain conditions of weather seems to recur at nearly regular intervals, in accordance with that curious second rhythm which actuates the movements of sea water, over and above the more visible rhythm of the ordinary waves. One of the dories (the American name for a type of small boat used as a tender on the fishing craft), out of mere bravado, hauled on her line close up to the rock, some calling to them to come away, others daring them to stay:—

'It was playing with death for mere bravado; and the boats looked on in uneasy silence, till Long Jack rowed up behind his countrymen and quietly cut their roding.

'"Can't ye hear it knocking?" he cried. "Pull for your miserable lives! Pull!"

'The men swore and tried to argue as the boat drifted; but the next swell checked a little, like a man tripping on a carpet. There was a deep sob and a gathering roar, and the Virgin flung up a couple of acres of foaming water, white, furious, and ghastly, over the shoal sea.'

How well that is told; we seem almost to feel the ominous dull shock of the interrupted swell below the surface, which preceded the outbreak. The effect of the book, we may add, is assisted by Mr. Taber's slightly sketched but clever illustrations, which are full of movement and swing. Barring the vernacular, of which there is a little too much for our taste, it is a fine and healthy book for boys of all ages from eight to eighty, and one of the best things its author has done.

But of all Mr. Kipling's works, 'The Jungle Book,' in two series, is the most remarkable and original, and the one which, so far, offers the best promise of retaining a permanent place in our literature. The idea of making animals talk is no doubt as old as our old friend Æsop, and older for all we know; but it has generally been used only to make animals talk as men might talk if they were changed into beasts, retaining their human intelligence; like Landseer's dogs which have human expressions. But Mr. Kipling has gone far beyond that. He has attempted nothing less than to project himself, in imagination, into the beast mind, to put things as beasts might put them had they the faculty of intelligible expression. The imaginative power which he has brought to this task is really extraordinary; how extraordinary we do not become fully aware till we come to those passages, here and there, in which human speakers intervene in the story, as the father and mother and child do in the narrative of Rikki-tikki-tavi, the mongoose.

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Then we are almost startled at the manner in which the human speech seems to come from another world, and we feel that we have actually been in the animal world without fully realising the fact. The individuality of the animals is admirably kept up; the author has stamped their characters and names on them; we shall always think of the tiger as 'Shere Khan,' and of the black panther as 'Bagheera.' The rules and laws among the animals as to hunting and killing impress one as what might really exist in some crude but understood form among them; and, indeed, the 'water truce,' when the drought became such as to nearly dry the river and make water scarce, may almost be said to be founded on fact. The animal idea of fire as 'the 'red flower,' of the rifle-bullet as 'the stinging fly that comes 'out of the white smoke,' of spring as 'the time of new 'talk,' are all remarkable instances of the author's power of putting himself, in imagination, in the place of the brute mind with its 'dim-eyed understanding,' as Morris expresses it in 'Sigurd.' Mowgli, the wolf-reared child of man, brought up in the ways of the animals, but with the undeveloped possibilities of human understanding within him, is also a remarkable creation, the centre round which the whole story turns. And it is worth note that the 'Second Jungle 'Book' is even better than the first; a very rare event in the case of a new idea of this kind, where we so often find the second series a rather weak and perfunctory continuation of an idea already worked out, and carried on merely because the first book had been a success. The description of the year of drought in the opening of the 'Second Jungle 'Book,' and the gradual shrinking of the river and the crowd of animals looking for water, is given with picturesque force, and there is one passage which is very remarkable, and the point of which might escape a hasty reader, for no special attention is drawn to it; but it is really an answer to the ever-recurring criticism on the cruelty of the disposition of things whereby one animal preys on another as its food:—

'In good seasons, when water was plentiful, those who came down to drink at the Waingunga—or anywhere else, for that matter—did so at the risk of their lives, and that risk made no small part of the fascination of the night's doings. To move down so cunningly that never a leaf stirred; to wade knee-deep in the roaring shallows that drown all noise from behind; to drink, looking backward over one's shoulder, every muscle ready for the first desperate bound of keen terror; to roll on the sandy margin, and return, wet-muzzled and well plumped out, to the admiring herd, was a thing that all glossy-horned young bucks took a delight in, precisely because they knew that

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at any moment Bagheera or Shere Khan might leap upon them and bear them down. But now that life-and-death fear was ended, and the jungle people came up, starved and weary, to the shrunken river—tiger, bear, deer, buffalo, and pig together—drank the fouled waters, and hung above them, too exhausted to move off.'

This is indeed to 'justify the ways of God to man.' Is it possible that, after all, killing and being killed is an ordinance which makes for the greatest happiness of the greatest number in animal life? It may be so. Mr. Selous, indeed, says that the agonised bellow of an unhappy ox chased and caught by a lion is 'a powerful appeal against 'the cold cruelty of nature's inexorable laws;' but he appears to have been referring specially to the case of a domesticated animal, a draught ox chased and killed out of his camp, and there may be all the difference between that and a wild animal, which has been all its life in expectation of being killed in that kind of manner. We remember hearing a criticism on the scheme of creation based on a picture, in a book of African sport, of three lions hanging upon and clawing at one buffalo, which was trying to struggle away from its executioners; and the reply by another speaker, that as it was evidently fine fun for the lions, and they were three to one, the beneficence of creation was fully vindicated. But Mr. Kipling's suggestion, that the watching, and the caution, and the fear of being sprung upon and eaten, is really a part of the excitement of wild animal life, and that things seemed rather flat when it was intermitted, is much more far-reaching and comprehensive, and strikes us as a very remarkable and original suggestion, and one which, for aught we can tell, may be true. But one of the finest chapters of all in the 'Jungle Book' is 'The 'Undertakers,' the conversation of the old Mugger, the crocodile, with the adjutant and the jackal. There is a ghastly fascination in the Mugger's account of the wiles with which he circumvented the human beings who were his favourite prey, and of his crude observation of the events which might lead people to come within his reach. 'Is a maiden going to 'be married? The old Mugger knows, for he sees the men 'carry gifts back and forth; and she, too, comes down to the 'Ghaut to bathe before her wedding, and—he is there. Has 'the river changed its channel and made new land where there 'was only sand before? The Mugger knows,' as indeed we have no doubt he does. A tragic human interest is skilfully woven into the story by the connexion of the Mugger's operations with some of the occasions when events caused

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an unusual number of dead bodies to come down the river. The whole thing is wonderfully well told, with a touch of grim humour imparted to it by the entire persuasion on the part of the Mugger of his own intense respectability.

To some of Mr. Kipling's poems and verses (a distinction to be drawn) we have briefly referred before, especially to that splendid effusion, 'L'Envoi,' at the close of the first 'Barrack-room Ballads' volume. 'Departmental Ditties' is of only passing interest, being, in fact, a bunch of little Anglo-Indian social and official sketches, like 'Plain Tales from the 'Hills' in a shorthand form, the only one with a serious power about it being the short reflection on the sending of Jack Barrett to Quetta, and the probable consequences to some one at the Day of Judgement; a fine little bit of indignation and hard-hitting in a concentrated form. The 'Barrack-'room Ballads,' some of them at least, have gone round the world, and some lines out of them have already passed almost into proverbial expressions; it must be admitted, however, that they are very unequal, and some of them are little more than a jingle of what we must suppose is barrack-room slang done into rhyme—more rhyme than reason. Among those which have a really fine and heroic spirit in them are 'Tommy,' 'Fuzzy-wuzzy,' and 'Route Marching,' the swing and tramp of which latter is quite infectious:—

'Ho! get away, you bullock-man, you've 'eard the bugle blowed,
There's a regiment a-coming down the grand Trunk Road,
With its best foot first,
And the road a sliding past,' &c.

But whether these might not have been made just as effective in correct English as in broken language and slang is a question to be asked. Among those which have a pathetic interest is 'The Widow's Party,' where for once the author has rather joined hands with Erckmann-Chatrian:—

'They called us out of the barrack-yard
To Gawd knows where from Gosport Hard,
And you can't refuse when you get the card,
And the Widow gives the party.

. . . .

What was the end of all the show,
Johnnie, Johnnie?
Ask my Colonel, for I don't know;*
Johnnie, my Johnnie, aha!

* 'They were moving somewhere, they did not know why, to do something, they did not know what' ('The Light that Failed').

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We broke a king and we built a road—
A court-house stands where the reg'ment goed,
And the river's clean where the raw blood flowed,
When the Widow give the party.'

'Gentlemen Rankers' is another of real pathos, and, it is to be feared, too true a picture. In two of the ballads the author rises to real poetry—'Ford o' Kabul River,' where the first two lines—

'Kabul town's by Kabul river—
Blow the bugle, draw the sword,'

ring like one of Scott's verse-tags at the head of a Waverley novel chapter; and 'Mandalay,' which is a wonderful song of the fascination of the East, culminating in a line of startling power:—

'An' the dawn comes up like thunder out of China crost' the bay;'

an expression of real inspiration, which seems to sum up in one word the might of the rapid, fierce, tropical dawn. Unfortunately, as in some other cases, a really fine poem is marred by a coarseness of expression in one or two places—coarseness in a literary sense we mean. Among the more recent barrack-room ballads included in the 'Seven Seas' volume, and mostly very inferior to the first set, there is one, however, which deals forcibly with a subject of national importance—the one entitled 'Back to the Army Again,' of which the concluding verse sums up the situation:—

'A man that's too good to be lost you,
A man that is 'andled and made—
A man that will pay what 'e cost you
In learnin' the others their trade—parade! *
You're droppin' the pick o' the Army
Because you don't 'elp 'em remain,
But drives 'em to cheat † to get out o' the street,
An' back to the Army again!'

And now to sum up, and to return to our initial position: What place does all this extraordinary wealth of material take as literature? We put this point forward especially

* We confess we do not see the point of this metrically superfluous word inserted.

† *I.e.* by enlisting again under a false name. There is a couplet in a previous verse which is worth quotation:—

'A man o' four-an'-twenty that 'asn't learned of a trade,
Beside "Reserve" agin' him—'e'd better be never made.'

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because Mr. Kipling has challenged the world on the subject in that remarkable bit of criticism of his critics, 'The Conundrum of the Workshops,' with its pungent refrain, 'It's clever, but is it Art?' His case is more fully stated in a passage in 'The Light that Failed.' The hero of the book had painted a picture of a soldier, under the title 'His Last Shot,' and made him 'a flushed, dishevelled, 'bedevilled scallawag, with the helmet at the back of his 'head, and the living fear of death in his eye, and the 'blood oozing out of a cut over his ankle-bone. He wasn't 'pretty, but he was all soldier and very much man.' It was for a facsimile reproduction in a weekly paper:—

'Then the Art-manager of that abandoned paper said that his subscribers wouldn't like it. It was brutal and coarse and violent—man being naturally gentle when fighting for his life. They wanted something more restful, with a little more colour. I could have said a good deal, but you might as well talk to a sheep as an Art-manager. I took my "Last Shot" back. Behold the result! I put him into a lovely red coat without a speck on it. That is Art. I polished his boots; observe the high-light on the toe. That is Art. I cleaned his rifle—rifles are always clean on service—because that is Art. I pipe-clayed his helmet—pipeclay is always used on active service, and is indispensable to Art. I shaved his chin, I washed his hands, and gave him an air of fatted peace. Result, military tailor's pattern plate. Price, thank Heaven! twice as much as for the first sketch, which was moderately decent.'

Now, as Mr. Kipling must know well enough that this is not applicable to the feeling about painting at the present day (which is, in fact, all in favour of realism in the treatment of subjects of contemporary life), it is evident that the criticism is intended to refer to his own literary pictures of soldier life; and our reply would be that—although in a sense it is justifiable, and he has, on this realistic method, succeeded in giving pictures of military life and warfare which, though occasionally somewhat brutal, are far more truthful and genuine than the ordinary high-heroic fiction that we have been too much accustomed to—nevertheless, the interest of such pictures is rather transient than permanent; that they deal with the manners and the circumstances of the moment, and not with ideas that are 'of 'permanent and universal interest,' and therefore that, on that ground alone, they can only be classed in the outer circle of our scheme of literature: as 'observation of life,' carried out with a good deal of power of expression, but deficient in literary form. And, as a matter of detail, it

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may be questioned also whether compositions dealing so largely in slang and colloquialisms can ever hope to take a permanent place in literature, however dramatically expressive they may be for the immediate purpose.

Literature, in the best sense, demands not only the best thoughts but the best languge; its influence should be to purify and raise, and amplify, if you like, our national language, but not to corrupt and debase it. The passion for realism among such authors as Stevenson and his coadjutor Mr. Lloyd Osborne, and Mr. Kipling, together with the desire for new material gathered from the lower strata of human life, has familiarised us in books with forms of slang such as formerly were hardly even known to educated persons in ordinary conversation; and if things go on as they are, such vulgar expletives as 'blooming' and 'bally' will, in a few years, become dictionary words. Those who assist in bringing about such a bathos of literary language will hardly have deserved well of their country. And, apart from the question of slang, such sketches of the superficial manners and talk of the society of the day as are put before us in 'Plain 'Tales from the Hills,' and in other analogous essays, however clever and brilliant, form only amusing reading for contemporaries; they have no lasting interest; they do not depict human nature, but only class manners, behaviour, and character, which are not the object of 'permanent and 'universal interest.' Every now and then the author has risen above this level, and has shown that he has it in him to deal with the pathos and the humour of life in a broader spirit and from a higher point of view; but his excursions into these higher regions are few and transitory. They are sufficient to justify the idea that he might, if he gave his best mind to it, produce a novel of modern life equal to the novels of Thackeray; but he has shown no disposition to make the effort, and, in spite of his own protest in 'The Light that Failed' (page 118), he has to a great extent been frittering away his remarkable and exceptional powers in playing to the gallery.

When we come to poetry, the evil and destructive influence of slang and colloquialism is even more apparent, more rampantly active, than in prose composition. Noble and beautiful poetry has been written in dialect, no doubt, by poets to whom that dialect was their natural speech; but many people do not seem to realise the gulf which, in regard to literature, and poetical literature above all, separates dialect from slang. Dialect is a natural Doric

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simplicity of language, the spontaneous growth of societies living a simple life and separated from the higher culture of their time, as wild flowers are the natural growth of the hedgerows. Slang is a deliberately concocted corruption and debasement of language, the offspring, not of simplicity, but of vulgarity of mind. And as poetry, above all other forms of literature, is essentially the best expression of a thought, such debasement of language is more especially out of keeping with the object of poetry; and poetry (or verse) in which slang predominates, though it may be piquant reading for the moment, can never retain a permanent place in literature, at all events in the inner circle. Then there is the question of perfection of form and concentration of expression, about which Mr. Kipling is woefully careless in poems which contain really fine and original thoughts. We have heard much admiration expressed for 'Tomlinson,' the episode of the man who could not be damned because there was nothing to damn, Tomlinson's good or evil consisting alike only of hearsay and book-learning, which had never blossomed into action. The idea is, no doubt, a striking one, and there are powerful passages here and there in the poem, but as a whole it is what we call splatterdash writing. 'McAndrew's Hymn' lies under the same condemnation. With the feeling that the great marine engines and their dour driver were worth a poet, and that there is a romance in them, we sympathise fully; and it is spirited writing, and worth reading, but not worth a permanent place on the shelf; it is too lengthy and too carelessly written to hold its ground as poetry; it has called our attention to the interest and possible romance of a phase of life which had been overlooked by most of us, but with that its work is done. That Mr. Kipling can rise to the higher level of poetry he has shown us every now and then in such poems as 'L'Envoi,' and 'Kabul Town,' and 'The Legend of Evil' (first section), and 'Mandalay,' and that grand little poem, 'Lest we forget,' which a short time since sent a thrill through the length and breadth of England. And perhaps the glorious racket of 'The Bolivar' and the chivalrous climax of 'East and West' may avail to keep alive such comparatively short poems, in spite of roughness of style and execution. But, taking his verse compositions altogether, one may say that the author has just let us see that he might be a poet if he would, but has done but little yet towards a serious achievement of the position.

To conclude: the question for Mr. Kipling to consider is

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whether he wishes for a future in literature, or whether he is content to interest himself and us by brilliant and piquant studies of episodes in life and Nature. If he wishes for future fame, for a permanent place in the world's library, we believe he has it within his choice, if he would go to work seriously and aim at giving us his best, instead of being content to please and interest us for the moment. If he prefers the latter way of expending his genius, his own generation may have no reason to complain—it is a most brilliant Variety entertainment, and never seems to flag for a moment; but in that case future generations will not hear much of him, unless it may be in this way—that with his varied interest in life and his ubiquitous habits he has, perhaps, the best chance of all men living of ultimately becoming a Solar Myth.

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ART. IX.—*Impressions of South Africa.* By JAMES BRYCE, Author of 'The Holy Roman Empire,' 'Trans-Caucasia and Ararat,' 'The American Commonwealth,' &c. With Three Maps. London: 1897.

WE have dealt very fully during the last two years with works bearing on the past history and present position of affairs in South Africa,* and we should hardly have thought it necessary to discuss Mr. Bryce's lately published 'Impressions' of that country had the author merely gone again over the old ground. Mr. Bryce has deservedly obtained a high position in literature, and whatever he writes is sure to merit attention; yet, what can even he have to tell us that is new, derived from the experience of a few weeks' holiday-trip spent with Mrs. Bryce in the autumn of 1885 in travelling in South Africa, of the journey across the veldt, of the familiar ox-waggon, of the marvellous growth of Johannesburg?

Had Mr. Bryce made a longer stay in the country, and turned his mind in that direction, he might, no doubt, have thrown light as an impartial investigator upon matters much in dispute, about which the British public is deeply interested. What prospect is there that paying gold will be found in large quantities in Rhodesia? What has been the character of the administration by the Chartered Company, especially as regards the treatment of natives? What was the real object of those who were chiefly responsible for planning and supporting the conspiracy culminating in the Jameson Raid? For definite information on such points as these readers will search Mr. Bryce's pages in vain. It has been his object to avoid controversy. He tells us few facts of which readers of recent South African literature are ignorant; but to admitted facts and the salient features of the South African problem he calls our attention, and invites us to accompany him in his reasonings upon them to certain definite and very important conclusions.

The book is full of interest, and will help to remind the British public of some fundamental conditions of the South African problem too often forgotten in the present day. It seems to be imagined by some people at home, as well as by some foreign Governments, that all that is required to found a

* See Edinburgh Review, April 1896, 'The Rights and Duties of Great Britain in South Africa.' See Edinburgh Review, July, 1897, 'Public Opinion and South Africa.'

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prosperous colony is for the home Government formally 'to 'annex' some large portion of the earth's surface, to define its boundaries on the map, and to paint all within them of the appropriate national hue. The success of Great Britain in founding colonies which have absorbed her surplus population, and which have grown into small nations practically independent, yet vying with the mother-country in loyalty to the common crown and flag, has naturally impressed the whole world; yet the spread of Anglo-Saxon colonisation has been far less due to any great national desires or ambitions, than to material considerations which have determined he conduct and the lives of individuals. We have had in this country a large and rapidly growing population, of which a great number, much dissatisfied with the prospects offered hem by life at home, became impressed with the belief that they would do better for themselves abroad. Men emigrated partly, no doubt, out of a spirit of adventure, but chiefly under the belief that emigration 'would pay.' Whether emigration will or will not pay must, of course, always depend upon the advantages offered by the new country and the aptitude of the emigrants. We hear much talk of the opportunity offered by new lands to our toiling millions, of the necessity of finding new markets and developing new trade with huge continents but lately given up to barbarism; and for the last few years Africa has apparently been the land of promise alike to British, Germans, and Frenchmen. The map of this great continent has of late been scored with lines delimiting territory and 'spheres of influence,' yet it is after all only in a very slight degree that the future of Africa will depend in the long run upon arrangements such as these. Which of the older colonies and states, the newly marked-out territories and 'spheres,' are likely to thrive and increase in population or to develope a great trade?

Our own colonies may be roughly divided into two classes: those situated in temperate regions, where Englishmen work and thrive and multiply, and where they have built up great self-governing communities; and those in tropical lands, already thickly peopled by races who, under English superintendence, perform all the manual labour of the country. The latter offer no field to the ordinary emigrant, though they may greatly enrich the mother-country by their trade and by the careers offered to the enterprising few who go to them.

We will endeavour to lay before our readers what appear to us the most important of Mr. Bryce's 'Impressions'—viz.

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his thoughts and speculations as to the future of South Africa. His great work upon the American commonwealth has shown that he is laudably prone to take hopeful views of the future when it is at all possible to do so, in spite of much existing difficulty and trouble. He is by nature no croaker; and he is the last man in the world to point out clouds on the horizon of the future which have no reality outside his own imagination. Yet undoubtedly the somewhat distant future of that vast region known as South Africa, which is the subject of his speculations, does not present to his mind that picture of the promised land, filled with a thriving European community, the rival in trade and prosperity of our greater colonies, of which so many have been dreaming.

In the earlier part of the volume Mr. Bryce describes the physical conformation and character of South Africa. Three maps showing the mountain ranges and levels, the amount of rainfall, and the political divisions, with three or four chapters of lucid explanation, put the reader easily into possession of those main features of the African problem upon which the author wishes to insist. He contemplates the country, as it were, from a distance, in order to obtain a more comprehensive view of it as a whole; and his journey through the land has tended to give interest and zest to his speculations, rather than to provide him with any new facts on which to build them. One feeling very strongly impressed upon him is the uniformity, so to speak, upon which Nature has planned the South African continent. South Africa cannot develope into a number of different nations, accordingly it is always as one great whole that he sees it.

Yet, though the facts are not new, we doubt whether they have ever been so clearly stated and so well marshalled. Mr. Bryce has written a book of philosophical speculation. It does not rely for its interest upon the descriptions of the country traversed or the incidents of the journey. The monotony and solitude of the wide regions over which he passed afforded to his ruminating mind ample opportunity for fruitful meditation. Occasionally, indeed, he does describe very effectively, as when he paints the waterless, timberless, boundless wilderness, which, if little likely to attract the modern lover of natural scenery, yet enjoys such a pure atmosphere and profusion of sunlight as often invest the featureless landscape with a glow of colour more brilliant than the 'hues of the lower ridges of 'the Alps or the coasts of the Mediterranean.' No doubt, there

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is a charm of primeval solitude and silence in the South African scenery which appeals differently to different minds: —

'There are many who find the presence of what Homer calls "the rich works of men" essential to the perfection of a landscape. Cultivated fields, gardens, orchards, farmhouses dotted here and there, indications in one form or another of human life and labour, do not merely give a greater variety to every prospect, but also impart an element which wakes the sense of sympathy with our fellow-beings, and excites a whole group of emotions which the contemplation of nature, taken by itself, does not arouse. No one is insensible to these things, and some find little delight in any scene from which they are absent. Yet there are other minds to which there is something specially solemn and impressive in the untouched and primitive simplicity of a country which stands now just as it came from the hands of the Creator. The self-sufficingness of nature, the insignificance of man; the mystery of a universe which does not exist, as our ancestors fondly thought, for the sake of man, but for other purposes hidden from us and for ever undiscoverable—these things are more fully realised and more deeply felt when one traverses a boundless wilderness which seems to have known no change since the remote ages, when hill and plain and valley were moulded into the forms we see to-day. Feelings of this kind powerfully affect the mind of the traveller in South Africa. They affect him on the karroo, where the slender line of rails, along which his train creeps all day and all night across wide stretches of brown desert and under the crests of stern dark hills, seems to heighten by contrast the sense of solitude—a vast and barren solitude interposed between the busy haunts of men, which he has left behind on the shores of the ocean, and those still busier haunts whither he is bent, where the pick and hammer sound on the Witwatersrand and the palpitating engine drags masses of ore from the depth of the crowded mine.'

'Such as creation's dawn beheld' is, doubtless, the first very natural sentiment which the great open sea of the veldt forces upon the mind of the traveller as he meditates on past and present. But the question of the future is never far distant from Mr. Bryce's thoughts.

What is the ultimate destiny, what is likely to be the developement of European South Africa, a region which now stretches from Capetown to the Zambesi, from the Indian Ocean to the Atlantic? Is a great self-governing nation, mainly Anglo-Saxon, to people these vast wildernesses? Is the example of the United States, of Canada, of the Australasian colonies, to be followed in South Africa? Or will the south of the great continent grow by the greatness of its trade into the semblance of a second Indian Empire?

The whole European popnlation at present inhabiting a ter-

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ritory half the size of Europe does not much exceed 750,000, notwithstanding the large increase of the last few years due to the discovery of the goldfields. This white population, about equal to that of Manchester and Salford, is divided, as we all know, amongst a congeries of states and provinces, in all of which the native population very largely predominates. Mr. Bryce reckons them at from six to eight millions, a disparity of numbers which is by no means solely due to the fact that emigration from Europe is of recent origin; for the black population tends to increase more rapidly than the white. Wars and the destruction of life by the murderous violence of chiefs and witch-doctors have been restrained. The Fingoes, for instance, are said to be ten times as numerous as they were half a century ago. Thus 'two races, far removed 'from one another in civilisation and mental condition, 'dwell side by side. Neither race is likely to extend or 'absorb the other. What, then, will be their relations, and 'how will the difficulties be met to which their juxtaposition 'must give rise?'

With the exception of the British colonies of South Africa, the self-governing colonies of the Empire are situated in the temperate regions of the earth, where the great majority of the inhabitants are of European stock. The Crown colonies, on the other hand, are found in the tropics, and are peopled chiefly with negroes, Indians, Malays, or other coloured races. The difference between the systems of government adopted in these two classes of colony is based on the utter dissimilarity between the conditions of the one case and the other.

'It is *because* certain colonies have a European population that they have been deemed fit to govern themselves, just as it is because the tropical colonies have a predominantly coloured population that the supremacy of the Colonial Office and its local representatives is acquiesced in as fit and proper. Everyone perceives that representative assemblies based on a democratic franchise, which are capable of governing Canada or Australia, would not succeed in the West Indies or Ceylon or Fiji.'

In the South African states, whether British colony or Dutch republic, it is the coloured population alone that provides the manual work. This Mr. Bryce impresses upon his readers as the capital feature of South African life. There is nothing in the climate of many parts of the country which renders it unsuitable for white labour. But black has always been the colour of the labourer, and black it will always remain. Before 1834 black labour was slave labour;

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and when a strong public feeling at home put an end to slavery throughout the Empire, it was unable to extinguish the colonial sentiment that it was beneath the dignity of the white man to do rough work with his own hands. As Mr. Bryce puts it, 'the white people lost the habit of perform-'ing manual toil, and acquired the habit of despising it.' And this unhappy feeling of contempt for labour is as strong now as in the days of slavery:—

'The artisans who come to-day from Europe adopt the habits of the country in a few weeks or months. The English carpenter hires a native "boy" to carry his bag of tools for him; the English bricklayer has a native hodman to hand the bricks to him, which he proceeds to set; the Cornish or Australian miner directs the excavation of the seam and fixes the fuse which explodes the dynamite; but the work with the pickaxe is done by the Kafir. The herdsmen who drive the cattle or tend the sheep are Kafirs, acting under the orders of a white.'

It is no new thing for Mr. Bryce to make acquaintance with the dislike that may exist on the part of a small white class towards a large black population; but the intensity of the dislike and contempt, almost of hostility, which prevails in South Africa fairly astounded him. This feeling, which is strongest, as might be expected, amongst the roughest and most thoughtless of the whites, 'who have little else than 'their colour on which to plume themselves,' prevails, if anything, more strongly amongst the Boers than amongst the British. The unfortunate natives have found few protectors in South Africa, with the exception of the clergy, who, whether Protestant or Catholic, 'have been the truest 'and most constant friends of the Hottentot and the Kafir, 'sometimes even carrying their zeal beyond what discretion 'could approve.'

Under these circumstances, it is satisfactory so far that Mr. Bryce is able to assure us that the blacks are 'not gene-'rally ill-treated.' Nevertheless, the social separation is complete; no black child is received at schools where white children attend, and Mr. Bryce records the very natural complaint made to him by a wealthy coloured man that, though he paid a large sum in taxes, he was not allowed to send his daughter to any school in his neighbourhood. In the British Protestant and in all the Roman Catholic churches blacks are allowed to take the Sacrament with whites, but in the Dutch Reformed Church even this is said not to be the case. In British South Africa the Imperial officials may be trusted, and the law, unlike that of the

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Dutch Republic, generally treats black and white upon an equal footing, though there are certain exceptional measures of regulation which apply to the former only. It is impossible to doubt that if 'in general' the blacks are not ill-treated, there must be a very large number of cases in which they suffer great injustice. Mr. Bryce instances the case of an English farmer who, a few years ago, in an eastern province flogged his Kafir servant to death. The murderer was tried and acquitted by a white jury, 'his white neighbours escorting him home with a band of music!' A more frequent example of injustice is given, where in out-of-the-way districts 'unscrupulous employers' cheat their black labourers, deliberately provoking them by ill-usage into running away just before the day of payment arrives, their employers thus receiving the benefit of months of labour without payment, and it has been publicly alleged of late that examples of such scandalous conduct have been not uncommon in the gold-mining operations in Rhodesia. The House of Commons Committee should not have been discharged till allegations such as these had been thoroughly sifted.

In the Dutch republics the position of the natives before the law is far worse. There is no sort of recognition, as throughout the British Empire, of the equality of civil rights between man and man, irrespective of colour. Mr. Bryce quotes a startling paragraph of the Grondwet, or Constitution of the South African Republic, in force at the present day, to the effect that 'the people will suffer no equality of 'the whites and blacks, either in State or Church,' and he laments that neither the 'principles of 1789' nor those of the American Declaration of Independence find recognition amongst the Boers. In fairness to the Boers, however, it should be remembered that the famous American 'Declaration' that 'all men are born equal' referred only to equality amongst the whites, and was found perfectly compatible with the most terrible system of slavery that the world has known.

In the Dutch republics the native has no *political* rights. No qualification will enable him to obtain a vote or serve on a jury; whilst in Cape Colony the same conditions will qualify irrespective of colour; though no doubt the colonial laws are so framed as to admit as far as possible all the whites, and to exclude as many as possible of the blacks. The natives who still retain their tribal organisation cannot, of course, perform the duties of the citizen in a civilised

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state; and as regards the settled Kafirs who live under British law, almost the whole of them are entirely unfit to exercise the privileges of citizenship, as they are understood in democratic communities of European race. Mr. Bryce is no blind slave of a political theory of equality not based upon facts; but he insists, rightly and wisely, on safeguarding the civil rights of the natives, whose best friends would deprecate any attempt, by extending to them political privileges, to plunge them into the 'whirlpool of party 'politics.'

At the present time there is no friction between the races, the natives submissively accepting the inferior position assigned to them. As the blacks gradually acquire education and a knowledge of manual industries the distance in civilisation between the races will be diminished, and in all probability the time will come

'when South Africa will see itself filled by a large coloured population tolerably homogeneous, using the same language, having forgotten its ancient tribal feuds, and not, like the people of India, divided by caste or by the mutual hatred of Hindoos and Mussulmans. Most of this population will be poor, and it may, unless successive colonies are led off to the more thinly peopled parts of Africa, tread hard upon the means of subsistence which the land offers. I say the land, for the mines—or at least the gold mines—will have been exhausted long before the day we are contemplating arrives.

That future will involve a problem of the utmost difficulty and importance for South Africa. All that can be done now is

'to soften the feelings of the average white and to mend his manners. At present he considers the native solely to exist for his own benefit. He is harsh or gentle according to his own temper; but whether harsh or gentle, he is apt to think of the black man much as he thinks of an ox, and to ignore a native's rights when they are inconvenient to himself. Could he be got to feel more kindly toward the native, and to treat him, if not as an equal, which he is not, yet as a child, the social aspect of the problem—and it is not the least serious aspect—would be completely altered.'

As yet—though, of course, there are humane men in South Africa as elsewhere—the advocacy of the cause of the blacks entails great unpopularity amongst the whites; and to this cause is largely due the general dislike with which in South Africa the missionaries are regarded. Doubtless these men have sometimes abused their position; but the charges against them have often been made by interested persons, and should not be universally believed without

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examination. To defend the blacks against injustice involves the making of reproaches against the conduct of the whites, and we are afraid that popular feeling amongst the whites is far more likely to be influenced by prejudices of colour than by the merits of any particular controversy between a native and one of themselves. At any rate, people at home will do well to bear in mind Mr. Bryce's remark that

'but for the missionaries the natives would have lacked all local protection, and that it was only through the missionaries that news of injustice or cruelty practised on a native could reach the ears of the British Government. Men, therefore, will look leniently on the errors of honest zeal, and will rejoice that ministers of religion were found to champion the cause of the weaker race and keep the home Government alive to a sense of one of its first duties.'

The European races, British, Dutch, descendants of French Huguenots, and Germans, will ultimately blend into one race. There is no social antagonism between them, and they intermarry freely. The Dutchmen, as a rule, constitute the rural population, whilst the towns are English. On the whole, the European emigrants to South Africa have been of better stock than those who, of late years, have inundated the United States. Till very lately almost everyone was in easy circumstances; no one was very rich, hardly any one was in extreme poverty. But great changes came with the discovery of the diamond mines and the gold mines, which have enabled a few persons to accumulate vast fortunes, all of whom, with very few exceptions, have returned to Europe.

'These great fortunes are a disturbing element, giving an undue influence to their possessors, and exciting the envy or emulation of the multitude. Another change is the growth of a class of people resembling the "mean whites" of the Southern States of America, loafers or other shiftless or lazy fellows, who hang about and will not take to any regular work.'

Should this class increase it may become, as in the Southern States of America, 'the section of the population specially 'hostile to the negro, and therefore dangerous to the whole 'community.'

The mutual feelings of jealousy and dislike (most unfortunately stirred into flame by recent events) of British and Boers will be soothed by lapse of time, and the two races will again live harmoniously together, and ultimately merge into one. Writing, no doubt, with his experience as a member of the House of Commons present to his mind,

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Mr. Bryce asks himself, What can be the questions which stir politics in a country where there are neither rich nor poor, where no jealousy is excited by the 'monopoly' of land in the hands of a privileged class, where there is no established Church to attack, no unenfranchised citizens to bring within the pale of the constitution (for no one thinks of the native as a possible voter), no labour question amongst the whites, no constitutional problem to be solved? Assuredly South African difficulties are not such as give rise to Newcastle or Derby 'programmes.' Still, the politics of South Africa are far from tranquil, for race questions and colour questions occupy the field. For the moment men's sympathies on the subject of Englishman *versus* Boer mainly decide their political leanings; and as regards the question of colour, though there are no native or anti-native parties, yet the questions of the regulation of black labour and of the native's right to land 'are in the background of everyone's 'mind,' and often go far to decide political sympathy.

So far as the future of South Africa is dependent upon the race question, the difficulties between Englishmen and Dutchmen shrink into insignificance in comparison with those between white and black. It is natural that the anti-English feeling should prevail most strongly amongst the Boers of the Transvaal. It has, indeed, been a strange chance that has suddenly brought into the midst of one of the most backward civilisations of European race a large and ever-increasing population of gold miners and gold seekers, speculators of every nation and of every kind, all brought there by the consuming desire to make rapid fortunes and go. 'The Boers, living in the open air, and mostly in the saddle, 'are strangely ignorant and old-fashioned in all their ideas. 'They have no literature and very few newspapers. Their 'religion is the Dutch and Huguenot Calvinism of the 'seventeenth century, rigid and stern, hostile to all new light, 'imbued with the spirit of the Old Testament rather than of 'the New.' Hating and despising the Kafirs, 'whom they 'have regarded as Israel may have regarded Amalek,' they hate the English also, and despise them as those they have defeated in the field. A pastoral people, they dislike all commercial, industrial, and financial pursuits;

'so that when gold was discovered in their country they did not attempt to work it, but were content to sell, usually for a price far below its value, the land where the gold reefs lay, and move off with the proceeds, to resume elsewhere their pastoral life. They have the virtues appropriate to a simple society. They are brave, good-natured,

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hospitable, faithful to one another, generally pure in their domestic life, seldom touched by avarice or ambition.'

Mr. Bryce saw the Boer leader.

'He is one of the most interesting figures of our time, this old President, shrewd, cool, dogged, wary, courageous; typifying the qualities of his people, and strong because he is in sympathy with them; adding to his trust in Providence no small measure of worldly craft; uneducated, but able to foil the statesmen of Europe at their own weapons; and perhaps all the more capable because his training has been wholly that of an eventful life, and not of books.'

We are ourselves unaware that, whatever President Kruger's abilities may be, he has ever been pitted against the statesmen of Europe. We imagine Mr. Bryce in this paragraph has fallen into the mistake of identifying British ministers at home with the late Prime Minister of Cape Colony and certain officials of the Chartered Company, who undoubtedly were very completely foiled (as they deserved to be), but who can hardly be described as European statesmen.

The Boers of the Transvaal are reckoned at a population of 65,000, the Uitlanders at three times that number; and the latter are rapidly increasing. It is hard, no doubt, upon the Boers that their desire to live in a remote wilderness in the same fashion as their ancestors should have been thwarted. The discovery of gold in their land has changed the whole situation, and Boers, like other people, must recognise existing facts. Ultimately, as Mr. Bryce puts it, a country must take its character from the large majority of its inhabitants, whatever brought them there; and if, as seems almost certain, the gold production of the Transvaal is to continue throughout two or three, or more, generations, it is inevitable that the future civilisation of the country and its political future will develope on Anglo Saxon rather than on Dutch lines.

What are the economical advantages, the commercial and industrial prospects of the country, even granting that a happy solution will be found of the political problems that now vex South Africa? Strong reasons are given for the belief that no large white population is likely, within such a time as it is possible for us to contemplate, to inhabit that part of the world. Only an infinitesimally small area is at present cultivated, and only a small portion is land suitable for cultivation. It may be that irrigation is possible, and that millions of acres at present lying waste might be rendered capable of producing cereals. But at what cost

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could this be done? and with what prospect of placing South African corn on the markets of the world at a price to compete with the cereals of America, Russia, and India? At present, at all events, it is far cheaper to import corn into South Africa from these countries than to grow it at home. If in the course of time the population of the now corn-exporting countries should grow to such a point as to consume almost the whole of their own produce, it may pay to irrigate the Karroo; but that time, if it ever comes, is very distant, 'and till then agriculture will continue to 'play a very subordinate part in South Africa's industry, 'and will employ a comparatively small white population.'

Neither, according to Mr. Bryce, who bases his reasoning, it must be repeated, on facts generally admitted, is South Africa at all likely to be abundantly peopled by white men on account of its pastoral wealth. The pasture, as a rule, in most districts is exceedingly thin, a very large acreage being required to feed a very small herd or flock. Droughts are frequent, and locusts occasionally do much mischief. Three white men to twenty-five black servants is the usual proportion on a large grazing farm.

Apparently the only prospect of the growth of a large white population lies in the developement of the mineral wealth of the country. The diamond mines of Kimberley, the gold mines of the Transvaal, the prospects of gold in Rhodesia, have brought hundreds of thousands of immigrants to South Africa. A larger population has, of course, given rise to fresh trade. The ports have thriven, railways have opened up the country, and were existing conditions to continue there would be no reason to doubt the rapid increase of the European section of the community. But those conditions will not remain. South Africa is not merely working—it is working out its mineral wealth; is, in short, living to a great extent on its capital. Outside the district of the Rand, gold is found almost exclusively in quartz reefs. Now, even if in these districts—for it is as yet far from certain—a mining industry is developed, no doubt population will increase, hundreds of white foremen and thousands of natives will be employed, and each cluster of the population will provide a new market and be the centre of fresh trade. 'But the life of these gold reefs will not be a long one.' Mining is an expensive business, requiring much capital. It will, therefore, be carried on by companies, and by the most improved methods that modern engineers can devise.

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'Assuming,' says Mr. Bryce, 'that a fair proportion of the quartz reef gold beds turn out well, it may be predicted that population will increase in and around them during the next ten years, and that for some twenty years more this population will maintain itself; though, of course, not necessarily in the same spots, because as the reefs first developed become exhausted the miners will shift to new places. After, then, thirty, or possibly forty, years, the country having parted with whatever gold it contains, will have to fall back on its pasture and its arable land; but having become settled and developed, it may count on retaining a reasonable measure of prosperity.'

With the Transvaal gold mines of the Witwatersrand it is very different. There is no doubt there as to the profitable working, or the sufficiency of the metal to last for another sixty or seventy years at least. There is already a population of 150,000 whites in the Rand district, which, whilst the gold lasts, will necessarily be the industrial capital of South Africa. But when once the gold is gone, inasmuch as the land is unsuitable for tillage, this great and teeming population will disappear, and the country will fall back into its former desolation, and 'the fate of Nevada will have 'descended on the Witwatersrand.' Mr. Bryce does not think that manufactures will spring up readily in South Africa, or will supply the place of the worked-out minerals. To compete with the great manufacturing countries, South Africa needs three things which she has not got, viz. 'a 'large market, cheap sources of mechanical power (such as 'water-power), cheap and efficient labour.' Whatever advance in civilisation the Kafirs may be capable of, it will be very long before they can supply the skilful workmen required; and he concludes that no great developement of manufactures, and of a white population occupied in manufactures, is to be expected, at least for some time to come. True there is coal in many districts, though of inferior quality; and in some districts iron has been found in close proximity to the coal. The coal of the Transvaal and of Natal has been of great importance in developing the Rand gold mines; but at present, at all events, considering the cheapness with which iron goods can be brought from Europe, there is no prospect that it would pay to work South African iron, even for its own market.

Leaving out of our calculations, then, such changes in the existing conditions as would result from the cessation to export of the present great corn-raising and manufacturing countries of the world, or the conversion of some millions of Kafirs into highly skilled mechanics, and of some millions of acres of desert into rich pasture or

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fruitful agricultural farms, or the discovery of means to render malarious regions healthy for Europeans, what have we to expect? 'South Africa will remain a great grazing 'country . . . . and it will, therefore, continue to export 'wool, goats' hair, and hides in large quantities, and may 'also export meat, and possibly dairy products.' It will not become a great agricultural, still less a great manufacturing, country. The Europeans who emigrate to South Africa are townsmen with no aptitude for agriculture or ranching. In Natal at the present day Mr. Bryce declares that there are more natives of India tilling the soil than the whole number of agriculturists who have come from Europe in the last thirty years. The owners of large South African stock-farms have not made fortunes like the Australian squatters, and when the diamond and gold discoveries took place there was no capital in South Africa to develope the newly found wealth. The requisite money has come from England and the continent of Europe, and accordingly almost the whole of the profits of the mines are paid to shareholders abroad, and spent away from South Africa. Even the few on the spot who have made fortunes in diamonds and gold generally return to Europe to spend their incomes there. 'The country, therefore, 'does not get the full benefit, in the way either of payments 'for labour (except, of course, labour at the mines) or of 'increased consumption of articles, out of its mineral pro- 'ducts, but is, rather, in the position of Mexico or Peru in 'the seventeenth century, when the bulk of the precious 'metals won from the mines went to Spain as a sort of 'tribute.'

In Mr. Bryce's very interesting final chapter he rather exaggerates the change that has come over modern statesmanship in the last thirty or forty years as to the relations that should exist between the British colonies and the mother-country. The views of what was known as the Manchester School, though held by some distinguished individuals, were not advanced by statesmen generally supposed to speak the sentiments of the nation. It is, surely, hardly fair to single out Mr. Disraeli as a minister specially anxious to rid the Empire of her 'wretched 'colonies;' and of the other party, neither Lord Palmerston nor Lord John Russell, however much they may have believed in that policy of full colonial independence which has produced such good results, would have seen without the deepest regret the loss of the smallest portion of our Colonial Empire.

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Mr. Bryce may be well acquainted with the personal views of Mr. Gladstone; but certainly the policy of that statesman and Sir Robert Peel in favour of the reduction of British expenditure in the colonies may be justified without attributing to them ultimate objects which they never publicly expressed. Colonial wars against savages, waged largely at the expense of the home Government, have ever been popular in the colonies. Mr. Bryce complains of British statesmanship between 1830 and 1870 which tried to arrest the tide of British advance, which desired no increase of territory, and which would have left in South Africa restless natives and emigrant Boers to themselves. Mr. Bryce's reflections on the lessons of experience evidently carry him beyond that continent.

'We can now see' (he writes at p. 579) 'that the tendency—one may almost call it a law of nature—which everywhere over the world has tempted or forced a strong civilised power to go on conquering the savage or half-civilised peoples on its borders, the process that has carried the English all over India and brought the Russians from the Volga to the Pamirs in one direction and to the mouth of the Amur in another, was certain to compel the British Government to subdue and annex one Kafir tribe after another, until either a desert or the territory of some other civilised power was reached; but fifty years ago this was not clearly perceived; so the process, which might have inflicted less suffering if it had been steadily and swiftly carried through, went on slowly, and to the constant annoyance of statesmen at home.'

These difficulties, however, are now of the past. The Kafir tribes have been vanquished, and South Africa is ruled by Europeans. It is now our object to make the most of the vast regions we have acquired. Again and again Mr. Bryce is brought back to the same conclusion. South Africa will remain a black country, with little more than a sprinkling of a white population. Its future cannot be that of the United States or of the large British colonies. The Kafirs will in time cease to be tribal; they will be Christianised and educated; they will perhaps speak English. And then

'two races will be living on the same ground in close and constant economic relations, both those of employment and those of competition, speaking the same language and obeying the same laws, differing no doubt in strength of intelligence and will, yet with many members of the weaker race superior as individual men to many members of the stronger. And thus two races, separated by the repulsion of physical differences, will have no social intercourse, no mixture of blood, but will each form a nation by itself for all purposes save

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those of industry, and perhaps of politics. There will, no doubt, be the nexus of industrial interest, for the white employer will need the labour of the blacks. But even in countries where no race differences intervene, the industrial nexus does not prevent bitter class hatreds and labour wars.'

The problems of South Africa are to a great extent new; though in some degree they resemble those which trouble the Southern States of the American Union. Mr. Bryce has written a singularly interesting book, affording much food for thought, and which may help, perhaps, to clear people's eyes as to the true uses and abuses of colonisation. He may have put more questions about the future than anything except the future itself can answer. He has discussed topics provocative of bitter feeling on the whole with impartiality and moderation, and he has looked with a philosophic mind beyond the controversies of the moment, to those great causes and forces which will ultimately make or mar the future of Europe in South Africa.

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ART. X.—1. *Speech of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., at Wolverhampton.* 'Times,' November 22, 1897.

2. *Speech of the Right Hon. Lord George Hamilton. M.P., Secretary of State for India, at Acton.* 'Times,' November 11, 1897.

3. *Problems of Greater Britain.* By the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES DILKE, Bart. 2 vols. London: 1890.

4. *Sir Robert Sandeman.* By T. H. THORNTON, C.S.I., D.C.L. London: 1895.

THE North-West Frontier of India, from the Himalayas to the sea, is covered by a belt of rugged mountainous territory, which forms a great natural barrier between our Indian Empire and the countries of Central Asia. This mountain belt is pierced here and there by more or less difficult passes, some of which from time immemorial have served as trade routes, and have also witnessed the march of invading armies. It is inhabited by wild marauding tribes, which have for centuries been practically independent. The strength of these tribes cannot be estimated with accuracy, but in all probability the total population of the tract is between a million and two millions. When Sind and the Punjab were annexed, about fifty years ago, our dominions were brought up to the edge of the mountain belt, and ever since that time we have been trying to solve the question how we ought to deal with the tribes and their country.

There are two points of view from which this question can be considered. In the first place, it can be considered as a question of border management, affecting merely the peace of our frontier districts and their security from tribal raids, or at most affecting in some degree our relations with neighbouring Asiatic States. Secondly, it can be considered in a larger aspect, with regard to the defence of India against attack by a foreign European Power. If the question be considered from the first point of view, it is one primarily for frontier experts, that is for officers who have served on the frontier and know the tribes and the requirements, civil and military, of our border districts. The Government of India must take care that their recommendations do not involve us in disproportionate expense or trouble, notably in difficulties with neighbouring Asiatic States; but primarily the question is one for frontier experts.

If the question be regarded from the second point of view,

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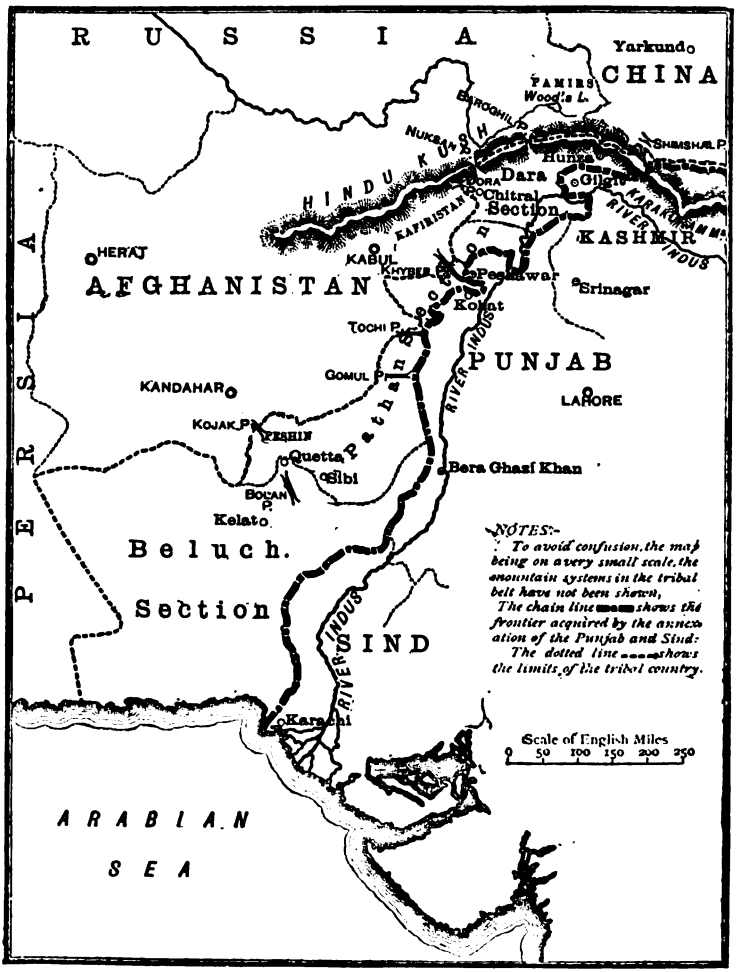
it is primarily a military question. The military authorities must first say what is our most defensible line of frontier. But the question is not purely or mainly a question of 'terrain.' Given the topographically scientific frontier,



we have to consider the numbers and characteristics of the border tribes, the possibility of bringing them into line with us to resist invasion, and the chance, on the other hand, of arousing their permanent hostility, and of weakening rather than strengthening our strategical position by an advance into their rugged and difficult country. The effect

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upon our native Indian troops of any such advance must also be thought out. We must further consider our action with reference to its effect upon neighbouring Asiatic Powers. Finally, we must decide whether the finances of India can bear the expense involved in carrying out the recommendations of the military authorities, and whether the measures recommended would tend to strengthen the confidence and loyalty of the people of India, or would, on the contrary, tend to stir up political dangers. In considering these aspects of the case, due weight must be given to the opinions of frontier experts, to those of men acquainted with Indian and Asiatic feeling, and to those of the financial authorities. Primarily, however, the question is by the nature of things a military question, complicated no doubt by financial and political considerations of the greatest importance, but still a question upon which the opinion of our most capable soldiers ought to be heard first of all.

Unfortunately, from whichever point of view the question be considered, whether as a question of border management or as a question of defence against foreign invasion, we have no general consensus of opinion among the authorities primarily concerned. On the contrary, we find that there is a very sharp conflict of views; and it is by no means easy for anyone who approaches the matter in an impartial spirit to arrive at a definite and satisfying conclusion upon the arguments of the opposing schools.

As regards the measures which we should take to make our frontier secure against foreign invasion, the military authorities are not agreed. Some consider the Indus Valley our proper line of defence. They hold that we should abstain from any advance into the mountainous and difficult countries beyond the confines of India, and should make ready to meet attack upon our own border, concentrating and husbanding our strength, and leaving to an invader the task of overcoming the great geographical difficulties in the way, and the resistance of the intervening populations. Others declare that, not only for purely strategical reasons, but in order to maintain the confidence and loyalty of our native troops, and of India, and to carry with us the mountain tribes and the doubtful populations of Central Asia, we must hold the mountain passes, and meet by a vigorous offensive defence beyond those passes any enemy who may venture to approach us. Between these opposing views there is room for various gradations of opinion, and

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the matter has given rise to endless controversy, notably during the past thirty years. The most distinguished exponent of the second or 'Forward' view is Lord Roberts, who is believed to be supported by the chief military authorities now in India. On the opposite side are Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir John Adye, and, it is said, other distinguished commanders.

As regards the question of border management, we have again a division of opinion between two schools. The one school holds as a general principle that we should avoid all unnecessary interference with the tribes, treating them in a friendly manner when they behave well, and punishing them when they molest us; but not attempting to occupy their territory, to send British officers among them, or to establish over them any sort of control. The other school holds that we should encourage our officers to enter into close personal relations with the tribesmen, and to enter their country, and should endeavour in course of time to establish permanent control over the tribes, and to introduce among them something like peace and order. The first of the opposing schools is generally known as the Punjab or 'close 'border' school, and its views are advocated by Sir James Lyall, Sir Lepel Griffin, and the majority of Punjab officers. The second school is now identified chiefly with the name of another Punjab officer, Sir Robert Sandeman. Here, again, there is room for many gradations of opinion between the two extremes, and for thirty years and more the matter has been warmly discussed.

The Sandeman system of border management and the military policy represented by Lord Roberts are natural allies—together they form the 'Forward frontier policy' of which we have lately heard so much. Grouped together on the opposite side are the Punjab system of border management and the military policy which would abstain from occupying the mountain passes. The combination forms what is generally designated the 'Lawrence policy.'

It should be observed here that the 'Forward frontier 'policy' is not the same thing as the Forward policy in Central Asia which used to be advocated by a certain school of statesmen and soldiers. We are dealing with the question of our policy in the frontier belt, and when we speak of the 'Forward policy' henceforth we wish to be understood as referring not to the general policy associated with the name of Lord Lytton, but to a certain method of treating the border tribes and their country. Whether the two things

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are connected, whether the one was originally a part of the other, is not the point. They are not the same thing, and should not be confused.

Before setting to work upon the very difficult task of comparing the merits of the opposing frontier policies, it seems desirable that we should now consider under what conditions and to what extent they have actually been applied to the tribal belt. This will perhaps remove some misconception, and will tend to define the issues at present involved.

Thirty years ago the Lawrence policy was in full possession of the frontier from end to end, and in 1867 a formal pronouncement was made by the Government of India in favour of that policy. Sir Henry Green, Political Superintendent and Commandant on the Sind Frontier, had submitted certain 'suggestions for the protection of the North-'West Frontier of India, with reference to the advance of 'the Russians in Central Asia.' It is unnecessary to give a detailed account of Sir Henry Green's scheme, but it involved arrangements with the tribes beyond our border, and its ultimate aim was the occupation of Quetta at the northern entrance of the Bolan Pass by a British force. This scheme was considered by the Indian Government and rejected in the most decisive terms. Sir John Lawrence, who was then Viceroy, and his chief military advisers, Sir William Mansfield and Sir Henry Durand, were all thoroughly opposed to it, and Sir Henry Green was informed that, in the opinion of the Viceroy and his Council, 'if the 'course of events should ever bring us to a struggle with 'the Northern Power on our India frontier, the winning 'side will be the one which refrains from entangling itself 'in the barren mountains which now separate the two 'empires.'* The project accordingly fell through, and for a time nothing more was heard of the Forward policy.

It is interesting to note the circumstances under which this pronouncement was made. At that time our frontier line lay along the eastern edge of the tribal belt, and the frontier tribes were free from our control. Russia had hardly crossed the threshold of Central Asia. She had come face to face with the Usbeg Khanates; but her conquest of the Khanates was by no means complete, and she was in no strength on this line. Her columns were sufficient to beat the feeble soldiery of Khokand

* Central Asia and Quetta, February 25, 1879.

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and Bokhara—the 'dressing-gowns' of Skobeleff—but they were small and ill-appointed. Samarkand had not yet fallen, and an envoy from the Amir of Bokhara was received in Calcutta in the very month which saw the rejection of Sir Henry Green's scheme. On the west Russia was still practically behind the Caspian. The two great wings of her advance were still separated by the whole width of that sea and of the Turkoman desert, and her outposts were many hundreds of miles from our own. The close of the Crimean war had left her free to subdue the Caucasus and its tribes, and to prepare for the forward movement from this base along her natural 'slope' to Merv and the Afghan border, but the movement had not begun. It seemed possible that the distance between us might not be sensibly diminished for many years, if ever. Finally, it should be observed that our obligations towards Afghanistan were not of an embarrassing kind.

Let us now see how far the circumstances of to-day resemble or differ from those of thirty years ago. Almost immediately after the affirmation of the Lawrence policy Russia began her advance along her main line from the Caspian. Krasnovodsk was occupied, and before long the Russian columns pushed out across the Turkoman country. They met with some reverses at first, but the undisciplined and ill-armed nomads could do little against regular troops, and from the first the end was certain. Before fifteen years had elapsed the great Turkoman desert had been pierced, and the one serious obstacle in the way of a Russian advance to the Afghan border had fallen before the fiery energy of Skobeleff.

'From Merv, last home of the free lance, the clansmen were scattering far,
And the Turkoman horses were harnessed to the guns of the Russian Czar.'

Just as he had advanced twenty years before from Orenburg and Siberia, and closing on Chamkand had englobed, to use her own word, the northern desert which lay between her and the Khanates, so now her two great wings were advancing to englobe the southern desert which lay between her and Afghanistan. To-day her advance has been completed. A Russian railway joins the Caspian with Samarkand. Russian and British officers, escorted by regular troops from each side, have met and delimited the Russian and British spheres of influence in Asia.

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There is nothing between our outposts but Afghanistan, and for many years past we have been pledged to support Afghanistan against unprovoked aggression. Russian troops have more than once been in conflict with the Afghans, and one such conflict in 1885 brought us to the very verge of war. Both with regard to the position of the Russians upon our political frontier and with regard to our obligations towards Afghanistan, the circumstances have completely changed since 1867. They have changed as completely with regard to our own position in the tribal country. Instead of having that country in our front, with the Lawrence policy in full possession from end to end of the line, we are now in Quetta and Chitral and many intervening points, and the Lawrence policy has been replaced almost entirely by the Forward policy. But it is necessary for a clear understanding of the case to explain the causes and extent of this last change in greater detail.

The tribal belt may be divided into three great sections or groups of tribes. These are, first, the southern or Beluch section, comprising the Khanate of Kelat and the neighbouring tribes, from the sea to the borders of Afghanistan and Persia; secondly, the Pathan section, comprising the Pathan tribes between the Punjab and Afghanistan; and, thirdly, the northern or so-called Dard section, comprising Chitral and the other non-Pathan tribes which occupy the country under the Hindu Kush and the western Himalayas. Adjacent to the Dard section, and having some slight connexion with it, is the non-Mahometan country of Kafiristan, which pushes out westward into the Amir's dominions. The three sections or groups of tribes spring from distinct races and have little in common.

The southern group occupies a great tract of country, said to be about ten times the size of Switzerland, and containing perhaps half a million of inhabitants, divided into numerous tribes. These have for some time paid a fluctuating allegiance to the Khan of Kelat, but used nevertheless to be constantly fighting among themselves and harrying the plains of Sind. Their country is 'a region of 'arid mountain ridges, long sterile valleys, dry watercourses, 'and bare plateaus.' The principal range rises to a height of over ten thousand feet. A large part of the country is desert. The Beluch tribesmen are described as 'frank 'and open in their manner . . . brave and enduring, predatory 'but not pilferers, vindictive but not treacherous.' A full account of Beluchistan and its people will be found in

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the very interesting book from which these words are quoted, Thornton's memoir of Sir Robert Sandeman.

The centre or Pathan group is said to contain a considerably larger population than the Beluch group. Its territory is much smaller than that of the Beluch tribes, perhaps not more than a fifth of the area, but it is in parts exceedingly rugged and strong, and the Pathan is fiercer and more fanatical than the Beluch. As someone has said, he has 'more of God 'in his mouth and more of the devil in his nature.' He is also more difficult to manage, because he is for the most part a thorough republican, and if he obeys anyone at all, obeys only the 'Jirgah' or council of the dominant faction of his tribe, while the Beluch is generally amenable to the control of a tribal chief. The difficulty of dealing with the Pathan tribes is increased by the fact that behind them lies Afghanistan, the people of which are akin in race, and have some sympathy with them.

The northern or Dard section of the frontier belt is the smallest of the three. It is a region of stupendous mountains, some of them over 25,000 feet in height, and of narrow valleys which support only a scanty population. The tribes are wild, and some of them have been from time immemorial the terror of the surrounding countries, parts of which were depopulated by their slave-hunting raids. But they are ill armed, and not as formidable fighting-men as the Pathans. Some interesting information with regard to this country is to be found in Knight's well-known work 'Where Three 'Empires Meet.' It is difficult to estimate the strength of these Dard tribes. In 1880 Major Biddulph thought the population of Chitral was probably less than 200,000. If so, the population of the whole tract should not exceed 300,000.

With regard to this question of numbers in the case of uncivilised countries like the Indian frontier tract, it is really impossible to speak with any confidence. But we think, after comparing numerous estimates, that we shall not go seriously wrong if for present purposes we regard the central or Pathan section of the frontier as nearly equal in numbers to the other two sections.

It has been said that the mountain belt is pierced here and there by passes. On the southern section the Kojak, Bolan, and other passes lead from the highlands of Afghanistan towards the plains of Sind. The centre section is pierced by the Khyber, Tochi, and Gumal, all specially important passes. In the northern section the Dora,

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Nuksan, Baroghil, Shimshal, and other passes cross the Hindu Kush and western Himalayas, and give access by very difficult roads to Kashmir and the Punjab frontier.

For about seven years after the declaration of policy in 1867 we had comparatively little to do with the tribes at any portion of the line. Non-intervention under slightly different forms prevailed throughout. Then a new departure took place. At this time the southern or Beluch section of the frontier was in a very disturbed condition. The Khan of Kelat had for years been on bad terms with some of the great tribal chiefs, a British political agent who used to reside at Kelat had been withdrawn, and matters had gone from bad to worse, until at last the whole of Beluchistan had fallen into a state of complete anarchy. The tribes had risen in all directions, trade was at a standstill, and our own border had become unsafe. It seemed necessary to take some decided action, and the Sind authorities proposed a military expedition across the frontier. It was recommended that we should forcibly depose the Khan of Kelat and replace him by a more competent successor, and that the offending border tribes should at the same time be coerced by a blockade.

Lord Northbrook, who was then Viceroy of India, was reluctant to accept the Sind proposals, and at this juncture a Punjab frontier officer, Captain Sandeman, came forward with an alternative suggestion. He recommended that before resorting to a military expedition an effort should be made to effect an amicable settlement by the despatch of a mission empowered to inquire into tribal disputes and grievances. Captain Sandeman's views were supported by the Punjab Government and approved by Lord Northbrook, and he was selected for the charge of the mission. He was successful in bringing about a partial reconciliation between the Khan and the chiefs; but trouble broke out again, and in 1876 Major Sandeman, as he had then become, was sent back to finish his work. A few days after he started Lord Northbrook was succeeded by Lord Lytton, who was greatly annoyed at the despatch of the Kelat mission and very nearly issued orders for Sandeman's recall. However, the orders were not issued; Sandeman was completely successful, and by a treaty concluded at the end of the year our relations with the Khan and the Beluch chiefs were reorganised. Soon afterwards Sandeman was sent to their country as agent to the Governor-General for Beluchistan.

This was the turning-point in the history of the North-

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West frontier policy. Freed from the control of the Punjab Government, Sandeman rapidly developed the method of tribal management which now bears his name, and established himself as the dominant influence from Sind to the borders of Persia. He was helped in this work by the military occupation of Quetta, and his position was thoroughly solidified by the Afghan war of 1879, during which he did remarkable service. At the end of that war the Afghan districts of Peshin and Sibi were taken away from the Amir and added to Sandeman's charge. Now our officers go everywhere throughout the length and breadth of that great tract of country, and deal directly with the local chiefs. The tribal territory has for the most part not been annexed, and the tribes manage their own internal affairs, but we exercise over them a large measure of control. Quetta has been fortified and a strong garrison is maintained there, above the Bolan Pass. Lines of railway have been constructed up to this point, and the Kojak range beyond it has been tunnelled, so that trains can run to the actual Afghan border. Thus it will be seen that upon the southern or Beluch section of the frontier line, for good or for evil, the 'Forward policy' has prevailed over the Lawrence policy, and is now fully established.

Not long after Sandeman entered upon his remarkable career in Beluchistan Lord Lytton turned his attention to the northern section of the frontier line. Till then there had been practically no dealings between us and the Dard tribes, but ever since 1842 the Sikhs, and after them our feudatory State of Kashmir, which holds the northern end of the Imperial frontier, had stationed at Gilgit, the capital of the old Dard kingdom, a body of troops which kept the tribes under some sort of control, and checked their raids upon settled Kashmir territory. Gilgit is a valley of considerable extent, once populous and well cultivated, and has a central position, mountain roads radiating from it in all directions into the surrounding States. The Indian Government recognised the importance 'in the general scheme for the 'protection of the North-West frontier' of securing an effective control over the northern passes, and it was determined that this should be done, if possible, through the Maharaja of Kashmir. His Highness was accordingly encouraged to tighten his hold over the Dard country, and was assured that, 'in the event of his action involving him 'unexpectedly in military operations, the British Government 'would, if necessary, afford him countenance and material

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'aid.' It was agreed that a British officer should be appointed to reside permanently at Gilgit for the purpose of obtaining information as to the progress of events beyond the Kashmir frontier. The chief of Chitral, who was in great fear of aggression on the part of the Afghans, was instructed to resist their claims, and the Amir was warned against attempting to assume sovereignty over that State. In 1881 the first political agent, Major Biddulph, was withdrawn by Lord Ripon's Government, as neither we nor, apparently, the Maharaja of Kashmir could ensure his safety under the conditions then existing, and the expectations formed from the establishment of the agency had not been fulfilled. But the Government of India reserved full discretion to send back an officer to Gilgit if this should hereafter seem desirable. Mr. Gladstone's Government approved the withdrawal of the agency, but pointed out to Lord Ripon that the effect might be practically to close a valuable channel of information as to the course of events in the countries between Kashmir and Russian Turkestan,* and 'to diminish in some degree 'your knowledge of the intrigues to which that part of the 'frontier is specially exposed.' It was suggested that under certain contingencies 'it might be necessary to reconsider the 'expediency of deputing an officer to Gilgit—at all events 'during the summer months.' As regards the relations between Kashmir and Chitral, Her Majesty's Government observed that it was desirable that the dependence of the Chitral ruler on the Maharaja, which had been recognised by treaty between them, 'should be maintained and confirmed.' The Indian Government therefore continued to devote attention to this part of the frontier. Colonel Lockhart, now Sir William Lockhart, was sent up to Chitral in 1885, and thoroughly examined the country with a view to defensive measures; and, finally, in 1889, the Russians having approached very near to the Hindu Kush, and their officers having even visited some of the Dard States, Captain Durand was sent to re-establish an agency at Gilgit under new and improved conditions. The army of the Kashmir State, which had been very inefficient, was armed and disciplined, and arrangements were made for the control of the Dard tribes, and the exclusion of all foreign influence from among them. In the course of the next few years there was some sharp fighting in Hunza and Chilas, and

* Correspondence relating to Chitral, 1895, No. 6.

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finally in Chitral. Our officers are now established throughout these States, and not long ago Her Majesty's Government decided to maintain a British garrison in Chitral territory. Therefore, in the northern or Dard section of the frontier the Forward policy, for good or for evil, has prevailed over the Lawrence policy, and is now fully established. The adjacent country of Kafiristan, which was mentioned above in connexion with the Dard section, now forms part of the dominions of the Amir, as will be explained hereafter.

There remains the central or Pathan section. This has to a considerable extent been left in the hands of the Punjab Government, and in so far as the Punjab Government has been able it has adhered to the 'close border' system. But even here the Forward policy has made great inroads. From the time that he entered Beluchistan and escaped from the control of the Punjab Government, Sir Robert Sandeman waged unceasing war upon that Government, and he would, if he could, have seized the whole of their trans-frontier tribes, which he considered them incompetent to manage. His untiring energy and his singular tenacity of purpose brought him at last up to the Gumal Pass, which he turned and opened, absorbing on his way a tract of Pathan country 'as large as Switzerland,' and perhaps equal in area, though not in population, to the rest of the Pathan tribal section. The Forward policy thus came into contact with the great Waziri tribe, with whom Sandeman made arrangements for the control of the pass. Since that time troops have been pushed into the Tochi Pass, in the north of the Waziri country, and arrangements have been made to control that route also. Further north again the Turis of Kurram have long been under British protection, and we have British officers and troops in the valley. Then, to control the Orakzais, we have established posts on the Samana ridge. The Khyber Pass, to the north of the Orakzai country, has ever since the Afghan war been kept open by arrangement with the Afridis and other tribes concerned, and we have had British officers in it. Finally, Her Majesty's Government has decided to keep open a road to Chitral through the Pathan countries of Swat and Bajaur, and here again the old close-border system has given way. Therefore, though the Forward policy has not yet established itself in full possession of the central or Pathan section of the frontier, it has, for good or for evil, overrun the southern half of the section, and broken in at many points along the northern half.

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In short, during the last thirty years the Forward policy has steadily made way, until at the present time it is completely established in two out of the three great sections of the frontier belt, and has occupied a very large part of the third. Rightly or wrongly, the old Lawrence policy, which, in 1867, had possession of the frontier from end to end, has now been ousted almost from end to end, and the opposite policy is in possession of the field.

Before considering whether this state of things is satisfactory or not, and what policy we should now adopt, there is one other point which should be noticed, the attitude of neighbouring Asiatic States. The three States concerned are China, Afghanistan, and Persia. Of these China was concerned only with one or two of the Dard principalities. She had had some dealings with Hunza, and when Hunza was subdued by our troops she put forward claims to suzerainty over the chiefship; but the matter was satisfactorily settled, and no practical attempt was made to dispute the establishment of our effective supremacy within this portion of the frontier belt. Persia once laid claim to great portions, if not the whole, of what we call Beluchistan, but this claim has been waived, and a year or two ago a Boundary Commission laid down on the spot the precise line of demarcation upon the only disputed portion of the Perso-Beluch frontier.

The Amir of Afghanistan, the State chiefly concerned, has also come to an understanding with us upon the whole question. For a long time both the Afghans and the Indian Government claimed the right to exercise control or influence over some of the border tribes, and this gave rise to considerable friction. For example, the Indian Government had to remind the Amir Sher Ali in 1877 that they had never recognised his claim to allegiance from Chitral, Dir, Bajaur, or Swat, and he was warned that any endeavour to enforce such a claim would be regarded as an unfriendly act.* During the time of the present Amir there was incessant correspondence about the Afridis, the Turis of Kurram, and the Waziris, and at times some very sharp letters were written. The general contention of the Indian Government was that they must maintain their right to deal direct with the tribes upon their border, and that they could not admit the supremacy of the Amir

* Correspondence relating to Chitral, 1895.

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In 1893, both the Indian Government and the Amir being weary of this perpetual friction, and anxious to put an end to it, they came to an amicable agreement on the subject, and defined their respective 'spheres of influence' within the tribal belt. The Indian Government then undertook to exercise for the future no interference on the Afghan side of the line laid down, and the Amir undertook to exercise no interference on the Indian side.* This agreement committed us to no particular line of action within the tribal belt, but it was a clear recognition by the Amir of the position which the Government of India had claimed, and it left us free, so far as the Amir was concerned, to do whatever we pleased within our own side of the line. The Amir obtained a free hand in Kafiristan, which he had nearly surrounded and a large part of which he had conquered. He also obtained some minor concessions. The tribes over which the Indian Government had consistently refused to admit his supremacy remained with us. This arrangement the Government of India and the Amir declared to be 'a full and satisfactory settlement of all the principal 'differences of opinion which have arisen between them in 'regard to the frontier.' Since that time the Amir has formally refused to countenance any tribal risings, and he has admitted our right to occupy Chitral and to chastise the Afridis for their recent action.

It may be asserted, therefore, that whether the Forward policy towards the border tribes be in itself a wise or an unwise policy, it has been accepted by the Asiatic Powers concerned.

And here we would draw attention to the fact that, according to a very high authority, the Forward policy in the frontier belt was deliberately adopted at the close of the Afghan war by Her Majesty's Government, and has been steadily followed up ever since. In his work 'Problems of Greater Britain' Sir Charles Dilke writes as follows:—

'The policy of the second administration of Mr. Gladstone in the Afghan matter is of some historical and of some present importance. Mr. Gladstone recommended the removal of Lord Lytton and reversed Lord Lytton's policy, but not to revert to the Lawrence policy. On the contrary, while he wisely evacuated Kandahar, following largely the advice of that most skilled of all observers of the Afghan question, Sir Robert Sandeman, Mr. Gladstone gave those strong pledges to the Amir of Afghanistan to which I have alluded, and pro-

* Correspondence relating to the occupation of Chitral, 1896.

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posed the delimitation of the Afghan frontier. The arrangement declared to be binding by the Russian Emperor in 1888 was the outcome of these proposals. The Amir of Afghanistan was subsidised and supplied with arms, and was told by Lord Dufferin, by direction of the Government, that so long as he conformed to our advice his enemies would be ours. After some hesitation the Quetta frontier was advanced, the loop strategical railway made, and the Bori valley brought under British rule. This policy of Mr. Gladstone's second administration, followed as it has been since that time by Mr. Gladstone's third administration, and by two Conservative administrations, was wise and necessary. The policy which I have described was then a policy of influence at the Court of Kabul, combined with non-interference in the domestic affairs of Afghanistan, *and it was a portion of this policy that we should extend either our frontiers or our authority up to the Afghan border.* This indeed was the ground for that occupation of the Bori valley under Mr. Gladstone's second administration to which I have just referred.'

The whole of this passage is worthy of careful consideration, and if the words which we have italicised are accurate, as they presumably are, then 'cadit quæstio.' There can be no further doubt that the Forward policy represents the deliberate policy of Her Majesty's Government, steadily carried on since the Afghan war. This view is borne out by several circumstances. We know what were Sandeman's opinions on the subject, and what he was likely to advise. We know also that in later passages of the same work Sir Charles Dilke commented upon the evils of the Punjab system, and advocated the transfer of the whole frontier to Sandeman's charge. And we know that the successive advances of the Forward policy have been approved, if not suggested, by Her Majesty's Government. It has already been shown, for example, that in 1881 Mr. Gladstone's Government suggested the re-establishment, under certain contingencies, of the Gilgit Agency. In the same year an agreement was made with the Afridis for the security of the Khyber Pass. A letter to the Punjab Government from the Indian Foreign Secretary defines the objects of the Government of India in making this agreement. They are, he says, 'to keep the Khyber Pass secure and open, to 'encourage traffic and intercourse with Afghanistan, *to 'establish our political influence over the Afridis*, and to 'exclude the authority of Kabul from the independent 'border lands.' The words we have italicised are repeated in a despatch to the Secretary of State for India.* The

* Afghanistan, 1881, No. 5, pp. 35, 74, 76, 77, 79.

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agreement received the full approval of Her Majesty's Government, who observed that it conceded to the tribes 'a 'proper independence within recognised limits,' and admitted 'the exercise of our own influence over them, to the exclusion 'of that of any other Power.' Now the Afridis are, so to speak, the champion tribe of the frontier. As Sir Richard Temple puts it, in a letter advocating the abandonment of the Khyber, 'This is *the* tribe—the other tribes are of less 'consequence.' The agreement therefore is very important. We cannot find, however, that Her Majesty's Government ever formally enunciated as a general principle of our frontier policy that the tribal belt was to be either annexed or brought under our authority, and it may be argued that, if they had done so, the establishment of the Forward policy would probably have been more rapid and systematic. Nevertheless, Sir Charles Dilke's statement cannot be disregarded, and it would be extremely interesting to know precisely what meaning should be attached to it. He is a statesman with special means of knowing the truth, and he says clearly that when we undertook, seventeen years ago, to respect the independence of Afghanistan, and to support the Amir against unprovoked aggression, it 'was a 'portion of this policy that we should extend either our 'frontiers or our authority up to the Afghan border.'

Having regard to all the facts brought forward in the preceding paragraphs, it is evident that the difference between the circumstances of 1867 and the circumstances of the present day is very great indeed. In 1867 our frontier lay along the eastern side of the tribal mountains, and we were free from all entanglements with the tribes. The Lawrence policy of non-intervention was in possession of the line from end to end. In 1897 our frontier has been advanced; we have troops in Quetta, and Zhob, and the Tochi, and Kurram, and Bajaur and Chitral, and Gilgit; and the Forward policy is in possession on almost every part of the line from Kashmir to the sea. In 1867 we were under no obligations of an embarrassing nature with regard to Afghanistan. Now we are pledged to support the Afghans against unprovoked aggression. In 1867 Russia was far distant, and her strength in Central Asia was inconsiderable. Now Russia has occupied the whole country up to our political frontier; her strength is steadily increasing; and her movements are carefully watched by the natives of India. Already, and as long ago as 1885, a conflict between Russian and Afghan troops has brought England and Russia to the verge of war,

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and other such conflicts have occurred. It would be difficult to imagine a change in the state of affairs more complete than that which has taken place since the Lawrence policy was formally enunciated thirty years ago.

Before going on to consider whether the change is such as to justify a reversal of that policy, or rather to justify us in adhering to the policy now in possession, it is desirable to examine the actual pronouncement of 1867, and to ascertain, if possible, whether those who were responsible for it meant to lay down a general principle which should be applicable to future times and future circumstances. We have quoted in an earlier paragraph a passage which might be held to bear out this view:—'His Excellency in Council,' they wrote, 'believes that if the course of events should ever 'bring us to a struggle with the Northern Power on our 'Indus frontier, the winning side will be the one which 'refrains from entangling itself in the barren mountains 'which now separate the two empires.' But if the correspondence be further examined, it will be seen that this assertion of the general principle is considerably qualified, and it seems clear that underlying the whole question in the minds of Sir John Lawrence and his advisers was the feeling that Russia was too far away to necessitate any immediate defensive measures. The letter from which the above passage has been quoted contained another which ran as follows:—'I am to point out, moreover, that it will 'be open to the British Government to occupy Quetta and 'subsidise the Beluchis at any future period when the 'imminence of a real danger to the Indian Empire may 'render such a step expedient. In the meantime the 'Governor-General in Council is absolutely opposed to the 'scheme.' And the thirteenth paragraph of the letter sums up the position as follows:—'In fine, the present 'state of affairs in Central Asia offers no feature which the 'Governor-General in Council can recognise as any suffi-'cient ground for regarding the occupation of Quetta as a 'question open to consideration.' This is somewhat different in tone from the first passage quoted, and there is more of the same kind. Minutes recorded by Sir William Mansfield and Sir Henry Durand were forwarded to England with the correspondence. Sir William Mansfield's minute opens with a detailed examination of the features of the country between our border and Quetta, and of the number of troops required for a safe and effective occupation. He goes on to express his doubts whether it would be worth

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while to incur the expense even if the Russians were at Kabul and Kandahar.

'I should think not myself. . . . But it is surely premature to rush into the expense of military occupation of such a country as that described in the foregoing extracts, because the Russians are now involved in the troubles of political extension in Central Asia, which is probably forced on them in spite of themselves.'

And after expressing the opinion that it would be preferable to meet an enemy at the eastern end of the Bolan rather than above the Pass, Sir William Mansfield proceeds to 'dismiss the Russians and turn our attention to what has 'some reality.'

Sir Henry Durand used similar language. After expressing his concurrence 'as a general rule' with Sir William Mansfield's opinion as to the defence of the Bolan, he observed that a variety of contingencies might be quoted 'as 'possible inducements to an advance beyond the Indus 'frontier,' and he pressed for the completion of our lines of rail and river communication, 'so that without our at present 'incurring the risk of complications with Afghan or Beluch 'tribes or politics, it may yet be in our power rapidly to 'mass and securely to feed and support our forces, whether 'intended for operations above or below the passes.' A later paragraph of Sir Henry Durand's minute runs as follows:—

'If our position on the Indus frontier be one of unmistakeable strength, it will long paralyse aggressive presumption. I know that we could again seize Afghanistan if it were advisable or necessary, and that, with our Indus frontier complete in its communications, parallel and perpendicular, no power on earth could shake us out of that country. I know, too, that, with the Afghans friendly and cordial, we could, without the actual seizure of the country for ourselves, organise its defence in a most destructive manner against hostile invasions; but neither alternative is at present imposed upon us as of the smallest necessity, and I am absolutely opposed to precipitating complications and plunging into certain difficulties out of respect for nervous apprehensions, the realisation of which is, if it ever take place, remote.'

It seems clear from all these extracts that Sir John Lawrence and his military advisers did not intend to lay down the doctrine that a 'Forward policy' on the frontier could never, under any circumstances, be a proper one. It would have been strange, indeed, if men of their ability and experience had committed themselves to such a position. Far from doing so, they expressly contemplated the possibility that some day, under altered circumstances, an

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advance might be expedient. They thought it inexpedient in 1867, and it would be very difficult to show that they were wrong,* but that is no proof that they would hold the same view now. It is open to us, therefore, and incumbent upon us, to consider the question on its merits, with due regard to the circumstances of the day.

The first step which seems desirable is a careful examination of the 'Forward policy.' This has been described as a combination of the military policy of holding the mountain passes with the Sandeman system of tribal management. It is important to ascertain precisely what that system is.

The Sandeman system has been described by its opponents as a system of annexation. It has been described from the opposite point of view as a system of blackmail. Others have said that Sandeman had no special system. He himself described it as a system of 'conciliatory intervention,' and we have seen that this precisely expresses what it was at the beginning of his career, when he crossed the frontier to reconcile the Khan of Kelat and the tribal chiefs. But it was something more than this. His disciple and successor in Beluchistan, Mr. Barnes, describes it as a system of tribal service.† Sandeman's view was that in every tribe, whether Pathan or Beluch, there existed headmen of more or less influence, and a system of tribal authority, which, if effectually supported, could compel obedience. He therefore gave allowances and other support to the headmen, and expected them to maintain a certain number of armed retainers, and to keep order in their tribe. He went freely about among the tribesmen and encouraged his officers to make friends with them and secure their confidence. He also, we believe, attached importance to the payment of some revenue by the tribe to the British Government, as an acknowledgement of suzerainty. In case outrages occurred, the offenders were tried by their own people in tribal Jirgah or council, and punished in accordance with tribal custom. The system was certainly neither one of annexation nor one of blackmail. Its main characteristics seem to have been boldness and sympathy. Let us see how it impressed those who had to do with Sandeman and his work.

Sir Alfred Lyall, who was Foreign Secretary in India

* Even Sir Robert Sandeman said that he would not advocate interference with the tribes but for the approach of Russia.

† Thornton, p. 301.

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during the Afghan war, wrote of 'his extraordinary aptitude 'for the management of the tribes,' and testified to the great value of his services throughout the period of our occupation of Kandahar, when 'it was an immense advan- 'tage to the Government of India that so able and experi- 'enced an officer, who was so thoroughly versed in frontier 'affairs, remained in charge of the lines of communication 'with India.'

Sir Charles Aitchison, who had also been an Indian Foreign Secretary, and was at the time Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, and an uncompromising adherent of the Lawrence policy, wrote in 1885:—

'Sandeman is doing noble work at Quetta; he knows personally all the heads of the tribes and all the leading men, and has great influence over them. The people are rapidly settling down and learning respect for law and order. . . . For this we have mainly to thank Sandeman, whose personal influence in the country is something marvellous.'

Sir Charles Dilke, who studied the question on the spot, writes in his 'Problems of Greater Britain' that Sande- man 'is looked upon as the best friend both of chiefs and 'people, and as justice incarnate.' He goes on to recom- mend that the control of the whole frontier should be placed in Sandeman's hands, and adds that he 'would be cheap at 'a peerage and the salary of Madras or Bombay.'

Mr. Curzon wrote in 1894:—

'His policy he constantly described to me in letters as a "peace and goodwill policy," and certainly no words could better indicate the temper in which he fought, and the bloodless victories which he gained.

'Beluchistan and the frontier fringe, as far as the Zhob Valley and Gumal Pass, are a standing monument to his system. This consisted in reconciling conflicting local interests under the common ægis of Great Britain; in employing the tribes as custodians of the highways and guardians of the peace in their own districts; in paying them for what they did well (and conversely in fining them for transgression); in encouraging commerce and traffic by the lightening or abolition of tolls and the security of means of communication; in the protection rather than diminution of tribal and clan independence, subject only to the overlordship of the British Raj; in a word, in a policy not of spasmodic and retributive interference, but of steady and unfaltering conciliation. If I may quote Virgil, "parcere subjectis, pacisque imponere morem," far more than "debellare superbos," was his motto.'

No doubt Sandeman's system required a backing of force. The maintenance of a garrison at Quetta was a great help to him. The pacification of the powerful Marri tribe was

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not effected until after the march through their country of MacGregor's brigade. The Zhob Valley was brought within the pale after a military expedition. 'Conciliatory inter-'vention,' wholly unbacked by force, cannot be expected to succeed everywhere, or indeed anywhere, as a system of permanent control and pacification. And it is true that wherever troops were stationed in the tribal country a circle of administrative arrangement was sure to follow. It was necessary to exercise full powers of administration in their immediate neighbourhood. Nevertheless it is correct to say that one of the main features of the Sandeman system was 'the protection rather than diminution of tribal and clan 'independence, subject only to the overlordship of the 'British Raj.'

Such, as described by a variety of observers, were the characteristics and effects of Sandeman's method of tribal management. The Indian Government, seeing the two systems—the Punjab system and the Sandeman system —working side by side, was impressed, as all impartial observers were impressed, by the surprising success of the latter. They saw, as all did not see, that there were objections to both, and they endeavoured to restrain Sandeman from pushing his operations too rapidly and too widely. Thornton's memoir shows that they declined to the end to let him absorb certain tribes on the Punjab border which the Punjab authorities desired to retain, and that the last months of his life were troubled by their refusal to fall in with his views about South-Western Beluchistan. But gradually the Indian authorities came to see in Sandeman's system the solution to the problem of defence against foreign aggression. If the tribes, Pathan and Dard no less than Beluch, could be brought to fall into line all along the frontier, as he steadily maintained; and if we could thus, without incurring the expense and difficulty of annexation, organise them for the defence of the tribal belt, holding a few obligatory points with our own troops, the question would be settled in the most satisfactory manner possible. In this way the Forward policy established itself along the frontier.

But it should be clearly understood that the Forward policy aims at the conciliation of the tribes, not at their subjugation, at the establishment of our political influence, not at annexation, and that it is a portion of a larger policy of which a fundamental principle is the maintenance of a 'strong, 'friendly, and united Afghanistan.' Thus, when carrying to

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their logical conclusion, by the Durand agreement of 1893,* the measures upon which they had entered, the Government of India undertook that they would 'at no time exercise 'interference' in the territories lying on the Afghan side of the line then laid down; and it was declared that the Government of India wished 'to see Afghanistan independent 'and strong.' The line was not described as the boundary of India, but as the eastern and southern frontier of the Amir's dominions, and as the 'limit of the respective 'spheres of influence' of the two Governments. At one point the boundary of 'British territory' is mentioned, but this was actual British territory, not tribal territory. With regard to the latter, the extension of our authority, not the extension of our frontiers, was evidently the course of action contemplated.

We have endeavoured hitherto to avoid argument and to confine ourselves as far as possible to a statement of facts. It remains to examine in the light of those facts the objections brought against the policy in possession, and to inquire what alternative policy can be suggested as practicable and expedient.

The objections brought against the Forward policy appear to be: that it is immoral and unjustifiable, the tribes having a natural right to be free; that it is a reversal of the policy laid down in 1880; that the tribes were not a party to the agreement which brought them into our sphere of influence, and are therefore not bound by it; that the policy is one dictated by ambitious soldiers, into whose hands the Government of India has fallen; that the policy is unsound from a military point of view, the arguments against an advance beyond the Indus frontier being as strong as ever; that frontier service and residence out of India are unpopular with our native troops; that the policy, or the Sandeman system, is unsuited to Pathans, though suitable enough for Beluchis; that the policy should not have been extended to Dardistan, through which no invader could advance; that it has broken down in practice; that it makes the tribes hostile, and loses us one of our best recruiting grounds; that it arouses the suspicions and resentment of the Afghans, and is therefore politically unwise; that it tends to excite against us Mahometan feeling generally within and without India; that, judging by experience, the extension of our authority up to the Afghan border will

* Correspondence relating to the Occupation of Chitral, 1896.

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be followed by a farther advance hereafter; that the Forward policy is so expensive as to make it altogether impossible, unless we are prepared to face bankruptcy or such increase of taxation as will cause grave and perhaps dangerous discontent in India.

This is a formidable list of objections, and there is no denying the force of some of them.

With regard to the first objection, it may be answered that the tribes have been bad neighbours, that they have made war upon us after their fashion times without number, and that they will continue to do so if not controlled. As Aitchison honestly says, when defending the Punjab system, 'Punitive expeditions are a necessity of 'the situation. They will not cease till the other side of 'the line is held by civilised governments.' This would seem to justify us in putting an end to the political existence of the tribes, much more in controlling them according to Sandeman's method. It may also be argued that what was proper with the Marris and Kakars can hardly be immoral and indefensible elsewhere.

As to the objection that we are reversing the policy of 1880, it seems sufficient to cite the contrary view of Sir Charles Dilke, and the observations which we have made in an earlier part of this article.

As to the third objection, that the tribes were not parties to the agreement, it is to be observed, in the first place, that some of the tribes had appealed to us for protection against Kabul. And, as we have shown, the Afridis, the most important tribe of all, had bound themselves in 1881 to exclude all influence other than that of the British Government. But the real answer is that the agreement was merely a formal recognition by the Amir of existing conditions, which we were determined to maintain, and it would have been not only impracticable, but altogether superfluous, to have associated with us and the Amir in such an agreement a great number of tribes within whose territory we had steadily refused to admit Afghan interference. As Lord Kimberley observed in 1893, with regard to Chitral, 'it has been the 'consistent policy of the Government of India to exclude 'from that country, not merely the control, but even the 'influence, so far as possible, of the Amir of Afghanistan.' And the same words would be applicable, almost without exception, to all the tribes on our border between Chitral and the Gumal Pass, while the tribes to the south of the Pass were actually under one management. To have asked

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the border tribes for their views about the agreement would have been to set aside or throw doubt upon our 'consistent 'policy.'

As to the statement that the Indian Government has fallen into the hands of ambitious soldiers, it seems to us that in a country like India it is necessary and proper that the opinion of the leading soldiers should have very great weight, especially with regard to the question of frontier defence. But no one who knows the character of the present Viceroy, Lord Elgin, will believe it to be likely that a man so steady and self-contained, and so singularly free from any inclination towards a showy policy, should have allowed himself to be led away by an aggressive military school. If the Viceroy inherits to any extent the views of his distinguished father, such a school is the very last which would gain a hold upon his mind; and we believe that Lord Elgin may be trusted as confidently to refrain from a policy of military adventure, as he may be trusted to refrain from anything approaching a breach of faith.

As to the strategical objection, our action in Beluchistan would seem to be a very strong argument in favour of the Forward policy. If it was right from a military point of view to overrule the decision of 1867 and occupy Quetta, there seems to be strong reason for the contention that the same principle applies elsewhere, and that we should hold both ends of the passes whenever an enemy is likely to approach our frontier. Sir Donald Stewart wrote in 1881: 'No one can doubt that the possession of the Amran range 'is a very important acquisition to our frontier, and it will 'not be easy to justify to the country any sacrifice of the 'advantages which accrue to us from the possession of that 'mountain barrier.' This is what the Forward school say of other parts of the tribal belt.

The argument that frontier service and transfrontier cantonments are disliked by the native army is one to be well considered. Our troops are likely to get very tired of a harassing guerrilla warfare, and using Mahometans, especially Pathans, to fight Pathan tribesmen is putting some strain upon them. But we have always done it, and with marked success. There is no frontier regiment with a better record for this work than the famous Guides, 'God's own Guides.' And as to the Ghoorka and the Sikh, there is nothing either of them loves as much as fighting Mahometans. Both have many old scores to wipe out, and the killing of Mahometans is the very foundation of the Sikh religion. That continued

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residence in the Pathan and Beluch mountains is disliked by the natives of India is doubtless true, but the difficulty tends to solve itself in time. The opening up of good communications and the introduction of the amenities of civilised life soon work a great change in a dreary and unpopular station, especially if the troops are kept in considerable bodies. It is also to be remembered that the natural love of a soldier's life does much with men like the Sikhs and Ghoorkas. The brave little Ghoorkas, mountaineers by birth, have always enlisted in the Kashmir army for service in Gilgit, and the Sikhs go all over the world in search of 'brave employment.' The question was discussed in 1880, and references to it will be found in the Afghan Blue Book, No. 2, of 1881. We observe that so high an authority as Lord Napier of Magdala was not inclined to attach much weight to the objection.

Then we have the argument that the Sandeman system of border management is not suited to Pathans. But the Sandeman system has been applied, and successfully applied, to several Pathan tribes. Sandeman maintained that it was applicable to all, and he had experience of all. He went very near to proving his case by bringing under control the Achakzais, Kakars and others, holding about half the Pathan tribal territory, and by inducing the great Waziri tribe to open the Gumal. It is at least doubtful whether, if he had lived, and if the Indian Government had given him the whole frontier to manage, he would not by this time have had Waziris and Afridis and the rest of the tribes thoroughly in hand. No doubt the Waziri and Afridi hold a more difficult country than the Achakzai and Kakar, and are stronger, though the Kakars are said to number 40,000 fighting men: but the difference is one of degree rather than of kind, and it seems reasonable to suppose that these tribesmen are amenable to the same influences as others.

As to the contention that the policy should not have been introduced into Dardistan, it is doubtless true that no serious invasion would be attempted by this route. But, as Mr. Gladstone's Government observed in 1881, that part of the frontier is specially exposed to intrigues, and Russian officers had actually penetrated into the Dard States. The Hunza chief openly declared in 1891 that he was under Russian protection. The fact is that the open gap between Afghanistan and China had always been a temptation, and when the Russians began to push through it and over the Hindu Kush, the Indian Government was obliged to make

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arrangements for strengthening our hold on Gilgit and excluding foreign influence from these tracts. It would have been very discreditable if they had failed to do so. Their action had the best effect in Kashmir and elsewhere, and the frank comment of the Russians was: 'Ils nous ont 'fermé la porte au nez.'

The argument that the Forward policy has broken down in practice does not seem to be well founded. It is a striking fact that all the recent fighting in the northern half of the Pathan section has failed to disturb not only the Beluch and Dard sections, but even the southern Pathans from the Gumal to Peshin. This seems to be a strong argument in favour of the policy prevailing in those tracts. It is also to be observed that in the northern half of the Pathan section the policy has been in force for a few years only, and that it has been worked through the Punjab Government, who, though doubtless loyal, were thoroughly opposed to it, and did not understand its methods. During the first few years after the annexation of the Punjab, under the old policy, the frontier fighting was incessant.

The argument that the Forward policy is arousing the hostility of the tribes, and losing us a good recruiting ground, is one which certainly gathers weight from the recent disturbances. But it is to be hoped that the feeling shown has arisen, in part at least, from other causes, and that it will subside. It is interesting to note that the Hunza tribesmen, who fought against us in 1891, volunteered for the relief of Chitral three or four years later, and did excellent service.

The objection that the Forward policy arouses the suspicion and resentment of the Afghans does not seem to be strong. The Amir has come to a clear understanding with us on the subject, and is bound by it. If we treat him with scrupulous justice, and at the same time with firmness, we may hope that in essentials he will abide by his word. He seems to have done so in the case of the Afridis. It is no doubt possible that, agreement or no agreement, he may resent his exclusion from the tribal belt, but we would again point out that his exclusion from the tribal belt is a matter wholly independent of the Forward policy. As to the Afghans, it is possible that they may feel some sympathy for the tribes; but it seems unlikely that their sympathy will take any serious form.

This objection, however, is part of a larger argument against the Forward policy, which deserves very careful con-

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sideration. England is the greatest Mahometan Power in the world, for her Indian Empire contains sixty millions of Mussulmans. Beyond her frontier, from the Punjab to the Bosphorus, stretches an unbroken tract of independent Mahometan country. And there can be no doubt that the dormant spirit of Islam has been stirred by the recent victories of the Turks, which have been greatly exaggerated and misunderstood.

In a remarkable article on the Pan-Islamic revival from a Moslem point of view, Maulvi Rafiuddin puts this point very clearly.*

'Very few Moslems,' he writes, 'knew, or indeed cared to know, the extent or strength of the State of Greece. All they knew and repeated everywhere was that the Caliph's army defeated and destroyed Christian forces in Europe itself, . . . and every Islamic sect, be it Shia or Sunnee, felt as much pleasure at the victory as if it had been won by them and for them.'

It would be very unfortunate if our frontier tribes came also to be regarded, especially by our Indian Mussulmans, as the champions of Islam against Christianity. Even the Punjab, the cradle of the Sikhs, is more Mussulman than Hindu. But the Indian Mussulman after all knows that, in trying to control these tribes of Yaghistan, the 'Rebel land,' we are not aiming any blow at the faith, and he is not unreasonable or blind to his material interests. These very Afridis and Mohmands with whom we have lately been fighting joined us freely in 1857 when a Mahometan emperor was enthroned at Delhi. 'It is remarkable,' says Aitchison, 'that the Mahometans, especially the border Pathans, 'Edwardes' old men, were the first to flock to our standard. 'They were rigid Mussulmans "who never missed a prayer, '"and many of whom rode with the Koran at their saddle-'"bow."' No doubt the spirit of Islam is one to be watched; but if we maintain an attitude of strict religious tolerance, it may be hoped that the Mahometans in India and elsewhere will not see in a policy which aims at organising the frontier tribes for the defence of the Empire any serious cause of discontent.

Then there is the argument that the Forward policy on the frontier means a farther advance hereafter. The force of this argument cannot be denied. Those who advance it can point with effect to the history of the past sixty years. And if we are to be led on in the future, as some apprehend,

* Nineteenth Century, October, 1897.

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across Afghanistan, then it is impossible not to sympathise with those who advocate making a stand now. It should, however, be observed that we have now a clear and definite line of defence—the tribal belt and its passes. We are pledged to the maintenance of an independent Afghanistan. If forced at any time to move out from behind our great natural rampart and meet an enemy in the open, this need not involve the advance of our frontier. It seems to be one of the strongest arguments of those who favour the policy now in possession that it is essentially not a Forward policy at all, but rather one of concentration upon our own border. We have abandoned the real Forward policy, and fallen back upon our natural line of defence. If we thoroughly secure that line, we shall be able to look with comparative indifference upon all beyond.

The most serious objection to the Forward policy is the last—the objection that it involves ruinous expense. Under the old policy money had to be spent in expeditions against the tribes, and these were never final. The policy, as Sir Lepel Griffin says, was not 'thorough.' The Forward school claim that their policy is thorough, and that their expeditions are final. There is force in this argument, and it may be that in the end the Forward policy might even prove to be the cheaper of the two. But this is doubtful, and for a time at least it seems likely that the expenditure, in the maintenance of extra troops and in other ways, will be greater than under a policy of non-interference.

It is argued that the cost of our present military operations is not to be debited to the Forward policy. The Afridis and other tribes are said to have been treated by the Punjab Government with such exaggerated deference that they believed we were afraid of them and became intolerably aggressive and defiant. It is to this timidity of action that many attribute the recent risings, and certainly nothing could have been better calculated to foster the conceit of the ever-conceited Pathan than the condition in which the Kohat Pass, between two important military stations, has been allowed to remain for so many years. We did not even remove the stones and boulders which covered the track, and the tribesmen openly jeered about it. The system in the Khyber could hardly fail to have the same effect. 'That 'immortal demon, the Khyberee,' as Alexander Burnes quaintly calls him, was paid a large yearly sum for keeping open the pass, but we had no control over the tribe, our officers being forbidden to go off the road; and the arrange-

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ments, though kept from breaking down for some years by the exertions of Colonel Warburton, loyally working on a system he knew to be wrong, ended at last in a sudden collapse under the circumstances described by Sir Lepel Griffin.* In connexion with this point we would again draw attention to the agreement of 1881 with the Afridis, and to the correspondence which preceded it. It will be seen that the Afridi headmen then pressed us to exercise a larger measure of interference than we were disposed to exercise, and that the local officers were inclined to some extent to meet their wishes. The Afridis were, in fact, ripe for the application of the Sandeman system, and if it had been applied our hold on the Pass would, no doubt, have been much stronger than it was. There is, therefore, some ground for thinking that the loss and expense which we have lately incurred were due rather to a want of boldness in our treatment of the tribes than to the Forward policy.

Nevertheless, it seems probable that the result of that policy may be, for a time at least, a considerable increase of cost, and this is a strong argument in the hands of its opponents, the stronger because of the extreme vagueness of the data on both sides. Whether it is so strong as to necessitate or justify a reversal of the existing policy is another matter. India has lately suffered from a complication of evils, and it is specially unfortunate that a heavy war bill should be incurred at this moment. It is said that the people are already fully taxed. India is, however, a great and wealthy empire. Its population now probably exceeds three hundred millions, and is increasing by nearly three millions a year. If its Government is not deceived, its long-continued currency difficulties are now practically at an end. Its revenue is about sixty millions. We cannot easily believe that an Empire of this magnitude will become bankrupt, or be involved in such pecuniary difficulties as are likely to result in widespread discontent and political danger, if called upon to make the effort necessary to establish its political influence over the remaining portion of the frontier belt, a tract very rough and rugged, no doubt, but containing perhaps half a million inhabitants.

If the Forward policy will really secure a safe and permanent frontier, it is worth many millions of pounds. If England is willing to help India in paying for it, her action will no doubt be greatly appreciated. If not, and such

* Nineteenth Century, October, 1897.

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action may certainly prove embarrassing, it does not seem to us that we should shrink from imposing the burden upon the Indian taxpayer of the future. Doubtless, as some have urged, it would be absurd to pretend that the Indian populations are as resolved to remain at all costs under British rule as the people of these islands are determined to retain them there. All they desire is to be let alone. But this does not seem to be a good reason for absolving them from the elementary obligation of defending the frontier of their country. We believe it is of incalculable advantage to them to avoid the calamities which an invasion would entail, and that being the case, it is surely our right and our duty to call upon them to adopt such measures as may be necessary to avert it. 'In doing the best we can for 'the people,' said John Lawrence in a passage quoted by Aitchison, 'we are bound by our consciences, not by theirs.' The Indian masses, *sua si bona norint*, would be willing to pay for the maintenance of our rule. To the extent of their power it seems right to let them do so.

We have not space to consider fully here the connected question whether we are now maintaining in India a due proportion of British troops. Some opponents of the Forward policy urge that we have raised an excessive number of frontier levies and Native State troops, and thereby disturbed the balance. There seems to be much misconception about this. In the last resort our power will always depend upon our British soldiery, and everyone agrees that we must keep them at a proper strength. But the frontier levies and Imperial service troops are raised from men already in arms, and the training given to them does not sensibly affect their weight as against ourselves. Moreover the tendency of the movement is to reduce the numbers of armed men kept up by the States. Thus the Kashmir army has been cut down to half its former strength, and a comparatively small force, well disciplined and regularly paid, is likely to be more trustworthy in time of trouble than a large body of unpaid and undisciplined irregulars. Even with regard to breech-loading rifles there is something to be said on both sides.

And surely it is higher statesmanship to trust our feudatories, most of whom stood by us loyally in 1857, and to take advantage of their eager offers of help, than to treat them with ungracious coldness and show we have no confidence in them. The Moguls, white foreigners like ourselves, were not afraid to trust the chiefs and make use of their services. We

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are stronger than the Moguls ever were. In satisfying to some extent the legitimate aspirations of the Indian princes for a share of work and honour, and in fostering between their people and ours the camaraderie which comes of active service together, we are taking the safer as well as the bolder course. Boldness and sympathy were the secrets of Sandeman's success with the frontier tribes. We must show boldness and sympathy if we are to carry with us the Native States of India. Lord Canning and Lord Dufferin understood this well.

And, finally, if the existing Forward policy is to be condemned and reversed, it is very desirable to know what its opponents would propose to substitute for it. Mere destructive criticism is easy. Every policy which the wit of man can devise is open to objections, and, doubtless, the Indian frontier policy is open to many. But the question is whether any better policy can be suggested under existing circumstances. With Russia on the Oxus and all Asia watching our movements, are we to come back to the Indus Valley, abandoning Quetta and tearing up our treaties and our railways? To believe this possible would be to despair of the republic. Are we to keep our position in Beluchistan and up to the Gumal Pass, but revert to a non-intervention policy to the north of this point? But even this means withdrawal from numerous engagements, and the blackening of our face with our great feudatory Kashmir, and the States of Dardistan, and the northern Pathans, with whom we have lately had dealings. Are we to adhere to our position south of the Gumal and in the Dard country, and revert to the policy of non-intervention with the northern Pathans only? But in their part of the frontier lies the Khyber, which, as all admit, 'must be kept 'open and under Imperial control,' besides other important passes, and we are pledged to protect Kurram.

This is the real difficulty, that no satisfactory substitute for the existing policy, under present circumstances, can apparently be brought forward. Most of its opponents confine themselves to vague generalities. One writer, Sir Lepel Griffin, who has practical knowledge of the question, brings forward proposals of a different character, and these should be examined. But they appear to give a large measure of support to the existing policy. Sir Lepel Griffin writes that Sir Robert Sandeman's system has been 'generally successful 'in the South,' and he further observes, 'those opponents of

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'the Forward policy who urge that the system of adminis-
'tration which is associated with the name of Sir Robert
'Sandeman is inapplicable to districts like Swat, Bajaur,
'Dir, and Chitral, seem to me hardly reasonable; for there is
'no part of the Afghan border where there is so plentiful a
'crop of powerful khans, who can generally be bribed or per-
'suaded to keep on friendly terms with the Government, if we
'scrupulously abstain from interference with their internal
'affairs. It is tribes like the Afridis, Orakzais, and Waziris,
'the most powerful and turbulent on the border, who cannot
'be controlled through tribal leaders who do not exist, and
'it is wise to have as little to do with them and their terri-
'tory as possible.' Therefore, in the opinion of the most prominent upholder of the Punjab policy, the only portion of the frontier to which the Sandeman system is inapplicable is the comparatively short and narrow central portion between Swat and the Gumal Pass. And even here Sir Lepel Griffin points out that 'the Khyber and the Kohat 'Passes, both of which lie in Afridi country, are impor-
'tant military and commercial roads, which the Afridis
'understand must be kept open and under Imperial control.' Finally, recognising the force of accomplished facts, Sir Lepel Griffin goes on to recommend the transfer of all the frontier districts from the charge of the Punjab Government. Such conclusions as these will probably give more satisfaction to the Forward party than to the Punjab school.

These remarks are made in no spirit of hostility to the Lawrence policy. We believe that policy was the right policy in 1867, and we confess to having grave doubts whether we were wise in not returning to the Indus frontier after the Afghan war, if we could have done so without a breach of our engagements. Of all the papers written on the subject when our policy was being discussed in 1880, those which carry most conviction, to our mind, are the minutes in which Sir Henry Norman advocated a complete withdrawal within our old frontier. But this is not the question now. What practical men have to consider is the existing situation, and how we are to deal with it.

It seems to us that, looking at the question of policy as a whole, there is really no choice, and that the course to be followed for the future is one upon which all men of mark on both sides are practically agreed. It is too late to go back now. For good or for evil we have abandoned the Lawrence policy on the frontier, and adopted another policy, all of us alike, whatever our political creed.

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The fundamental principles of that policy are to respect and support the independence of Afghanistan, and to organise for defence the tribal belt. To those principles we must adhere.

There is no need for haste or alarm. Russia is not strong enough to attack us at present, even if she wished to do so. And she is more profitably employed elsewhere, and seems to have no designs upon the peace of India. We should do well to show more confidence in our own power, which, so long as the people of India have faith in us, is immense.

Nothing is more unwise in our own interests than an appearance of fear. We should do well also to show less distrust of the intentions of the Russians. It is seventy years now since Russia has made any serious encroachment on the frontiers of Persia; and this is a fact worth remembering when we are considering the probability of her violating the frontiers of Afghanistan. Let us, therefore, act deliberately and carefully, avoiding unnecessary expense and unnecessary interference with the internal affairs of the tribes, especially those tribes whose country leads nowhere. Let us, in the words of Lord George Hamilton, 'concentrate our strength and attention on those routes 'and positions only which are essential to the fulfilment of 'our obligations, and thus avoid dispersion of force and 'annexation of territory.' But let us keep our objects clearly in view, and hold to our course with that steadfastness of purpose which should characterise the policy of a great nation.

No. CCCLXXXIV. will be published in April.

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THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

APRIL, 1898.

No. CCCLXXXIV.

ART. I.—1. *Industrial Democracy.* By SIDNEY and BEATRICE WEBB. London: 1898.

2. *The Labour Question.* By PAUL DE ROUSIERS. Translated by F. L. D. HERBERTSON. London: 1896.

3. *The Labour Problem.* By GEOFFREY DRAGE, M.P. London: 1896.

4. *Report of the Chief Labour Correspondent of the Board of Trade on the Strikes and Lock-outs of* 1896. C. 8643 of 1897.

A FEW months ago the fickle and wavering attention of the public was recalled by events to those industrial relations which so deeply affect the national prosperity. The long conflict, fought with truly Anglo-Saxon tenacity, between two powerful Trade-unions, the Boiler-makers and the Shipwrights, over disputed territory in the land of 'jobs,' after disturbing every shipyard and exercising the genius of almost every judge on the bench, issued in the famous decision of the House of Lords in Allen *v.* Flood. It was a case in which one undoubted right came into collision with another. An employer is clearly entitled to employ any workman, and a workman to serve any employer. On the other hand, workmen, so long as they break the terms of no contract, are entitled to combine to refuse to work for any reason which seems good to them, even if it is to obtain the discharge of an obnoxious fellow workman. So the rule now stands after an almost unprecedented conflict of opinion among the Judges. The law, after having for some time shown a disposition to award damages to workmen deprived of livelihood by their fellows, henceforth disinterests itself

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in these matters. This decision makes clear a doubtful situation. The other event of importance has been the long contest waged between the largest and, when the fight began, the wealthiest of Trade-unions, that of the Amalgamated Engineers, and on the other side an Employers' Federation of strength and resolution unprecedented in that trade. The battle began by an attempt of the Trade-unionists to obtain a forty-eight hours' week in certain London shops, followed by a defensive lock-out, extending to a large part of the industry in various quarters of the country. The quarrel came to embrace important questions of management, and ended, as public opinion seemed to demand, not in the annihilation of the Trade-union, but in its defeat on the chief points at issue. The employers have resisted successfully the attempt to shorten the hours, and have asserted their freedom to organise their work and use their machinery in the manner that seems to them most expedient. It will be found that the conflict has been worth its cost. It has cleared the air of vexatious outstanding questions, and has taught the Engineers to know better the limits to which their action can at present be wisely and successfully extended.

Every year the Board of Trade publish a 'Report on 'Strikes and Lock-outs,' not indeed closely up to date, but useful and interesting. The figures for the latest year, 1896, show that, as ever, wage-rates are far and away the chief cause of trade disputes. In that year no less than 55·8 per cent. of the disputes (accounting for 58·3 per cent. of the total number of workpeople affected and 71·7 per cent. of the aggregate working days lost) were about this subject. Quarrels as to working arrangements, questions of Unionism, and demarcation of work, account for most of the other conflicts. The disputes as to hours of labour, pure and simple, were very few indeed. According to the report, the honours of victory were almost evenly divided in 1896 between employers and employed, so that the balance of power seems to be at present fairly equal. It is satisfactory to know on the same authority how large a proportion of modern industrial disputes are now decided, not by mere victory and defeat, but by negotiation, compromise, and various methods of conciliation. The Report records several successful interventions by the Board of Trade under the Conciliation Act. This friendly action by the State is evidently gaining ground under the energetic direction of Sir Courtenay Boyle. There is no doubt,

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moreover, that numbers of questions, which would formerly have led to strikes and lock-outs, are now disposed of in their early stages by more or less strongly and formally organised industrial diplomacy. In industry the age of skilled diplomacy is succeeding to that of war.

During the strike of the engineers the usual doleful prophecies of the destruction of the industry in favour of foreign rivals were heard in the land. We do not deny the danger as a possible one, but are encouraged by the non-fulfilment of similar prophecies throughout the last fifty years. In the year 1643 (to illustrate smaller things by greater), when England was in the heart of a civil war, and France was ruled by the strong hand of Richelieu, an observer might have predicted the disappearance of England as a Great Power. But the English people, on both sides of the quarrel, were really guided by true instinct. The nation was blundering on its way towards a mode of government which would secure imperial strength without destroying domestic freedom. The result was seen in the external success of the following century, due to the fact that policy was, in the main, directed not, as in France, by the Crown, apt to be misled by personal or dynastic motives, but by the nation with united force and unerring instinct of its needs and destinies. Out of the weakness of our civil wars came strength, and out of the strength of Richelieu came weakness. The analogy is useful. Fifty years hence it may be seen more clearly than now that the same sound instinct of Englishmen has in this century led the great industries through a long period of conflict to higher peace and unity. It may be found, in the twentieth century, that, earlier than those in any other country, the English trades (we include in this term employers as well as employed) have hammered out superior forms of organisation which will enable them, at peace within themselves, to defeat in the world's markets rivals who now, perhaps, benefit in some degree by our domestic dissensions. St. Augustine profoundly said that war itself is but a means of passing from a lower to a higher state of peace. Internal contentment, whether of an individual, a trade, or a nation, is a mighty factor in external success.

In industrial, as in political, constitutions, the problem ever is how to reconcile order with energy. To what extent should the State intervene? Is it sufficient to leave questions of hours of labour and wage-rates to be settled by forces of supply and demand, or the action of trade associations? To what extent, and in what way, should pro-

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tection be given to children, women, and weak workmen who are unable to combine in defence of their interests? All these are very interesting questions, and we welcome the solid contribution made by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb towards their discussion. We cannot agree with all their conclusions, but we admire their industry in obtaining facts by way of original documents, personal observation, and converse with workmen and employers. The arguments are skilfully marshalled, and the style is most lucid. Nor do these joint authors advance any proposition which can be regarded as outside the limits of useful discussion. Three or four years ago they published an excellent 'History of 'Trade Unionism,' and thus cleared the ground for an examination in their recent work, entitled 'Industrial 'Democracy,' of the existing conditions and tendencies prevailing in the world of industry. The subject is immense, and we can do no more than state and criticise some of the main conclusions at which Mr. and Mrs. Webb arrive.

The reign of the Queen has this resemblance to that of Elizabeth—that it has been an age of industrial and social reconstruction following upon an epoch of change, revolution, and dissolution of the old order. Early in the century the industrial world seemed to be returning to its elements, and the leading school of economic writers glorified chaos under the name of freedom. But the 'soul of good lives in things 'evil.' Out of these miseries a new order was to arise, evolved in great measure from the very change in industrial processes which had destroyed antiquity. Thus the massing of workmen in great groups arrayed the forces which achieved extension of the suffrage. As the legislature and governing classes were brought into closer touch with the condition of the masses of the people, laws intended to safeguard the health and safety of the employed received continual extension. At the same time new and powerful Trade-unions were rising. In trade after trade a labour *Tiers état* formed itself in face of the industrial principalities which strong individuals—mostly of working-class origin—had carved out for themselves in the days of break-up and confusion. Mr. and Mrs. Webb analyse in a very well worked-out part of their book the necessity of self-defence to which the rise of these associations is due.

The great motive force in the economic sphere is the craving of man to obtain as much as possible at the least possible cost to himself. The consumer is actuated by the innocent desire to obtain goods at the cheapest price.

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Retail shops are driven to undersell each other by reason of the power of the purchasers—especially in large towns—to deal with one shop rather than another. The retail shopman, in his turn, makes the wholesale dealers compete for his custom, and they again coquet with the manufacturers. The manufacturer, if he finds himself in face of unorganised workmen, is naturally led to diminish his cost of production by cutting down wages and increasing hours of labour. Thus, as our authors say:—

'At each link in the chain of bargainings the superiority in freedom is so overwhelmingly on the side of the buyer that the seller feels only constraint. This freedom of the purchaser increases with every stage away from the actual production until it culminates in the anarchic irresponsibility of the private customer, free alike from all moral considerations as to the conditions of employment, and from any intelligent appreciation of the quality of the product. On the other hand, the impulse for cheapness, of which the consumer is the unconscious source, grows in strength as it is transmitted from one stage of bargaining to another, until at last, with all its accumulated weight, it settles like an incubus on the isolated workman's means of subsistence.'

The isolated workman, in need of daily bread, holds the weakest position in all the line of bargainers, unless he be defended by the monopoly of very special acquired skill. But the whole tendency of the age of machinery has been to centralise skill in fewer hands, and to de-specialise the average workman, while at the same time the working classes have been more and more regimented in ordered groups by the necessities of the new processes. Self-defence in the new conditions has rendered necessary, and the grouping in masses has facilitated, the formation of Trade-unions. They resist and throw back the tide of pressure flowing from the consumer's desire for cheapness.

Now the main argument of Mr. and Mrs. Webb is on the following lines. The leading motive which has inspired the working classes in all that long struggle out of which their organisations have risen is to maintain their standard of life against the pressure of the consumer's desire, and, where possible, to advance it. This standard is composed of wages, leisure, and sanitary conditions of labour. It was found to be impossible, especially as the country was virtually made smaller by railways, that any local section of a trade should maintain its standard, while a lower standard was accepted by other sections. Therefore the common rules or agreements by which workmen bound themselves to

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sell labour only on certain terms constantly tended to expand from the shop, mine, or factory, to the district, and from the district to the whole trade, while by a consequent process the local trade clubs grew, by process of amalgamation, into more or less centralised national unions. By a like development contests which had been local became national, or at least provincial, and employers in self-defence were driven to form federations covering areas wide as the organisations of the workpeople. 'Industrial Democracy' suggests that the final term in the process is federation of all labour associations and their common political action for the purpose of obtaining certain common objects. It is of the essence of the authors' argument that the Trade-union common rules, which they desire to see eventually enforced by law, are to the advantage not only of the workmen, but also of the community. These rules constitute the bulwark or dyke protecting wages and hours of labour against the pressure of the tide transmitted from the desire of the consumer. If, they contend, employers are unable to reduce wages or extend hours, they will be forced into other modes of making their profit. They will try to get the best workmen, and cease to employ the old, weak, or incapable; hence comes into play the force of 'selection of the fittest' among workmen. They will endeavour to improve the organisation of their works, or to discover mechanical improvements. So, no doubt, in the United States high wage-rates have given an immense stimulus to invention. It implies the possession of little mind or skill to increase profits by reducing wages or lengthening hours, but an employer of inferior ability will not succeed in increasing profits by organisation, invention, or combination. If, therefore, employers are driven by the power of Trade-unions, or by public opinion, or by legislation, to make their profits by these skill-involving methods, the result is the elimination of those whose force consists merely in hardness of heart and strength of will, and the survival of those 'captains of industry' who possess qualities more conducive to the common good. Hence it follows that the rise or maintenance of wages, the reduction of hours of labour and increased cost of sanitation, promote the progress of mechanical invention, the survival of the fittest, and the increased efficiency both of workmen and of the directors of industry. In support of this view the authors quote (*inter alia*) an interesting passage from an article written some years ago by Mr. W. Mather, the eminent Lancashire em-

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ployer, whose name has frequently been mentioned in the late controversy as to hours of labour. He said :—

'We employers owe more than, as a body, we are inclined to admit to the improvements in our methods of manufacture, due to the firmness and independence of trade combinations. Our industrial steadiness and enterprise are the envy of the world. The energy and pertinacity of Trade-unions have caused Acts of Parliament to be passed which would not otherwise have been promoted by employers or politicians, all of which have tended to improve British commerce. . . . Every intelligent employer will admit that his factory or workshop, when equipped with all the comforts and conveniences and protective appliances prescribed by Parliament for the benefit and protection of his workpeople—though great effort and, it may be, even sacrifice on his part has been made to procure them—has become a more valuable property in every sense of the word, and a profit has accrued to him owing to the improved conditions under which his workpeople have been placed.'

In so far as the resistance of workmen to encroachments on their standards of wages or hours stimulates improvement in industrial methods, there is, no doubt, an advantage to the community. But it will happen that economic improvements of this kind are exhausted, or reach a stage of slower development. Employers may then be driven to defend their own means of existence by vast amalgamation of business and capital, or by the American system of great price-maintaining and enhancing rings and trusts. Combinations of this kind may be the ultimate resultant of the pressure of desire for cheapness on the one side, and resistance by workmen on the other, and in the long run may become strong enough at once to plunder the consumer and defy the Trade-union. The 'selection of the fittest' is a principle which at different periods produces very different results.

The methods of Trade-unions are classified by Mr. and Mrs. Webb under three heads. These are—to use for once their own pomp of capitals—the 'Method of Mutual Insurance,' the 'Method of Collective Bargaining,' and the 'Method of 'Legal Enactment.' By 'mutual insurance' they merely mean the maintenance by 'out-of-work pay' of men who refuse to serve a recalcitrant employer. It is a primitive method—a kind of imperfect strike—and we need not dwell upon it. 'Collective bargaining' describes the ordinary procedure of modern Trade-unionism. It implies all that formal action—so much, on its smaller scale, resembling international relations—diplomacy carried on by recognised and specialised officials, declarations of war,

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militant proceedings, negotiations for peace, and treaties. Just as powerful nations, by a mixture of skilled bargaining, prestige, and occasional war, obtain a share in the world's wealth and territory proportioned to their relative strength, so powerful Trade-unions have obtained by the same means a large share of the increase in the national wealth. As in international affairs so in industrial—the relative strategic positions of the bargainers are all-important. Not in every industry can a strong Trade-union arise; coherence and continuance are often impossible.

'When,' to quote the words of the Labour Commission, 'a skilled industry is carried on in more or less large factories, workshops, or mines, and (at any rate, in some central districts) brings a large number of workmen into close contact—when, in other words, a trade combines the elements of skill, co-operation in the same work of a number of people, and local contiguity—it is easy to convert the natural craft thus existing into a formed and permanent Trade-union.'

Unskilled and agricultural labourers, women, and the wandering race of seamen never have succeeded, and probably never will succeed, in establishing really strong and lasting organisations. Bounds are set by the nature of things to the extension of permanent Trade-unionism, and not more than about one-sixth of the industrial male adult population of the United Kingdom belongs to these societies. Therefore, important as collective bargaining is, and great as are, no doubt, its indirect as well as its direct results, its power of raising and protecting the standard of life is confined within certain limits. Even in the case of the skilled and organised trades, diplomacy and industrial war are not sufficiently potent methods to please the authors of 'Industrial Democracy.' The most recent events show that a powerful and determined combination of great employers can defeat on a question of management and hours of labour the wealthiest union of the most highly skilled artisans. Strikes and lock-outs are costly to all concerned and injurious to the public, and it is difficult to secure permanent and universal observation of treaties of peace, especially in this same matter of hours of labour. Thus the authors lead us from the Method of Collective Bargaining to the Method of Legal Enactment as the hope and salvation of the age to come.

Legal enactment they treat *pari passu* with 'mutual 'insurance' and 'collective bargaining' as being a mode of Trade-union procedure, likely in an increasing degree to supersede collective bargaining, as that in turn displaced

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more primitive ways of action. This classification is, we think, more convenient to systematic writers than true to reality. Trade-unions had little to do with the educational protection given to children; in Lancashire their influence seems of late to have been rather opposed to any raising of the protected age. It is, of course, quite true that the combined action of workmen in special trades, and the desire of members of Parliament to gain their support, have often furthered particular measures, but we doubt whether it can fairly be said that—taking factory and workshop legislation as a whole—Trade-union action has been the chief motive force. Much of this legislation, it must be remembered, relates to wholly unorganised industries. Not only in England, but in countries like France and Belgium, where industrial associations are less powerful, the community as a whole—it would seem—has become more sensitive to suffering and inequality, has taken steps to inform and enlighten itself, and has gradually acted upon the information gradually obtained. These are large and general phrases; yet they represent the facts, we think, more truly than Mr. and Mrs. Webb's partial explanation. Before all other agencies the reports of the inspectors of factories, brought to bear year after year upon the responsible ministers and members of Parliament, and in a less degree on the public at large, have extended the legal protection of the weak.

But Mr. and Mrs. Webb have a good tactical reason for representing legal enactment as a mere improved method of attaining ends hitherto treated by industrial collective bargaining. They wish to allure the minds of their readers as gently as possible, and without having to cross any gulf of principle, towards the idea that all conditions of labour, sanitation, safety, hours, wages, should gradually be brought under public control. Most people instinctively feel that the State is quite within its rights in regulating the sanitary conditions under which work may be carried on, and in protecting children and women against excessive hours of labour. Whether the protection as to hours of labour should be extended to adult men seems to the instinct-led citizen to be an open question. Possibly, he thinks, such protection might be given where trades are specially unhealthy or dangerous, or in the case of semi-public services like that of railways. But any control of wages by public authority seems to him to be out of the question. Mr. and Mrs. Webb desire to enlarge this conception.

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They point out how minutely many conditions of labour are already regulated by authority. We have the most elaborate code, or rather jungle, of statutes and administrative orders, relating to sanitation and prevention of accidents, varying with different industries, as those of miners, seamen, cotton operatives. Not only do we regulate the hours of labour of children, young persons, and women, and thereby indirectly of many men, but the hours of labour of the great adult male class of railway servants have been recently brought within the control of the Board of Trade. Wages, it is true, are not in any industry regulated by State action. But, indirectly, central and local authorities do, as employers of labour on a vast scale, influence the general wage-rates. Moreover, the mode of payment of wages is controlled in general by the truck acts, and in some industries, like that of seamen and piece-work textile operatives, by special regulations. Thus the whole sum of public intervention in the relations between employers and employed has become very large.

The authors of 'Industrial Democracy' desire to suggest to a naturally conservative nation that, after all, it would not be a very wide change from the present situation to one in which there should be 'deliberate enforcement by an 'elaborate labour code of a definite quota of education, 'sanitation, leisure, and wages for every grade of workers 'in every industry.' This is the doctrine entitled 'The 'National Minimum.' But the question arises: How can a *national minimum* of leisure and wages vary with every grade in every industry? We gather that Mr. and Mrs. Webb contemplate the following application of the doctrine. The Factory Acts, they would argue, are intended to secure to the protected classes not superior health, but ordinary freedom from disease. So, in theory, the new legislation is to secure to all manual workers—why manual only?—one minimum limit of hours of leisure, and one minimum limit of wages. But, in the case of sanitation, the technical conditions of different processes, sexes, and ages are so diverse that, in order to attain to the one common standard, each group of trades has in practice to be treated separately. Exactly in the same way the authors contemplate a theoretical single minimum of wages and leisure; but, in practice, its enforcement by special clauses for each section of workers requiring separate treatment. Parliament would confer for this purpose large discretionary powers on, say, the Home Secretary, who would carry out

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the general intention of the Legislature by making different rules for boys and men, males and females, town and country workers. In this way in every industry the 'living 'wage,' or, to adapt an economic metaphor, the margin of employment, would be fixed by authority, inspired, let us hope, not by desire for votes, but by reason and science. Above this line superior conditions, in the way of wages and hours, would still be settled by the present process of bargaining, varied by occasional strikes and lock-outs. Thus the primary effect of legislation of this kind would not be to settle questions of hours and wages in the present stronger and more skilled trades. Their battles rage far above any minimum line that would at first be fixed by authority. But the legislation proposed would at once affect all workers on low wages and long hours. Mr. and Mrs. Webb sum up in the following passage the objects and advantages of their policy:—

'The first necessity for obtaining the greatest possible efficiency of the community as a whole is so to control the struggle for existence that no section is pushed by it into parasitism or degeneration. In the interests of the economically independent sections of wage-earners, whose labour might be displaced by a parasitic class of workers, no less than in the interests of the whole community of citizens, threatened with the growth of degenerate or dependent classes, it is vitally important to construct a solid basis for the industrial pyramid, below which no section of wage-earners, however great the pressure, can be forced. Such an extension of the device of the common rule from the trades to the whole nation, the enforcement of national minimum conditions as to sanitation and safety, leisure and wages, below which no industry should be allowed to be carried on—would, we may infer, have the same economic effect on the industry of the country as the introduction of the common rule has on each trade. Thus it would in no way prevent competition between trades, or lessen its intensity. The consumer would be free to select whatever product he preferred, whether it was made by men or women, by hand or machinery, by his own countrymen or by foreigners. The capitalist would be free to introduce any machinery, to use any process, or to employ any class of labour that he thought most profitable to himself. . . . All that the community would require would be that there should be no parasitic labour—that is to say, that no employer should be allowed to offer, and no operative should be permitted to accept, employment under conditions below the minimum which the community had decided to be necessary to keep the lowest class in full and continual efficiency as producers and citizens.'

It should be added, to complete the statement of their argument, that Mr. and Mrs. Webb do not abandon, though

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they do not in their present volumes press, the idea that as large a portion as practicable of industry now carried on by private enterprise should be gradually transferred to central and local public authorities. They would nationalise or municipalise as much as possible of the field of industry, and strongly control all the rest of it, just as the Government of India directly governs part of the peninsula and controls native States within and around its borders.

We do not desire to criticise the position of 'Industrial 'Democracy' on the ground of abstract principle. Socialists contend that only the service of the State is 'perfect free-'dom;' and it may, at least, be admitted that, without equality or approximate equality of bargaining power, 'freedom of contract' is apt to be a misleading phrase. There is, moreover, plenty of historical precedent—so far as that goes—for statutory regulation by public authority, both of wages and hours. In England the craft guilds—those little trade republics—broke down in the period of unloosing and unbinding at the beginning of the sixteenth century. The Elizabethan legislators, who had to rebuild the shattered social edifice, carried through legislation intended to replace the regulations of the craft guilds. The Statute of Labourers in 1563, with its subsequent extensions, regulated the terms of apprenticeship and the number of apprentices. Moreover, in order that the 'hired person' should have 'both in time of scarcity and in time of plenty 'a convenient proportion of wages,' wage-rates were to be annually fixed in every county for practically every trade by the magistrates and other 'grave persons,' in accordance with the varying cost of subsistence. Just as, according to Anglo-Catholics, we are now returning on a higher plane to an essentially true conception of the Catholic Church, so, according to modern Collectivists, we are returning to an essentially true ancient social conception. But, they would say, as the community itself is now far more large, complex, strong, systematised, reasoning, and self-conscious than it was three hundred years ago, so its action in the industrial sphere must now also be more powerful, far-reaching, and systematic. Whether or not we should return in this way to Elizabethan principles, and empower public authorities to fix in every industry, or group of industries, the maximum hours of employment and the minimum rate of wages, is, we agree, a question turning not upon abstract principles, but upon practical considerations. If the State may increase an employer's cost of production by compelling him to

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place his workshop in a proper sanitary condition, it may also, so far as principle is concerned, increase that cost by forbidding him to employ labour below a certain rate of wages. The fundamental rule, 'Sic utere tuo ut alienum non 'lædas,' may be quite justly construed to mean, 'You shall 'not be permitted to take advantage of your strategic 'position in face of unorganised weaklings to force them to 'accept employment for excessive hours at starvation wage-'rates.' At the same time, we believe that—as is usually the case—the ordinary instinct is in the right, though it may not array itself in the best armour of reasons. There are, we think, strong arguments, based on practical expediency, for not extending regulation to wages, and extending it very cautiously, if at all, to hours of labour beyond the present limits of the law.

That special protection should be given to children, and those of tender age, to women, and to those engaged in dangerous and unhealthy occupations; that no employers should be allowed so to carry on their works as to make accidents easy, or spread disease, or sap the vitality of their employés—this, by the agreement of most men, except Mr. Auberon Herbert, concerns the State. Between this ordered realm and the region still governed by free contract there is a sufficiently good, if not strictly scientific, frontier. The work of the State, within its own sphere, is by no means as yet completed; large provinces remain but half subdued, and the annual reports of the factory inspectors show how much remains to be done before the law in practice carries out the whole intention of the law on paper. The standing difficulty is the existence of the low class of industries to which the popular term 'sweated' has been applied. In them exists that large class of workers under conditions of 'earnings barely sufficient to sustain existence; hours of 'labour such as to make the lives of the workers periods of 'almost ceaseless toil, hard and unlovely to the last degree; 'sanitary conditions injurious to the health of the persons 'employed, and dangerous to the public.' * These industries, by dint of low wages, long hours, and bad accommodation, painfully maintain an illegitimate competition against large and well-ordered factories and workshops, or prevent these from arising so abundantly as otherwise they might. The true characteristic of the 'sweated' type of

* Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the sweating system, 1890.

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industry is, as M. Paul de Rousiers points out, that it is carried on by 'penniless' employers, themselves hard pressed from above. A no very great raising of the cost would drive out of existence most of these denizens of the productive borderland. Mr. and Mrs. Webb hold that, as low wages, long hours, and bad accommodation are but different manifestations of one evil, the remedial legislation should deal with all of them.

'Just as it is against public policy to allow an employer to engage a woman to work excessive hours, or under insanitary conditions, so it is equally against public policy to permit him to engage her for wages insufficient to provide the food and shelter without which she cannot continue in health. Once we begin to prescribe the minimum conditions under which an employer should be permitted to open a factory, there is no logical distinction to be drawn between the several classes of the wage-contract. From the point of view of the employer one way of increasing the cost of production is the same as another, whilst to the economist and the statesman concerned with the permanent efficiency of industry and the maintenance of national wealth, adequate food is at least as important as reasonable hours or good drainage. To be completely effectual the policy of the National Minimum will therefore have to be applied to wages.'

'No logical distinction'—perhaps not. But there may be, and we think there are, excellent reasons for a distinction in practice. The reform in question can, we believe, be gradually effected without crossing into the dangerous and limitless regions of wage legislation. Increasing pressure steadily applied to compel these needy slave-drivers to observe gradually increased and efficiently enforced sanitary conditions, would probably, before long, be sufficient to deprive them of the means by which they compete against the better class of workshops. The Labour Commission of 1894 believed that, if better sanitary conditions could be secured to the 'sweated' class of workers, this would prove a 'first 'step towards the eventual elevation of their whole standard 'of life, and the improvement of their conditions of labour 'in all other respects.' Thinking this, they recommended some very drastic legislation to ensure that no workshop should be used in scheduled industries unless its owner could obtain a certificate that it was fit for the purpose. The Commissioners added this warning:—

'We are aware that any reform of this kind would probably, even though brought gradually into effective operation, throw altogether out of employment a number of persons who are now making a bare livelihood under bad conditions, and would thus, until things had readjusted themselves, increase rather than diminish distress. It would

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be necessary, as the cost of the improvement, to contemplate the probability of increased pressure for a period upon Poor-law relief; but we think that in the long run the permanent gain to the community would much more than repay the temporary loss.'

Some modification of the Poor-law might prove necessary, especially in order to help, not too harshly, persons too old to turn to other occupations. This would be the 'cost of the improvement'—that is, of the gradual extinction of the lowest social caste, with its down-dragging weight and demoralising influence upon the class immediately above it. It would be a social expenditure made in order to break the vicious circle in which so many poor wretches move, condemned to be underfed, underclothed, and overworked because they are weak, and to be weak because they are overworked, underclothed, and underfed.

One practical difficulty with regard to all legislation, whether in the matter of sanitation or hours, is that it may give rise to a great extension of 'home work,' which cannot be brought under effective control of any kind. The reports of the factory inspectors show how difficult it already is to secure, in the smaller workshops, the observance of the laws for the protection of the leisure of female workers. Work is taken away to be done at home after the regular hours of labour in the shop. It is almost impossible to prevent this wherever work is independent of machinery and motive power. Even when the law is not evaded in this way it is very difficult to prevent evasions of other kinds. Far more difficult yet would it be to compel attention to official orders prescribing minimum wage-rates. How could a legion of inspectors sufficiently inspect the account-books of employers, or ascertain subtle evasions of the law? Nor do we see how a mortal Home Secretary could be so infallible as to judge rightly of the minimum 'living wage' of the different industrial groups, ages, and sexes. As a matter of fact there is no absolute standard of justice in the matter of fixing wage-rates. In the military and civil services, wages are settled by public authorities, by reference to the average earnings of men of similar grades in the open market, not by the application of any theoretic standard of life. On what principle of equity could a Parliament, or Home Secretary, decide that the minimum wages of an agricultural labourer should be, say, 15*s.* a week, and those of a carpenter 25*s.* a week? Or how decide what minimum wage of a Lancashire cotton-spinner was equivalent to the minimum rate at which his wife should be employed in

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weaving? The gradual establishment of a complete Labour Code, supplemented by public courts of arbitration, might in time supersede, as Mr. and Mrs. Webb anticipate, the present militant action of Trade-unions. But then, on how colossal a scale should we have the perpetual discontent, grumbling about classification, jealousy, and political machination, which, among those employed in Government service, is an unhealthy substitute for the sharp labour conflicts and intervening good humour in the world of open industry! And, even if we suppose a Home Secretary to be both omnipotent and omniscient, would he be found so impeccable as to resist the constant pressure of the ardent party desire to capture votes by raising the minimum wages? Would not the electoral history of the country tend to the resemblance of that of certain dockyard towns? Mr. and Mrs. Webb frankly, almost cynically, exhort the Trades-unions to use their power chiefly for the purpose of advancing their own interests. It is their main complaint that hitherto these societies have pursued a truly English sectional policy, and have failed to combine in any large effort to force industrial legislation through Parliament. In order to show what pressure a strong federal combination of all the Trades-unions might bring to bear upon Government and Parliament, the authors point to the political success of the Lancashire cotton operatives. Let us suppose that the leaders of these operatives deem the time ripe for further legislative reduction of the hours of labour of the female weavers, and thus, indirectly, of male spinners and the whole trade. They first hold meetings, write in local papers, educate their own members of Parliament, pass resolutions.

'When the Parliamentary session opens the struggle is transferred to the lobby of the House of Commons. It is, perhaps, a fortunate chance that the present general secretary of the spinners belongs to the Conservative party, whilst the general secretary of the weavers is a staunch adherent of the Liberals. No member for a cotton constituency, to whichever party he may belong, escapes the pressure. Meanwhile, in order to smooth the way for legislation, the employers will have been approached with a view to arriving at some common policy which the trade, as a whole, can press on the Government. The mill-owners, for instance, will be persuaded not to oppose increased factory legislation, on consideration of the operatives joining them to stop a threatened Indian import duty, or combining in support of the 'rehabilitation' of silver. When a general election comes near, an urgent appeal is issued to all the 132,000 members, reminding them that they should vote only for those candidates, of whatever political party, who

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promise to support the trade programme. No one can read the frequent circulars, the minutes of the conferences with employers and members of Parliament, the reports of the public meetings, dinners to factory inspectors, and deputations to the Home Office, the leading articles in the "Cotton Factory Times," and the questions to candidates for election in Lancashire constituencies, without admitting that the cotton operatives have known how to construct a political machine of remarkable efficiency.'

Thus it comes to pass that 'what Lancashire thinks to-'day England will think to-morrow.' General elections are to a large extent lost and won in Lancashire; the county wisely allows no party to count securely on its support. Mr. and Mrs. Webb are of opinion that the miners, though well organised and ably represented, fall behind the cotton operatives 'in the manipulation of both political parties in 'the House of Commons.' This weakness is largely due to their loyal but impolitic devotion to one party. They should, like the cotton operatives, be more coy, and keep two suitors in constant sanguine rivalry, if they wish for legislative gifts. Their circumstances and interests are, moreover, less homogeneous than those of the cotton operatives, so that it is more difficult for them to combine in the same trade policy. But, surely, it would be a misfortune for the country if, as our authors propose, the million and more of Trade-unionists were federated and brigaded in a compact political organisation and schooled to work Parliament in exclusive labour interests. After all, the main business of the electorate, acting through the House of Commons, is to entrust power to the ministers who are best qualified to conduct the affairs of a great empire. To advise a powerful section of the electors (as Mr. John Burns advised the engineers at the recent York election) to subordinate all other considerations to the furtherance of their own class interests is certainly not to teach them the highest duties of citizenship. When, after the Black Death, in the time of Edward III., the scarcity of labour made wages rise, a Parliament of landowners and merchants attempted to fix maximum wages. It is now proposed that Labour should use its power in the modern State to fix minimum wage-rates. We do not think that the new legislation would be either more judicious or more successful than the old.

On the whole, there is, we think, small fear that the 'collective' good sense of the nation will ever either permit Parliament to prescribe minimum wage-rates or will entrust that task to a Government department. Of all men, those

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who have served in public departments are most aware of the timidity, procrastination, and over-scrupulosity inherent in the nature of these pieces of human machinery, and best know how ill qualified they are to undertake so delicate and difficult a function. On the House of Commons would devolve the duty, and pleasure, of criticising and controlling the Home Secretary in his task of regulating the minimum wage-rates of the electors—a House of Commons already hardly able to transact in five or six months of annual existence its ordinary legislation, financial business, and general discussion. Nor do we think there is reason to fear that the Trade-unionists of England, as a whole, will ever so far divest themselves of the nature of the true citizen as to treat parliamentary representatives simply as agents for labour interests.

If, in this main matter of settling wage-rates, the industrial world is returning on a higher plane to any former conception, it is rather towards that of the autonomous trade-guilds than towards that of regulation by public authorities. Each trade in a mediæval city was a self-governing university, regulated by its senate of masters who had themselves passed through the previous apprentice and journeyman existences. But in the great modern trades a more complex life has made deep the division between direction and capital on the one side and manual labour on the other. Workmen cannot as a rule, except in small industries, rise to the rank of masters. Yet in these same great trades the workmen are asserting more and more effectively the right to a collective share in the power of regulating the conditions of industry. An analogy, by no means fanciful, may be drawn between the rise of the English commonalty, represented by the House of Commons, and the rise in each great industry of the Labour commonalty, represented by the Trade-union. The House of Commons began by refusing money supplies except upon satisfactory concessions by Government. The Trade-unions began by refusing labour supply, except upon satisfactory conditions. The House of Commons, proceeding from this starting-point, arrived, after a thousand struggles, mistakes, and failures, at the result that the Executive Government, though distinct in its functions, is one in will with itself. In spite of every industrial conflict, it seems to us that there is continuous approximation to a working identification of will between the managing authorities and the commonalty of each great industry. No one can question this who has

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carefully worked that mine of information, the evidence taken by the Labour Commission, or perused the useful condensation of it into a single volume by the secretary of that Commission, Mr. Geoffrey Drage, in his book entitled 'The Labour Problem.' In their final Report the Labour Commission pointed out that precisely in those industries where the separation of employers from workmen and, therefore, the causes of conflict are most marked, are found the fullest developements of the organisations on each side.

'Powerful Trade-unions' (they say) 'on the one side, and powerful associations of employers on the other, have been the means of bringing together in conference the representatives of both classes, enabling each to appreciate the position of the other, and to understand the conditions subject to which their joint undertaking must be conducted. . . . We see reason to believe that in this way the course of events is tending towards a more settled and pacific period, in which there will be, if not a great identification of interest, at least a clearer perception of the principles which must regulate the division of the proceeds of each industry, consistently with its permanence and prosperity, between those who supply labour and those who supply managing ability and capital. . . . As the terms of what is virtually a partnership come to be better understood, and the arrangements for adjusting them to the variations of trade are made more perfect in one branch of industry after another, a natural end will be found to the conflicts which have been the result, for the most part, of uncertain rights, and mutual misunderstandings, and pursuance of separate interests without sufficient regard to their common interest by employers and workmen.'

One step leads to another. If the workmen are to be assured that they are obtaining a fair share of the receipts earned at a given time in any trade, their representatives must receive some information as to variations in price levels. Discussion round joint-committee tables naturally suggests co-operation between employers and workmen with a view to maintenance of prices.

One cause of fall of prices in a particular trade may be over-production in excess of present demand. In that case a supposed remedy, which has often been suggested, is the diminution of production until pressure on the market is relieved. A proposal of this kind was made by the Lancashire operatives during the negotiations preceding the cessation of work in 1892, as a preferable alternative to decrease of wage-rates. Or, again, prices may fall in consequence of too ardent underselling on the part of producing firms. If, in a certain trade or district, there

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is a combination of manufacturers to prevent this by fixing standard prices, it becomes an obvious suggestion that an alliance should be made with the Trade-union in order to coerce employers who will not act with the League. This is the principle upon which are based certain 'Birmingham 'Alliances,' and it was proposed as a future policy by the Miners' Federation to the federated coal-owners during the great strike of 1893. In this way strongly organised workmen may acquire a voice not only in fixing minimum wage-rates and maximum hours of labour, but in settling standard prices. No doubt, alliance between employers and workmen so complete as this is not without danger to the public. In some cases, where a trade possesses a strong natural monopoly, and competition by other districts or countries does not at an early point set a limit to enhancement of prices, a complete combination among all employers and workmen might end in the plunder of consumers. But these cases of great monopoly advantage are rare in a free-trade country, and, as a rule, alliances of the Birmingham kind would, perhaps, do no more than fairly counteract the natural advantages which purchasers have over sellers. At any rate, the fact that such alliances should be proposed, and here and there carried into effect, is a sign of considerable advance towards the solidarity of the two great elements of the producing interest.

M. Paul de Rousiers, a disciple of the school of the eminent Le Play, founder of 'La Réforme Sociale,' justly dwells, in his interesting study of British industrial conditions, upon two recent conflicts, and their result, as a sign of the continued amelioration of labour relations. One of these was the cotton operatives' contest in 1892–93; the other that of the miners in the autumn of 1893. Both of these struggles were, on the whole, reasonably, and the first faultlessly, conducted; both ended in a fair compromise. In both cases the final treaty of peace contained provisions strengthening the position of the workmen's associations as copartners in the trade and improving the methods by which formal discussion and conciliation are gradually substituted for war. M. de Rousiers takes as a sign of the future that most significant and important clause in the Lancastrian treaty, which provides that any question affecting the general interest of the cotton industry should be considered by a joint committee of employers and men. This, as he says,

> marks the assumption of an entirely new rôle by organisations of labour. It admits the operatives to a share in the government of the

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industry, and thus, when the furthest stage of contemporary evolution is reached, we find the workers beginning to recover something of the control which they would seem to have lost for ever with the advent of the factory.'

In fact, these Lancashire artisans have learned that their true interest lies not in thwarting the natural evolution of the manufacture, and not in using their political power to attack capital, but in alliance with the employers for the promotion of the trade. This passage from internal conflict to external united action is of far-reaching effect. Its influence may already be felt in the Foreign, the Colonial, and the Indian Offices. Lancashire touches all the world—the cotton plantations of America and Egypt, the valley of the Yang-tse-kiang, the banks of the Niger, and the mills of Bombay. It is true that the united action of a powerful trade in pursuit of its own advantage must sometimes be resisted for national or imperial reasons. In the eighteenth century Great Britain alienated and nearly lost Ireland in order to gratify dominant agricultural and commercial interests, and much of the discontent which led to the loss of the American colonies was due to like causes. Of late there have been signs that the Lancashire Cotton Alliance might be prepared to oppose a financial policy thought necessary by the Government of India. Some risk of this kind may be the cost of internal harmony.

One may say, then, that in these great trades the plebeians of industry first fought their way to liberty of combination and action, and are now on the road to win, through their organisations and skilled officials, a share in general policy. Equality follows liberty, and, it may be hoped, liberty and equality will be combined in the spirit of fraternity. Writers like Mr. and Mrs. Webb seem to place their whole reliance on skilfully devised institutions, on relative force, and on legislation. But it is well not to forget the commonplace of religion expressed by Leo XIII. in his Labour Encyclical, that, in the end, no institutions can avail without the strong existence of the Christian spirit of charity, fraternity, and regard for the just claims of others. This spirit is, we feel sure, increasing in the life of this country.

If the leading industries are to be conducted during the coming era by virtual partnership between associations of employers on the one side, and workmen on the other, the question arises whether such associations should not be enabled to acquire legal personality sufficient to enable them

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to enter into industrial agreements capable, like those between other partners, of being made the ground of civil action in courts of law or of legally effective proceedings in courts of arbitration. A strong opinion in favour of this onward step was expressed by a weighty group of the Labour Commissioners, although they thought that public sentiment was not as yet ripe for it. The names of the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir Frederick Pollock, Sir David Dale, Mr. T. Ismay, Mr. Tunstill, and Mr. George Livesey, are enough to prove that the proposal is neither revolutionary nor unpractical. It has already been carried into effect in New Zealand, apparently with results so far satisfactory. It may be long before this adaptation of form to substance is accomplished in the far more complex circumstances of Great Britain, but the logic of events will probably bring it to pass in due course. And the last result of all may be that every employer and every artisan should, as a matter of course, like a barrister or physician, belong to his trade association.

So much for the probable future of the great trades. There always remains the question of the weak and unskilled residue who are never likely to be able to combine. The numerical proportion of this residue is often exaggerated, just as that of the rich is, by those who live in centres like London where the very poor and very rich are most seen and felt. Most of this residue is, we believe, a survival from chaotic, distressful times in the past. The total wealth of the nation steadily and rapidly increases. New fields for colonisation and commerce are being opened up throughout the world, and, unless some great national catastrophe occurs, the wealth of Great Britain will bear a still higher ratio to the population. As this happens, the number of recruits who replenish the poorest classes from above is likely to decrease. Wage-rates of unskilled labourers will, in all probability, rise, not by reason of successful organisation, but—as already happens with agricultural labourers—by reason of the diminution of their numbers. Elementary education and better poor-law management of children, especially more largely assisted emigration of those who can bear it to the regenerating Canadian climate, should contribute towards this result. More and more, as the cost of labour increases, mere brute work will be done by machinery. M. de Rousiers truly observes that the tendency of machinery is to centralise high skill in fewer hands, those, mainly, employed in making it, and to diminish the inequalities between different

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classes of workmen. The superiority of one workman to another tends to consist less in acquired or hereditary skill and more in general aptitude for every kind of employment—that is to say, not so much in the extrinsic qualities of the specific workman, as in the intrinsic qualities of the man, his energy and versatility. The age of machinery consolidates itself, and all causes lead towards greater equality in social conditions. As for the miserable industries on the margin of cultivation, they will, we believe, gradually disappear under pressure of sanitation laws on one side and competition of well-ordered factories and superior machinery on the other. In view of these tendencies, and of the fact that the evolution of the co-operative movement is far from being completed, there is reason to believe that the average conditions of life will in the twentieth century be more satisfactory than they have been during these last hundred years of rapid change and growth, and that the relations between capital and manual labour will rest on a more stable basis.

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ART. II.—1. *Recent and Coming Eclipses.* By Sir NORMAN LOCKYER, K.C.B., F.R.S. London: 1897.

2. *The Total Eclipse of the Sun, April* 16, 1893. By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, C.B., F.R.S. 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. clxxxvii. London: 1896.

3. *Observations de l'Éclipse Totale du Soleil du* 16 *avril* 1893. Par M. H. DESLANDRES. Paris: 1896.

4. *Die totale Sonnenfinsterniss am* 9. *August* 1896. Von A. BÉLOPOLSKY. 'Bulletin de l'Académie Impériale des Sciences de Saint-Pétersbourg,' tome iv. No. 4. Saint-Pétersbourg: 1897.

5. *Total Eclipse of the Sun,* 1896; *the Novaya Zemlya Observations.* By Sir GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, K.C.M.G., M.P. 'Philosophical Transactions,' vol. cxc. London: 1897.

As one total eclipse succeeds another, scores of elaborately equipped travellers, eager for experiment and discovery, 'post o'er land and ocean' towards the scene of the phenomenon—too often towards the scene of disappointment. Astronomers, of all men, should be versed in the philosophy of frustration. Their absolute dependence upon weather would alone suffice to lend fragility to their most cherished hopes; and these are compromised in other ways as well. At critical moments of performance or observation, the human organism becomes perilously unstable; the brain is apt to play mischievous tricks, the nerves to collapse, the self-conscious will to desert its supreme post. Add the probability of accidents, the perversity of 'the unexpected,' the cross-grained texture of the general web of things, and it ceases to be surprising that 'the best-laid schemes' of celestial research are sometimes doomed to futility. We need only recall an adventure of M. Janssen, the founder of the Mont Blanc Observatory. A total eclipse of the sun was due in Southern Europe and Northern Africa on December 22, 1870. He was shut up in Paris. Exit there was none by land or water. So, like the Irishman who preferred 'his 'own post-shay' to either element, he had recourse to a special vehicle. Soaring in a balloon above the Prussian lines, he reached Oran in safety with the 'organic parts' of a newly devised instrument; yet to no purpose. Over the long-anticipated conjunction of the sun and moon clouds drew an impenetrable veil. It was, however, capriciously rent elsewhere; and through its tatters Professor Young

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made, at his Spanish station, his celebrated discovery of the 'reversing layer,' while Sir Norman Lockyer, in Sicily, was rewarded for shipwreck in the 'Psyche' with a glimpse of the corona, lasting one second and a half! Left in abeyance for the Indian eclipse of 1871, and the American eclipse of 1878, the meteorological veto was unmercifully enforced on August 19, 1887, when English and American astronomers crowded towards the shadow track near Moscow, only to see a grey firmament of hopeless uniformity. Two years later the records of the Cayenne eclipse were darkened by the tragedy of Father Perry's death. The pestilential climate of Salut claimed not only his life, but his results; for the plates which, struggling with mortal illness, he successfully exposed, but was unable to develope, were spoilt by the reeking heat. Better fortune attended the event of April 16, 1893, the first of a trio of recent eclipses which we propose more particularly to consider.

Professor Langley, of Washington, reproduces, in the following words, the 'mental photograph' involuntarily taken by him of the totality of August 7, 1869:—

> First, the black body of the moon advanced slowly on the sun, as we have all seen it do in partial eclipses, without anything noticeable appearing; nor till the sun was very nearly covered did the light of day about us seem much diminished. But when the sun's face was reduced to a very narrow crescent, the change was sudden and startling, for the light which fell on us not only dwindled rapidly, but became of a kind unknown before, so that a pallid appearance overspread the face of the earth with an ugly livid hue; and as this strange wanness increased, a cold seemed to come with it. The impression was of something *unnatural*; but there was only a moment to note it, for the sun went out as suddenly as a blown-out gas-jet, and I became as suddenly aware that all around, where it had been, there had been growing into vision a kind of ghostly radiance composed of separate pearly beams, looking distinct each from each, as though the black circle where the sun once was bristled with pale streamers, stretching far away from it in a sort of crown. This was the mysterious corona, only seen during the brief moments while the shadow is flying overhead.*

The scientific value of these occurrences consists in their efficacy for the abolition of that atmospheric glare by which the sun's filmy appendages are ordinarily obliterated. From an airless earth they would be perpetually visible, relieved against the utter blackness of the unpavilioned heavens. All day and every day the delicate splendour of the corona and

* The New Astronomy, p. 40.

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the blaze of the chromosphere and prominences at its base could be observed by merely shielding the eye from direct sunlight. Even solar physicists, however, must breathe; so that this astronomically ideal state of things would be attended by material disadvantages. Yet withal some approach has, by spectroscopic means, been made towards its realisation. White light can be dispersed and indefinitely weakened by refraction, while coloured rays stand their ground, and thus gain more and more in relative strength. This principle has been made available for the study of the solar chromosphere with its vast outliers, known as 'protuberances,' or 'prominences.' For they shine with isolated beams; and their variously tinted spectroscopic images hence come easily into view at the edge of the sun as the effacing sky-illumination fades out through diffusion. They come not only into ocular, but into photographic view. Within the last seven years Professor Hale at Chicago, and M. Deslandres at Paris, have succeeded in perfectly vanquishing the difficulties which long delayed the attainment of this most desirable result; and the sun's fantastic garniture of flame can now be portrayed in the violet calcium light, which is its strongest emanation, in full sunshine, amid the dazzle of noontide, by a brief and simple operation.

To a certain extent, then, investigations of the sun's surroundings are pursued apart from eclipses. But a wide field of inquiry still remains inaccessible, except under cover of the lunar shadow. Among others the alluring problem of the corona is situated within its borders. So far the silvery streamers of this wonderful aureola have baffled every attempt to discern or depict them in daylight. Their apparition is reserved exclusively for the fleeting moments of totality, which are accordingly devoted, in large proportion, to coronal photography. This is an art *sui generis*. The conditions for its successful practice are complex and peculiar; and since they can be experimented upon only during a few score of seconds at a time, and by any given individual rarely more than twice or thrice in his life, its progress is necessarily slow. The regulation of photographic action has been one main source of embarrassment. The brightness of the corona varies greatly in its different parts, while its furthest extensions, instead of being sharply outlined, melt away into the surviving faint illumination of the sky. Hence no single exposure will give a satisfactory picture of the entire object. If long enough to bring out its divergent beams, it cannot but be too long for the

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distinct recording of the details of structure at their base, which get effaced by their own lustre—lost in a fog of 'solarisation.' The remedy against this inconvenience is to take a series of photographs with 'graded' exposures, proceeding from half a second to perhaps forty seconds. The useful limit naturally is different for different instruments, but is in all cases soon reached. More plates have been spoilt by getting an over-allowance than an under-allowance of time. The upshot of this process is a *sectional* representation of the corona, from which a skilful draughtsman can piece together one valuable and authentic likeness.

Questions relating to the corona are of two separate kinds. The first are concerned with its laws of construction, the second with its laws of change. They might be classified as statical and dynamical. A few explanatory words may serve to accentuate the distinction.

The sun is wrapped in a cocoon of light, called the 'photosphere.' This is the bounding surface of our everyday luminary, and is probably formed by the condensation of mounting vapours, which, having there discharged a heavy cargo of heat, descend in ceaseless circulation to get refreighted below. At times these operations are carried on with apparent tranquillity, and the solar cocoon remains entire; at others it is broken by tumultuous action, and presents a spotted aspect. The alternation is periodical in about eleven years, and has its cause deep down in the solar constitution; but what the nature of that cause may be, remains to be discovered. Even the earth, through its magnetic and auroral system, feels the pulse of change; much more does it evoke vicissitudes in the sun's immediate appurtenances.

The eclipsed sun shows to the naked eye a scarlet border, named, from the vividness of its colour, the 'chromosphere.' It represents an envelope some four or five thousand miles deep, composed of glowing gases, chiefly hydrogen, helium, and vapour of calcium, its blazing appearance being due to the predominance in its light of the red ray of hydrogen. To telescopic scrutiny it discloses a veritable flame texture, and a surface jagged and rent, 'like a prairie on fire,' to use Professor Langley's simile. Only the vegetation is of the Tartarean order, with red-hot spikes and steely blades for foliage. Although relatively calm at the sun's epochs of tranquillity, the chromosphere never subsides into the repose of equilibrium; and, as solar agitation culminates, it surges into more than the wildness of an *Oceanus Procellarum*.

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'The appearance,' writes Professor Young, 'which probably 'indicates a fact, is as if countless jets of heated gas were 'issuing through vents and spiracles over the whole surface, 'thus clothing it with flame which heaves and tosses like 'the blaze of a conflagration.' From the glaring mass rise, in lucent crimson and rosy hues, the strange objects first noticed by Vassenius in 1733. Prominences are of two genera and innumerable species. The 'quiescent' sort occur in all solar latitudes. They often simulate clouds—cirrus, cumulus, and stratus—or they fringe the limb as if with groves and tropical forests, or tower up from it in 'horns' a hundred thousand miles high. 'Eruptive' prominences, on the other hand, are confined to the 'spot zones,' and belong to the proper paraphernalia of spots.

'Their form and appearance,' in the words of the same eminent observer,* 'change with great rapidity, so that the motion can almost be seen with the eye. . . . Sometimes they consist of pointed rays, diverging in all directions like hedgehog spines. Sometimes they look like flames, sometimes like sheaves of grain, sometimes like whirling waterspouts capped with a great cloud; occasionally they present most exactly the appearance of jets of liquid fire, rising and falling in graceful parabolas; frequently they carry on their edges spirals like the volutes of an Ionic column; and continually they detach filaments which rise to a great elevation, gradually expanding and growing fainter as they ascend until the eye loses them.'

A few have a merely transient existence, due to some fierce convulsion at their bases. They might be called flame-geysers on a portentous scale. No stranger sight than their upspringing is given to human eyes to witness. Torrents of incandescent vapour are perceived spectroscopically to mount upward at exorbitant rates of speed to altitudes of a quarter of a million of miles, or more, from the generating stratum. But the toppling edifices thus reared amid elemental *Sturm und Drang* make only a phantasmal show; half an hour often suffices for their developement and decay. These prodigious explosions take place only when the sun is generally agitated; and ordinary eruptive prominences also conform, in number and violence, to the rise and fall of spot frequency.

The corresponding alterations of the corona are well assured, if of a kind antecedently improbable. No sooner has the total phase of eclipse set in than this immense effluence starts abruptly into view, a lustrous and insistent

* Young, 'The Sun,' p. 224, ed. of 1897.

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apparition, yet, as regards quantity of contained matter, scarcely more than a decorative unreality—the baseless fabric of a dream. A fabric, none the less, produced by the play of definitely directed and powerful forces. The solar aureola is no mere vague luminosity, but a finely wrought texture, a patterned woof of shining filaments. The disposition of each has a meaning, to elicit which is the primary object of eclipse-observations. In making them, as we have said, the chemical is very largely substituted for the human retina, with overwhelming advantage for the purposes of the research.

By photographic means, too, the quality of coronal light can best be investigated. It proves to be exceedingly mixed. That an unknown gas, designated 'coronium,' pervades the appendage, a tell-tale bright green ray credibly informs us. But white emissions, derived from minute solid or liquid particles, incandescent on their own account, and reflecting as well the intense solar glow, tend to efface this characteristic spectral feature, and have so far rendered abortive experiments in daylight coronal photography by Sir William Huggins's differential method. Their ultimate success, however, need not be despaired of, since it depends upon peculiarities of the coronal spectrum, acquaintance with which is still nascent. It can be improved only as the counted moments of totality slip by. What is to be performed outside of eclipses must be prepared during them.

Until the corona can be induced to portray itself in sunshine, the history of its cyclical variations must remain, to some extent, undivulged. Their actual occurrence was first rendered obvious by the unusual aspect of the eclipsed sun, July 29, 1878. The beamy stellate corona of 1870 and 1871 had on that occasion yielded its place to a totally diverse structure; for the solar poles were closely set with short, sharp, divergent rays, resembling the lines of force in a magnetic field; while enormous wing-like masses stretched along the equatorial plane, traceable, in the azure skies of the Rocky Mountains, to a distance of ten or twelve million miles. Indeed, they reached no definite end, but, presumably, became merged in the dim phosphorescence of the zodiacal light. Now, at that time the sun was in a state of profound calm; and it was remembered that, near the last minimum epoch, in August 1867, a similar corona had been drawn and described by Grosch, of Santiago, while the 'compass-card' aureola had invariably appeared when spots were numerous. The hypothesis of associated change,

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suggested by the late Mr. Cowper Ranyard, has since been fully tested and approved. During the sun's most active stages coronal streamers issue in all latitudes, although with particular emphasis from above the spot zones: then gradually, as disturbance abates, they leave the poles, now seen to be tufted with brush-like emanations, and meet and expand indefinitely at the equator. This alteration in shape is accompanied by a partial decline in brilliancy, the noted green line especially fading to the verge of extinction, as the minimum type is evolved. The corona thus sympathises markedly and methodically with the general state of the sun. Its modifications run their course in the eleven-year spot-period, and appear to be accomplished by gradations as insensible as those of organic growth. When disclosed to our view by the moon's interposition, it indeed wears an aspect of ghostly stillness. Its lustrous aigrettes seem of crystalline rigidity. Yet inconceivably swift movements may be progressing within them. Or they may be liable to shattering convulsions, bringing about the collapse of their fragile forms. Our observations of them are so brief and widely separated as to leave ample room for intervening catastrophes. The occasional possibility, then, of making them virtually continuous for some hours counts for a great deal.

One such opportunity was lost through the failure of the Russian eclipse of 1887; the next presented itself six years later. On April 16, 1893, the shadow path of the moon—a track about one hundred miles wide—traversed South America diagonally from Chili to Ceara, crossed the Atlantic, and, having struck land again on the Senegambian coast between Cape Verde and Bathurst, finally left the earth in the Sahara, beyond Timbuctoo. Early and late observations of the event, at an interval of above three hours, were thus practicable; and the question of rapid coronal change might at least get a qualified and provisional answer. Its occurrence, too, might well be deemed more probable at an epoch of maximum spot-frequency, such as the year 1893. The obscuration was, moreover, long, and the prospect as to weather encouraging. These propitious circumstances stimulated the zeal of preparation. The line of totality was beset in two continents. The Andes were in American occupation; English and French parties took up stations on opposite shores of the Atlantic. The upshot was of scarcely chequered prosperity. In Africa, Brazil, and Chili rich harvests of photographs and 'spectro-

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'graphs' were garnered. Professor Schaeberle alone secured fifty-two pictures of the corona, including a fine set with exposures varied from a quarter of a second to thirty-two seconds. They were on the large scale of 4½ inches to the solar diameter, having been taken with a 40-foot telescope, transported from the Lick Observatory southward, through 66 degrees of latitude, to the desolate mining camp of Mina Bronces, 6,600 feet above the Pacific. They showed an aureola of remarkable brilliancy and of pronounced maximum type. There were no equatorial extensions, no polar tentacles; luminous sheaves and arches impartially surrounded the entire disc. The anticipated effacement of the stamp impressed upon the corona photographed by Barnard and Burnham at the beginning and end of 1889—a year of minimum sun spots—had been accomplished. But, while this general prevision of fact was amply justified, particular predictions, based upon hypotheses of coronal formation, remained unfulfilled. The intricate details visible upon the Mina Bronces plates gave no countenance either to Schaeberle's 'mechanical theory' or to Bigelow's 'magnetic 'theory.' The mystery of the corona subsisted as inscrutably as before.

Among the accessions to Professor Schaeberle's party was Mr. Aubertin, translator of the sonnets of Camoens. The eventful morning at Mina Bronces, he tells us, was 'resplendent;' the air 'absolutely pellucid; and the one 'grand, overwhelming figure was the symmetrical corona, 'of a deep circular margin, extending all round into 'vallances or festoons of lovely texture.' Having witnessed the eclipse of 1870, he was able to compare the celestial pageants.

'They present to my memory,' he wrote, 'a most remarkable contrast—that of 1870 wild, boding, threatening, and compound in effects; that of 1893 exquisite in delicacy, and in purity and elegance complete. The actual darkness produced in 1870 was impressive; here it was of a mild type. The scenery all round, with the conical shadow approaching from the west over the closely grouped brown, dry, russet-tinged mountains, added sublimity to the mighty phenomenon.'

The planets Mercury, Venus, and Jupiter shone out splendidly during totality; but Sirius appears to have been the only star visible. There was evidently much more light abroad than is given by a full moon. The onrush of the moon's shadow, at the rate of a mile in two seconds, pro-

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duced, in the serene mountain air, less than its usual awesome effect.

Some valuable photographic work was done in duplicate by the members of the English expeditions, organised on a uniform plan by the Joint Committee of the Royal and Royal Astronomical Societies. Sergeant Kearney and Mr. Albert Taylor, at Fundium in West Africa, and at Para Curù in Brazil, respectively, exposed picture-plates during totality with similar lenses; while Mr. Fowler and Mr. Shackleton, both assistants in the Solar Physics Department, South Kensington, employed the 'prismatic camera' at the same places. This instrument, the application of which to eclipse investigations is largely due to Sir Norman Lockyer, consists essentially of a prism placed in front of an object glass, a plate-holder being substituted for an eye-piece. Owing to the absence of a slit, the monochromatic images photographed by it are not 'lines,' as with an ordinary spectroscope, but actual figures of the objects emitting discontinuous or particoloured rays. Thus the prominences come out, on the plates it exposes, in their proper shapes, repeated along the entire prismatic range in correspondence with their variously coloured emissions; while the green coronal ray and certain violet companion beams assert themselves, although feebly, as wide rings, half lost in a formless effulgence of dispersed white light. The result went to show that the spectrum of the corona, and therefore its chemistry, differs entirely from that of the chromosphere and prominences. No 'known lines,' in fact, are included in it. Neither the great 'H' and 'K,' predominant in chromospheric radiations, nor a single member of the rhythmical hydrogen series, or the sextuple helium series, belongs by right to the enigmatical halo, although a coronal origin had previously, through the deceptive effect of atmospheric light-scattering, been attributed to some of them.

The discrimination, significant in itself, is indispensable to research. For lack of it M. Deslandres, of the Paris Observatory, was misled into a pseudo-discovery of coronal rotation. From his station on the Salum River he measured, during the four minutes of obscurity, supposed opposite displacements in 'H' and 'K' on opposite sides of the sun, and deduced from them an axial movement in the appendage according with that of the globe it surrounds. But there is little doubt that the 'H' and 'K' he dealt with were diffusion-lines, mischievously brought within the

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purview of his spectroscope by the hazy Senegambian air. Nevertheless his pioneering experiments were not made in vain. The subject of them, once lifted into notice, is too interesting to be let drop. It has become 'of the order 'of the day.'

The strictly comparable photographs of the corona taken, during the eclipse of 1893, at Fundium and Para Curù gave negative evidence of its immobility and invariability. During the seventy interposed minutes no alteration was recorded in its contour, or in the tissue of its interwoven filaments. Between the exposure of the American and English plates about twice that time had elapsed, and the result of confronting them was more dubious. The representations were on a very different scale; they had been obtained under dissimilar conditions of climate and method, and hence could not easily be brought into line, feature by feature. This was unlucky; for on Schaeberle's photographs a peculiar structure was detected,* probably coronal, but 'claimed' as a comet, and, indeed, officially stamped as such by the bestowal of a comet-medal upon its discoverer. Confirmatory evidence as to its nature was thought to be derived from its identification, effected with the utmost difficulty on the Brazilian and African negatives, in situations progressively more remote from the sun;† but the object measured, whether cometary or coronal, was of the last degree of faintness, and scarcely to be distinguished from a photographic flaw. The movements attributed to it, if real, lend colour to suspicions of revolutionary change within the substance of the solar halo. They can hardly have belonged to an intruding body.

For the next chance of prosecuting the curious researches suggested by the event of April 16, 1893, astronomers had to wait three years and a half; and the chance, when it came, was an outside one. The eclipse of August 9, 1896, was singularly ill-conditioned. Its visibility began in the Arctic regions of Norway and Finmark, advanced, as the day went on, through Siberia, and finished in the afternoon at Yezo, the northernmost island of the Japanese archipelago. Everywhere menaced with the likelihood of overcast skies, its maximum duration in the total phase fell short of 170 seconds; yet observers were never more numerous or more enthusiastic, nor is there any more notable instance on

* 'Astronomy and Astro-Physics,' No. 124, p. 307.

† Wesley, 'Observatory,' vol. xvii. p. 319.

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record of the courageous organisation of an all but desperate scientific campaign. Professor Schaeberle travelled with his forty-foot lens across the Pacific to Japan. Professor Todd, of Amherst College, carried thither in Captain James's yacht, 'Coronet,' twenty instruments, worked by a system of electric control, and timed to yield automatically four hundred coronal photographs, which remained in the limbo of things that might have been. All over Yezo clouds were virtually prohibitive. They interposed between M. Deslandres and the half-visionary halo, of which he had proposed to test the rotation. 'Zero' was the concise telegram announcing from Kushiro the result of a varied programme of enquiry, planned by the Astronomer Royal, Professor Turner, and Captain Hills. Dr. Common and their other intending co-operators at Vadsö, half round the world, were equally unfortunate; while, at points not far distant, such as Bodö on the west coast of Norway, abandoned to amateurs as not worth the *waste* of experts, a cynical destiny showed the eclipse with its amazing accessories in a clear sky.

Sir Norman Lockyer pitched his camp on the little ice-worn island of Kiö, in the Varanger Fiord, with H.M.S. 'Volage' for a base of operations; and, in the volume quoted at the head of this article, he gives an animated account of the 'eclipse drills' by which he disciplined a number of volunteers from among her officers and crew. But, although the final performance was duly gone through when the 'swoop of the shadow' made itself 'felt' through the clouds, it proved as purely nominal as the 'full-dress 'rehearsal' of the previous afternoon. Before 6 A.M the 105 inestimable seconds had passed, and left a blank record. On the northern shore of the same fiord, where Dr. Copeland, the Scottish Astronomer Royal, Dr. Common, Sir Robert Ball, and numerous members of the British Astronomical Association were stationed, the disaster was equally complete.

Meanwhile, by a singular stroke of success made within Arctic penetralia, the situation had been saved. The possibility of a clearance, during one particular two minutes, in the chronic sea fog and sleet drift of Novaya Zemlya would have been neglected as infinitesimal by British astronomers, but for Sir George Baden-Powell's spirited yachting voyage in the 'Otaria.' It was shared by Dr. Stone, the late Radcliffe Observer, and by Mr. Shackleton, whose line of work was laid down by Sir Norman Lockyer. No trifling hardships were endured; the ship barely escaped foundering; and Lear

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himself might at times have been brought to 'tax the 'elements with unkindness.' But all was forgotten at half-past six on August 9, in the rapture of seeing the desolate landscape lit up by the sun's slant rays, and of watching their gradual extinction as the moon ate its way into the disc; until, with a hurricane flight of shadow from the sea, the breathless moment of totality arrived. It was greeted by Mr. Shackleton with a snap-shot, which just hit the mark. Using a three-inch prismatic camera, he exposed instantaneously a plate, which on developement was found to bear the record of the 'flash-spectrum.' In other words, the 'reversing layer' had at last been photographed.

As already mentioned it was first *seen* by Young on December 22, 1870. He had adjusted the slit of his spectroscope so as almost to graze the sun's limb; then, simultaneously with the vanishing of the last scintilla of direct sunshine, 'all at once, as suddenly as a bursting rocket shoots out 'its stars, the whole field of view,' he relates, 'was filled 'with bright lines, more numerous than one could count. 'The phenomenon was so sudden, so unexpected, and so 'wonderfully beautiful as to force an involuntary exclama-'tion.'

It has always since, at the beginning and end of total obscurations, been looked for, and often perceived; yet observers are never adequately prepared for the brevity and brilliancy of an apparition lasting scarcely longer than a couple of pulse-beats. Their almost unanimous persuasion has been that it completely reversed the Fraunhofer spectrum; to every dark solar line it appeared to supply a vivid counterpart. 'Persuasions,' however, are not evidence; they need documentary verification. Hence the importance of securing a photograph of the rainbow flash at the edge of the eclipsed sun. It was not, indeed, easily come by. More than a quarter of a century elapsed before the critical instant was seized. The permanent impression at last secured by Mr. Shackleton carried, however, a decisive meaning. It was found, on examination, to include several hundred lines of emission matching Fraunhofer lines of absorption. The inverse picture was exact, apart from some minor differences. It represented a true 'reversing 'layer.'

This result of the eclipse of 1896 strikes heavily at Sir Norman Lockyer's hypothesis of chemical dissociation in the sun; for it excludes the stratification of absorbing vapours, which is its corollary. As our readers are aware,

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the solar spectrum is traversed by many thousands of fine dark lines, first mapped by Joseph Fraunhofer of Munich. They constitute, it might be said, a treatise on solar chemistry written in cypher. And the key, long sought, was found by Gustav Kirchhoff in 1859. It was found through his discovery of the strict correlation of emission and absorption. This means that every glowing vapour gives out certain definite rays peculiar to itself, and intercepts the same from transmitted continuous light. The Fraunhofer spectrum, being a shadow-script on a bright ground, implies the possession by the sun of a heterogeneous absorbing atmosphere, made up of substances—thirty-six of which have been identified—cooler, indeed, than the photosphere, yet blazing with distinctive coloured beams. When the photosphere is covered by the moon, these accordingly show out in dazzling array. Hence the spectroscopic 'flash' at eclipse 'contacts.'

Now, in Sir Norman Lockyer's view, terrestrial elements are broken up by the transcendental heat of the sun into an indefinite number of subtler constituents, distributed through different regions, their affinities being in abeyance near the photosphere, but coming into play higher up, helped by the cold from space. The dusky solar lines should, in this case, own most diversified origins; they should, in the theorist's words, be 'produced, not at one level, but at 'various levels, the absorption at all the levels being added 'together to give us the complete result.' And again: 'The Fraunhofer spectrum integrates the absorption of all 'the layers of the solar atmosphere. These layers are due 'to more and more complex associations of molecules, with 'decrease of temperature outwards.' *

Piecemeal absorption is thus inseparable from solar dissociation, with which the existence of a *bona fide* reversing layer is inconsistent. But such, unmistakably, is the stratum self-pictured at Novaya Zemlya. It contains, we need not fear to assert, the metals and metalloids of our everyday acquaintance in a state of integrity, and emitting almost identical radiations with those derived from the same substances when vapourised in the electric arc. We say 'almost,' for instructive, though relatively minute, distinctions are apparent, the full bearings of which have yet to be determined. It may, however, be added that the recent opening up of certain new vistas of experience, widely

* Chemistry of the Sun, pp. 308, 361.

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separated from the range of facts just glanced at, has greatly diminished the probability that elemental disruption belongs to the *modus operandi* of nature.

From an examination of four negatives taken by Sir George Baden-Powell, Mr. W. H. Wesley* drew some interesting conclusions regarding the corona of 1896. The anticipation that it would prove of an intermediate character was fully verified. With the decline of solar activity the maximum type of 1893 had lost decisiveness, while the minimum type remained embryonic. Its complete development will probably be witnessed on the occasion of the eclipse of 1900. The periodicity of coronal forms was, moreover, illustrated by the striking likeness between the aureolas of 1885, 1886, and 1896. All showed polar rifts filled in with bristling filaments of light; all were more or less regularly quadrilateral in shape, and symmetrical relatively to the sun's axis, the greatest extensions being situated in middle latitudes; in the two latter, one oblique ray dominated the rest. This feature assumed extraordinary proportions in the corona of 1896. A photograph taken by M. Hansky, a member of the Russian expedition to Novaya Zemlya, depicted an enormous compound beam, stretching north-westward to a distance of close upon two millions of miles from the limb, hollow, as he judged from its interior darkness, like the other 'closed' streamers on his plate, and, like them too, with a conspicuous prominence at its core. This *nuclear* connexion between coronal rays and prominences, indicated at more than one previous eclipse, was specially emphasised in 1896. The novel trait was added of dark veinings,† formed into branching systems, and joined into a kind of circuit with certain dusky borderings to prominences, evidently of the same nature. They were explained by M. Hansky, in a valuable discussion of the Russian photographs, as jets and outflows of hydrogen, cooled by expansion.‡ However this might be, nothing could well be clearer than their *de facto* existence. They asserted themselves irrespectively of conditions of exposure, quality of plates, or power of telescope. Mr. Wesley was no less struck with them than M. Hansky.

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* Phil. Trans. vol. cxc. p. 202.

† Possibly analogous to the 'black lines' across the 'anvil protuberance' observed by Swift on August 7, 1869.

‡ Bulletin de l'Acad. des Sciences de Saint-Pétersbourg, t. vi. p. 254. Mars 1897.

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'The detail,' he remarks, 'on the eastern side of the corona is extremely complex and interesting.' A

'hook-shaped ray, about 2½ minutes (67,000 miles) high, springs from a small prominence, and is distinctly bounded by a narrow dark space or outline. A large double-headed prominence is similarly outlined, the outline exactly following its contours. Apparently standing upon this prominence is a singular, dark, elliptical ring, about 2½ by 2 minutes, its longer axis nearly radially directed. From the top of the ring rises a thin, tapering ray, curved towards the south. South of the bright prominence are small rays which appear cut across by dark veins at heights of 2 and 3 minutes from the limb. Further south the great mass is broken up in a manner entirely unusual. The solar corona usually appears composed of overlapping rays emanating from the sun, but here it appears to be also broken up by dark channels into flocculent-looking masses, giving to it somewhat of the *curdled* appearance of some parts of the nebula in Orion. The great mass is roughly divided into a northern and southern portion by an irregular gap or dark stream, commencing at the top of a mass of rays about 6 minutes (160,000 miles) from the limb. This gap turns towards the north, then curves east, and is lost at a height of about 17 minutes (nearly half a million of miles). The base of the equatorial mass is filled by rays having much-contorted forms. It is impossible to resist the impression that this portion of the corona is torn by violent storms or perturbations.'

The conjecture is plausible. The dependence, implied by the photographs, of coronal structure upon prominence developement argues its fragility, and suggests violent, even cataclysmic, change. But under present circumstances we are unable to trace its progress. The veil of daylight remains impenetrable. It was, however, once more withdrawn on January 22, 1898. The moon's shadow on that day swept across the Indian peninsula, along a track fifty miles wide and a thousand in length, from Ratnagiri and Viziadrug, on the Bombay coast, through Hyderabad and Bengal, over the Himalayas into Thibet. Totality lasted, on an average, about two minutes; but the unclouded heavens virtually enlarged the time-limit by permitting the points of observation to be almost indefinitely multiplied. For it was known beforehand that the atmosphere might for once be relied upon as an ally. Results, accordingly, were secured in extraordinary profusion and of unprecedented variety. Ambitious programmes did not, as commonly happens, leave performance far in the lurch. Scarcely an instrument failed to do its duty. The record of success was unbroken. For many months to come the accumulated materials will occupy investigators in three continents. The

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camera was wellnigh exclusively used to obtain them. At all the stations dead silence was only interrupted by such exclamations as 'Snap!' 'Go!' 'Expose!' superposed upon an intimidating count of the still available seconds. Only Sir Norman Lockyer, who at Viziadrug enjoyed the co-operation of Captain Batten, R.N., and commanded the zeal of the crew of the 'Melpomene,' could afford to institute miscellaneous observations. His special concern, however, was with the prismatic camera. Two powerful instruments of the kind supplied about sixty 'spectrographs,' of which forty are distributed over four 'dropping-plates.' These were arranged so as to descend automatically an inch a second during ten seconds at the beginning and end of totality, impressions of the 'flash' being thus infallibly secured. They likewise fell to the share of Professor Naegamvala at Jewar, and of Mr. Evershed at Talni; so that for a thorough acquaintance with this interesting appearance, only the completion of some sets of delicate measurements is required.

The sky round the eclipsed sun was this year unusually luminous, perhaps in consequence of the wide diffusion of dust at a great elevation. The 'dragon Rahù,' at any rate, proved remarkably placable. No 'thick darkness' settled over the earth. Very few stars came out. Shadow effects were inconspicuous. The corona, nevertheless, afforded an exquisite spectacle. Fashioned in burnished silver by that cunningest of artificers, light, it still conformed to the transition type of 1896. This was not surprising, since the productiveness of the waning spot-cycle had evidently by no means exhausted itself. Some further approach to the definite characterisation of a minimum halo had, however, been made in the interim. The 'quadrilateral' of streamers had closed down from the poles, which were delicately feathered with short, divergent beams; while equatorial emanations were unmistakeable, and on the way, it might be thought, to become predominant. In point of fact, the leading feature of the appendage, a ray at least four solar diameters in length, deviated little from the equatorial plane, and its direction lay straight towards the planet Venus. The coincidence was not then observed for the first time. It was even duplicated in 1878. At the epoch of the Rocky Mountains eclipse, Mercury and Venus were on opposite sides of, and near, the sun, and each seemed the objective point of one of the vast effluences in which the corona of that year was concentrated. The collocation was, perhaps,

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accidental; but Sir William Huggins, in his Bakerian Lecture of 1885, expressed views not adverse to the reality of planetary influence upon coronal emanations.* Of their subordination to outbursts of prominences, obvious in 1896, no confirmation was obtained in 1898, while the chemical diversity of the corona and the chromosphere, indicated in 1893, was strongly reasserted by the prismatic cameras at Viziadrug.

Two novelties in eclipse photography were propitiously started during the flight across India of the lunar shadow—the first by Professor Turner at Sohagpur, who succeeded in getting the corona self-portrayed in the polarised element of its light. Its uncommon strength attested the presence of much reflected radiance; while the corresponding weakness of the bright-line spectrum defeated Mr. Newall's attempt to determine rotational movement in the line of sight by its shift upward on the left, downward on the right, of the sun. The second departure was of more popular interest. Lord Graham at Viziadrug, and Mr. Bacon at Buxar, near the Ganges, employed 'kinemato-'graphs' to such good purpose that the eclipse is virtually perpetuated; and since the Buxar film, impressed by some hundreds of successive exposures, is the property of Mr. Nevil Maskelyne, it will doubtless be witnessed, as an 'animated picture,' by crowded audiences in the Egyptian Hall. This transplantation of the phenomenon to Piccadilly is the more fortunate that nature has arranged for the occurrence of no 'British eclipse' sooner than June 29, 1927, and then with a niggardly totality of fifteen seconds. A Spanish-American eclipse lasting about two minutes will, however, come off on May 28, 1900; and, just one year later, the 'great Sumatran totality' of six minutes, upon which astronomers are already beginning to fix their larger hopes.

Of the three similar events which have recently taken their place among accomplished facts, we may now attempt to estimate the outcome. What, on the whole, has been learned from them? Much in several directions already, and more that is likely to be extricated by degrees from the superfluity of collected data. The most important result is undoubtedly the photographing of the reversing layer. It was just one of those cases in which the aid of the camera was most urgently needed, yet most difficult to obtain. A multitudinous flash in all the colours of the rainbow dazzled

* Proceedings of the Royal Society, vol. xxxix. p. 131.

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and baffled the eye; researches into its composition had to wait until it could be registered in sober black and white. This having been at last done, they proceeded without let or hindrance; and their success has served to elucidate, if not actually to solve, two problems in solar physics of long standing and essential significance. They have shown, in the first place, that the Fraunhofer absorption is effected in a shallow, vaporous stratum—possibly a couple of hundred miles in depth—immediately overlying the photosphere; they have, in the second, greatly augmented the improbability that the chemical elements suffer a *sun change* through exposure to intense heat. These conclusions are not, of course, absolute; in more than one sense they may eventually require modification. The tracks of science, indeed, branch outward indefinitely; none of them can, by the nature of things, ever reach a true terminus.

What has thus been learned regarding the local origin of the Fraunhofer lines, and the solar condition of terrestrial species of matter, fell in with the anticipations of most of those competent to review impartially the previously existing situation. Far more surprising was the intelligence brought by the prismatic camera, and embodied in Sir Norman Lockyer's Report on the Eclipse of 1893 (quoted among our authorities for this article), as to the chemical *aloofness* of the corona. Between it and the igneous ocean beneath, there would seem to be no commingling of materials. The green gas coronium extends, it is true, by physical necessity, right down to the base of the chromosphere; but it scarcely ever rises into prominences, and then to a very slight extent; while their main ingredients are entirely absent from the coronal structure, which contains no luminous hydrogen, helium, or calcium. The coronal spectrum is altogether peculiar and strange. Its chief or sole originator must possess remarkable qualities; but we can hardly hope that they will ever be investigated in the leisure of a laboratory, since the extraordinary subtlety distinctive (we are entitled to suppose) of coronium almost precludes the possibility that any remnant of the earth's primitive quota still remains attached to, or embedded in it. The capture of helium will not readily be paralleled.

The eclipses of 1893, 1896, and 1898 combined very happily to illustrate the typical variations in coronal shape corresponding to fluctuations in spot-productiveness. They, however, left the question of coronal rotation to stand over

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until the last year of the expiring century. As to coronal theories, they remain in abeyance. Electrical, mechanical, magnetic, projectile—all appear, in some of their particulars, at variance with ascertained facts. The occasions referred to proved, indeed, discouraging to most current speculations. Only glimpses into the workings of the grand solar machine have so far been afforded. Their inner principle eludes, and may long continue to elude, discovery.

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ART. III.—1. *Calendar of Letters and State Papers relating to English Affairs, preserved principally in the Archives of Simancas.* Vol. iii. *Elizabeth*, 1580–1586. Edited by MARTIN A. S. HUME. London: 1896.

2. *Historia Provinciæ Anglicanæ Societatis Jesu.* Collectore HENRICO MORO. Audomari: 1660.

3. *Letters and Memorials of William Cardinal Allen* (1532–1594). Edited by Fathers of the London Oratory, with an Historical Introduction by T. F. KNOX, D.D. London: 1882.

A LEARNED Jesuit writer at the end of the last century found it possible to make the following sweeping assertion: 'I who have searched for the guilt [*i.e.* treason] 'of the first seminarists, through volumes of manuscript 'records and letters written by them, have not yet dis-'covered a trace, a symptom, of any plot or contrivance to 'overthrow Elizabeth, in which the founders of the 'Seminaries, or any of their friends or dependants, had the 'smallest concern.'* It is a far cry from such a position as this to that of the late Dr. Knox of the London Oratory, who in 1882 candidly exposed the fact and defended the principle of a series of such plots and contrivances in which the two founders of seminaries, Cardinal Allen and Father Persons, took a principal part. It is a great gain in the interests of historical research when a question of this sort is finally removed from the sphere of religious or party controversy.

Yet it is quite certain that when in the midsummer of 1580 the Jesuits Persons and Campion entered England as auxiliaries of the secular priests they came as missionaries pure and simple, with the strictest injunction from their superiors to confine themselves to their spiritual duties and in no way to intermeddle with politics. They were forbidden even to write to Rome news concerning State affairs. A Jesuit is nothing if not obedient to orders. The first public act of the new missionaries, after their landing in England, was to call a meeting of the leading clergy, before whom they exhibited these instructions, and made solemn oath that their coming was purely apostolical, 'to attend to the 'gaining of souls without any pretence or knowledge of 'matters of State.' In his Challenge, addressed to the Lords of the Council, Campion, speaking for his colleague as well

* Plowden's 'Remarks on the Memoirs of Panzani' (1794), p. 147.

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as for himself, declared with evident sincerity, 'I never had 'mind, and am straitly forbid by our fathers that sent me, 'to deal in any respects with matters of State or policy of 'this realm, as those things which appertain not to my 'vocation and from which I do gladly estrange and sequester 'my thoughts.'

How came it, then, that within two years from this time the Fathers Persons and Holt, with Dr. Allen, the head of the seminary at Rheims, Father Creighton, a Scottish Jesuit, and other ecclesiastics, became the very soul of a political and military enterprise which had for its object the invasion of England and the dethronement of Elizabeth? Did this violent change of tactics proceed from fresh orders—secret orders, revoking the previous more public instructions, from Rome?—or were even the Jesuits seduced from the path of obedience by the wiles of the Spanish ambassador or the fascinations of Mary Stuart? In any case, it is a point of some historical interest to trace the steps and to identify the agents by which the purely missionary efforts of 1580 became gradually merged in the great international enterprise for the destruction of Elizabeth, an enterprise which was for some six years conducted mainly by Persons and Allen. The question does not appear to have been adequately treated.

Father Gerard, incidentally touching upon the subject in a recent article in the 'Month,'* places it in a somewhat new aspect. He admits, indeed, that 'Persons and one or 'two of his brethren, *residing abroad*,† engaged to a very 'considerable extent in political agitation with the object of 'securing, on the demise of Elizabeth, a Catholic successor, 'or one who would at least grant toleration to Catholics,' but he affirms that there is no evidence whatever that 'the 'Jesuits *in England* took part in such political action,' or 'that Persons himself ever attempted to use them for such 'a purpose, to say nothing of the secular clergy.'

Passing by the odd expression 'political agitation' and the reference to 'the demise of Elizabeth'—euphemisms which appear to indicate a lingering reluctance to face plain facts—the rather fine distinction between plotting within and plotting without the kingdom may serve an apologetic purpose by suggesting that Persons and his Jesuit brethren cannot be fairly charged with a breach of their instructions and pledges, inasmuch as they never dealt with politics so

* Archpriest Controversy, Jan. 1896, p. 44.

† The italics are throughout our own.

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long as they acted as missionaries on English soil. But whatever may be its casuistical worth, the statement challenges enquiry as a question of fact. It must be remembered, to begin with, that when Tassis, the Spanish agent in Paris, in the spring of 1582 asked Persons for proof of his confident assertion that the English Catholics were eager that arms should be taken up in Scotland for the deliverance of Mary Stuart, and that they would hasten to the camp when formed, the Jesuit answered that 'he knew all this from what many 'of them had declared when treating of their consciences, 'that these things had gone so far that there could be no 'doubt about it, and that most certainly England was very 'well disposed for the movement.' We are therefore driven to the conclusion that Persons, during the fourteen months of his missionary career in England, not only made himself master of the military situation, and of the secrets of malcontent nobles, but that, armed with this information, he slipped abroad to France and Spain, there to fan the flames of conspiracy and to carry into effect treasonable designs conceived by his former friends and penitents. The line to be drawn here, between treason inside and treason outside the mission, is very slender indeed. But this is not all. Father Gerard's contention that Persons never made political use of other priests on the mission cannot be made good. In the course of this enquiry it will be seen that during the period of his temporary retirement at Rouen, while still attached to the English Mission and interfering in its affairs, with the purpose of shortly returning to it, Persons was in constant communication with the Spanish Ambassador in London, and that, in co-operation with the Ambassador, he despatched missionaries—at least both a secular priest and a Jesuit—from England into Scotland, upon an embassy which, as the event showed, had a distinctly political and treasonable character. These zealous missionaries, bent on saving the soul of the Scottish King, slowly but surely became first politicians and then conspirators, without indeed ceasing to be missionaries.

Unfortunately Mr. Froude's chapter on 'The Jesuits in 'Scotland' contains scarcely a paragraph on the subject free from some mistake; and there are doubtful identifications in the careful works of M. Teulet, Mr. Simpson, and Dr. Knox. The recent publication of the Simancas Papers for 1580–86, under the admirable editorship of Major Martin Hume, enables us, however, to follow more exactly the sequence of events and the movements of individuals, and so to make

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clear some matters which have hitherto been imperfectly represented.

A few months before the landing of the Jesuits, Juan de Vargas wrote that such was the condition of England 'with 'signs of revolt everywhere' that he verily believed 'that if 'so much as a cat moved the whole affair would crumble 'down in three days.' 'They know it,' he said, 'and hence 'their fear.' But to all the sources of disquietude to Elizabeth indicated by the Spanish agent there was now to be added the change taking place in Scotland. The power of Morton and the Protestant party was waning. The influence of D'Aubigny was on the increase. Mary Stuart was lifting up her head again, and she was the one centre round which the isolated Catholic forces could rally. The English Catholics had been losing heart. They were looking for help at this moment rather to France than to Spain. They took but a languid interest in the Pope's expedition into Ireland in aid of the insurgents, and thought that Dr. Sanders, whom they wanted as an English cardinal, was thrown away on such a venture. They needed above all things strong leaders. Nothing seemed more likely to make the cat jump than the eloquence and zeal of these two Jesuits; and Elizabeth was well aware of her danger. She did not trust their apostolical professions. The priests were hunted down like beasts, and the prisons were filled with recusants. It must have been soon clear to the astute Persons, as it became clear to his friend Sir Francis Englefield, that 'the seminaries, powerful as they are to prepare 'men's minds for a change, must fail to complete the object 'without the aid of temporal force.'

Yet Persons still confined himself ostensibly to his spiritual functions. About three months after his arrival in England it appears that Mary Stuart had intimated a desire to have a priest sent into Scotland to convert her son—a very proper office for a Jesuit to undertake. Persons thought, or at a later time believed that he had then thought, of Father William Holt as a suitable person for this purpose. In any case he now wrote to the General for fresh hands for the English mission, and named Holt and Jasper Heywood. They were sent, but not until the following year. Meanwhile the masterful Jesuit was assuming a certain leadership over the secular clergy. In an important letter written to his General, Aquaviva (twelve months later, September 1581), Persons gives an account of

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his first projects.* Surveying the whole ground of the mission, he had, so he says, fixed his mind upon three districts into which as yet priests had hardly penetrated—viz. Wales, Cambridgeshire, and the counties bordering on Scotland. Into Wales (he writes) 'I sent some priests' with satisfactory results. Cambridgeshire had been infected by the University, which was entirely heretical. Many remedies had been in vain attempted. 'At last,' writes Persons, 'by the help of God I insinuated into the University 'itself a certain priest in the guise of a gentleman scholar,† 'with such happy success that in a few months seven youths 'of good promise were won over, and are presently to be 'sent to Rheims. The third district, which is the largest, 'contains four or five counties on the borders of England 'and Scotland into which scarcely any priests have entered. 'To this quarter, therefore, I have directed several workmen, 'but one especially, who seemed to excel others in prudence, 'charity, and knowledge.' This last priest, of whom we shall hear more presently, Persons elsewhere calls William Waytes (more properly Watts). He was by birth a native of the diocese of St. Davids, and was first sent from the seminary of Rheims into England in August 1578.

In November 1580, before he had been six months in the country, Persons, driven from cover to cover by the hot pursuit of the priest-hunters, took refuge in the house of Mendoza, the Spanish ambassador. The ambassador, says Mr. Simpson, took the Jesuit under his special protection, and would walk with him as one of his own men, while the Queen's officers were watching his house. 'By 'him Persons suffered himself to be altogether detached from 'the French interest . . . and now completely "espaniolated."' According to the same authority, Mendoza, probably in this winter, communicated to Persons the plan which had been settled at Rome by the Pope, the General of the Jesuits, the Knights of Malta, and the King of Spain for the invasion of England through Scotland, after the conquest of Ireland. The correspondence between Aquaviva and Archbishop Beaton in October–November 1580 in reference to this 'Sacred Expedition' is printed by Labanoff.‡ But

* More, pp. 113–121.

† 'Tandem, Deo juvante, insinuavi sacerdotem quendam ipsi universitati, sub nomine scholaris aut nobilis studiosi.' Here we have a good example of what is popularly meant by a 'Jesuit in disguise.'

‡ Vol. vii. pp. 152–61.

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Mr. Simpson omits to give his authority for the supposition that Persons was taken into the ambassador's confidence regarding the scheme, or even—extremely probable though it be—that the Jesuit was at this time converted to the Spanish policy. In any case, for the next six months Persons was busy with his magical printing press and numberless sacerdotal activities without betraying any evidence of political practices beyond what is involved in his aforesaid 'treating with consciences.'

It is, however, just after this close communication and intimacy of Persons with Mendoza in the winter of 1580-1 that we find in the ambassador's despatches the first references to political intercourse with English Catholics. Hitherto he had had a great deal to say of Irish affairs, the successes of the insurgents, and the exploits of Sanders, but he had not directly meddled with these, as he had no instructions from Philip to do so. On the last day of the year Morton was arrested, and on January 15, 1581, Mendoza wrote: 'I have approached certain English 'Catholics by way of conversation to urge them to insist 'upon the punishment of Morton, as this is my most 'convenient way. I have also written to the Queen of 'Scotland.' Philip replies (March 6): 'The step you 'took with the Queen of Scotland was well advised, as 'also of helping the Scots and English who favour her 'party. You will persevere in this course with due dissimu-'lation.' On April 6 Mendoza writes again:

'The English Catholics with whom in accordance with your Majesty's orders I keep up communication have sent to tell me by certain energetic gentlemen whom they look upon as their chiefs, that . . . they approach your Majesty as the buttress and defender of the Catholic Church, humbly beseeching you to turn your eyes upon their affliction.'

All this time William Watts had been labouring in the border counties of England (not in Scotland, as some writers have supposed), and after spending ten months there he returned to Persons in the beginning of the summer, and reported—what he had been particularly instructed to ascertain—that it was not difficult to enter Scotland.

'On understanding this,' explains Persons in the letter to the General already quoted, 'and *after taking counsel with some of the more prudent Catholics, we sent him back into Scotland itself* (remisimus eum in ipsam Scotiam) to explore the road. For our greatest hope is in Scotland, upon which depends the conversion of England. . . .

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Therefore having collected alms from Catholics and having purchased all that was necessary for this priest, I have sent him with a servant into Scotland, giving him the heads of argument which he should open out to the king if access to him were obtained. The first point was that James should undertake the patronage of the afflicted Catholics, especially those who should fly for refuge into Scotland, seeing that it was Catholics alone who favoured his hereditary right to the kingdom of England. Secondly, the priest was to explain the reasons which should induce the king to incline to Catholics and their religion and to detest heretics—*e.g.* the security of his own kingdom, succession to that of England which he could obtain only through Catholics, the friendship of neighbouring Catholic princes, respect for his innocent mother detained in prison, his father slain by heretics, plots against his life attempted by heretics and discovered by help of Catholics. Lastly, he should offer to the king the aid both of his own and our Catholics, but chiefly of the priests, to reduce the kingdom of Scotland to the Catholic faith with whatever risk to our lives. With these instructions he departed.'

The exact date of Watts's departure on this Scottish mission we cannot tell. It was after 'the beginning of 'summer,' and before September. On July 17, 1581, Campion was arrested. Persons was in the greatest danger. His secret printing press was seized; the missionary enterprise received a blow which for the moment staggered him. He retired into Sussex for a little while, and early in September found means to cross the Channel to Normandy, where he took up his abode in Rouen, disguised as a merchant under an assumed name. Here on September 15 he received Watts's first report from Scotland, and this, on the 26th, he enclosed to Aquaviva in the long and interesting letter already quoted. Persons explains the various reasons which had led to his temporary retirement to the Continent, viz. to confer with Allen on the English mission, and with Beaton about sending priests to Scotland; to set up a printing press for English books at Rouen; and to try to get the King of France to intercede with Elizabeth on behalf of the Catholics in England. On the day he was writing he received fresh advices from England, which, he said, 'induce 'me to hasten my return, for the Fathers Jasper Heywood and 'Holt, who at last have arrived there, are still a long way 'from London.' The servant sent from Scotland with Watts's letter had been told also to convey by word of mouth certain information which could not be entrusted to paper. On reaching London, and finding Persons gone, the servant declined to deliver the message to any one else, but forwarded the letter. The nobles of Scotland had appointed a day

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upon which they desired to have conference with Persons himself, viz. September 27, an appointment impossible to keep, for it was the very day on which Persons was writing. Concerning the main point of his mission, Watts wrote as follows:—

'I conversed with many of the nobles, and among them Lord Seton, the father of my late host, and the prior, his son, and others, explaining the cause of my coming and our eager desire for their salvation. They treated me with great kindness, and introduced me to the king; but what I said or transacted with him (cum eo quid locutus sim aut egerim) must not be committed to these sheets. From the court I retired to the country seat of Baron Seton, where I found a number of nobles assembled. They all joined in assuring me, and desiring me to repeat to Mr. Redman [an *alias* of Persons], that whenever he came, as they advised him to do soon, they would ensure him protection, as we were English subjects and not amenable to the laws. They made further promises relating to the king, which I omit here, and they extended their assurances of protection not to ourselves only, but to any others we might send, giving a secret token which I will explain in another letter.'

Watts then gives the names of certain noblemen who favour the Catholic cause—the Duke of Aubigny, Earls of Huntly, Eglinton, and Caithness, Barons Seton, Ogilvy, Gray, Ferniherst, and some others, 'to whom our labours 'would not be unacceptable or profitless, on condition only 'that we do not put them to any expense. This is an 'important point, and Mr. Redman will do well to provide 'for the expenses of the men he sends hither, at any rate for 'some time.'

Persons tells the General that on receipt of this letter (September 15) he wrote to Lord Seton explaining the cause of his delay. He wrote to England to open up a correspondence with Mary Stuart, promising to come himself very shortly 'to arrange other matters;' and also wrote to Watts, directing him to remain, until he heard again, on the borders of Scotland, and meanwhile sent to him money for his maintenance. He continues: 'I now there-'fore as regards this matter rely entirely upon the answer 'you send me, first, as to whether I am to proceed in it or 'not.' He urges again upon the General the importance of the conversion of Scotland. 'Scotland is to be won, if at 'all, within the next two years. There are no laws affecting 'us [English Catholics], and our language is common to us 'and the Scots. I have arranged to get Catholic printed 'books sent to Scotland in future as into England.' Before closing his letter he received yet another packet from England.

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He finds that he was in great request there, especially by the prisoners. Others, more influential and prudent, wished him to do something for Scotland before again exposing himself to the risks of England. Father Jasper had reached London last week. Father Holt was sick for some time, but had now recovered and is hard at work. They write again about an Italian whom they want sent to the Queen of Scots as a teacher of the Italian language. 'If any one is 'sent let him come to the house of the Archdeacon of Rouen, 'where he will find everything ready, and accurate direc-'tions from myself. He should avoid Rheims or Paris on 'account of suspicions, and should address me as "Roland '"Cabel, merchant."'

It will be observed that Persons, in writing thus to his superior, is discreetly reticent of political schemes. It still appears to be simply a question of the conversion of Scotland as a step to that of England, and of providing the northern kingdom with a staff of efficient English priests, though the motives suggested for the King's conversion are somewhat mixed with statecraft. It is, however, unfortunate that we do not know the purport of Watts's dealings with the young king, which he dared not put into writing.

Persons's next step was to order Holt at once into Scotland, seemingly, under the press of circumstances, without waiting for the General's sanction or answer to his letter. Holt had been sent by his superiors upon the English mission, and it was a strong measure on the part of Persons thus to deprive England of his services, and on his own account to start this Scottish embassy. Persons himself may have felt doubtful as to how such a proceeding might be received by his secular brethren; for, reviewing the events of the English mission in a letter to Agazzari—a letter which was likely to be, or may have been intended to be, read before the students of the English college—he says, economically, 'Holt fled into Scotland.' *

But it is curious that before Holt's departure, and about the very time that Watts was in Edinburgh, there was also there a priest, anonymous or unidentified, acting as the emissary of certain English noblemen in concert with Mendoza. There are some striking differences in the proceedings of the two men, if they are two, and also some close resemblances. It is at least strange that Mendoza, who was watching keenly every movement in this quarter,

* Brady's 'Episcopal Succession,' iii. 50.

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and was intimately acquainted with Persons's projects, seems in his correspondence to know of no other priest sent from England into Scotland at this moment than the unnamed man sent by the lay lords, while Persons shows no knowledge of any other messenger than his own, i.e. Watts. In any case two letters of Mendoza to Philip, dated respectively September 7 and October 20, must be carefully read in connexion with that of Persons of September 26.

Treasonable overtures on the part of English Catholics were now for the first time disclosed by Mendoza to Philip in the letter of September 7. The tempter was the ambassador himself.

'I pointed out to them,' he writes, 'that, in view of the present position of neighbouring countries, the first step to be taken was to bring Scotland to submit to the holy see. This, I said, would cause more anxiety to this queen [Elizabeth] than anything else. If Spain sent troops to England, France would interfere to prevent your Majesty making yourself master of England under cover of religion. The Catholics themselves see that they can do nothing here unless your Majesty sent a fleet with more than 15,000 men. Therefore—and because they thought Irish affairs could only be made use of to embarrass Elizabeth and to prevent her giving aid to the Netherlands—they agreed with me that it was most advisable to lose no time in laying the foundation of the Scotch project. Even if Ireland were conquered, the movement in England would have to come thence through Scotland, and consequently it was best to begin with Scotland. My proposal was approved of, and *six lords* who are the chiefs of the Catholics met for the purpose of considering it. They took solemn oaths to aid each other, and to devote their persons and property mutually to the furtherance of this end, without informing any living soul of their determination except myself. *They decided to send an English clergyman, who is trusted by all the six*, a person of understanding, who was brought up in Scotland, to the Scottish court for the purpose, to try to get a private interview with D'Aubigny and tell him that, if the king would submit to the Roman Catholic Church, many of the English nobles and a great part of the population would at once side with him and have him declared heir to the English crown, and release his mother. The priest was to assure him that the help of his Holiness, of your Majesty, and it was to be supposed also of the king of France, would be forthcoming for this end. But if the king of Scotland were not Catholic, D'Aubigny was to be assured that the Catholics would oppose him more than ever did the heretics, and would endeavour to forward the claims of another person to the succession, without mentioning any name, until D'Aubigny's intentions were understood.

'If D'Aubigny gives ear, they think of sending a brother of one of the six lords to his Holiness to give him an account of the matter and to beg him to request your Majesty to help. I have not yet

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opened out further to them, as the end upon which they have their eyes fixed at present is the conversion of Scotland without going into further particulars. They are not to have the matter spoken of in France more than necessary, in order to prevent its being hindered by the fear that it is a plan of your Majesty alone. They agree with me in this, as they are all Spanish and Catholic at heart, and do not wish to have anything to do with France.

'When the king has subscribed to the faith the six lords, who most of them have sons of the king's age, intend to send them as hostages to assure him that directly he enters England with his army, they will raise all the north country for him, will demand the restoration of the Catholic Church in England, proclaim him heir to the crown, and release his mother.'

It is difficult to believe that Persons was altogether excluded from the counsels of these six lords.* They would hardly consider it a breach of their pledges of secrecy to consult their spiritual guide as to the wisdom or lawfulness of their undertaking; and it must be remembered that Persons, if he had not himself at this time agitated in favour of insurrection or invasion, according to his own admission, knew the minds and intentions of those who did. Mendoza, whose main, if not single, object was political, had the highest opinion of Persons's ability and usefulness, and regarded him as the real leader of Catholics both clerical and lay. Since the previous winter, when he first became intimate with Persons, he had been in close correspondence with the chief recusants in prison. He was the depositary of their alms and the moneys they wished to send abroad for the support of the seminaries. He knew personally many of the missionaries, and when, for instance, he speaks of the martyrdom of Alexander Briant, a priest who had made a vow to become a Jesuit, he adds, 'I knew him well.' The first persons to treat with the ambassador openly about politics—so he tells us—were the brothers Thomas and William Tresham. Thomas was a convert of Persons, and William joined him at Rouen, and was afterwards his travelling companion into Spain; and when Thomas Tresham was in prison Mendoza wrote: 'I am in constant communication with him by means 'of the priests.'

Who, then, was the priest whom the chief nobles were sending into Scotland? Persons, as we have seen, says of Watts that 'after taking counsel with some of the more 'prudent Catholics, *we* sent him,' &c. Yet Watts, a Welsh-

* Froude conjecturally supplies their names: Earl of Arundel, Lord Henry Howard, Paget, Lumley, and either Vaux or Morley.

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man, was not, as far as we know, 'brought up in Scotland,' and unless Mendoza was referring to transactions of some weeks earlier, the date of Watts's embassy hardly tallies with that of the priest sent by the six lords; for Watts's report of his visit to Edinburgh reached Persons, even after some delay, on September 15.

The emissary of the lay lords was back again in London by October 20. On that day Mendoza writes to Philip:—

'The clergyman of whom I wrote on the 7th ult. has returned from Scotland after a most successful journey. He was conveyed secretly across the border, and was furnished with introductions to the Duke of Lennox, the Earls of Eglinton, Huntly, and Caithness, Baron Seton and his eldest son, and Gray of Ferniherst. They received him well, and he bore himself prudently, avoiding an entire disclosure of his mission until he had assured himself with regard to religion, which was treated as the principal basis of the business. He said he wished to learn from them whether they would admit priests and friars into the country . . . who wished to preach and administer the sacraments. They replied unanimously that not only would they willingly admit them, on condition that they brought money for their own maintenance, but they would quietly manage that they should preach to the king himself in their presence, and should, if necessary, have a disputation with the ministers. . . . He came back with this reply, after having assured them how important it was for the king's power and aggrandisement, and his inheritance to the crown of England, that the English Catholics who had fled for religion's sake should be allowed to live in Scotland by consent of the Parliament. They told him they would try and obtain this. He avoided opening out further to the Duke of Lennox, as he depends upon France, and he found him now avowedly schismatic, but in accordance with his instructions from here he went more deeply into the matter with Lord Seton, whom he found very well disposed. He argued that, apart from his soul's salvation, the king's conversion was the only road to the crown of England. *Seton promised he would tell all this to the king privately.*'

Here there appears a marked discrepancy between the proceedings of this priest as reported by him to Mendoza, and those of Watts as reported to Persons. Watts had seen the King. This one, who is giving an account of his mission after its completion, apparently had not done so. We have not the priest's *ipsissima verba*, but Mendoza would scarcely omit so important a point if he had been informed of it. Mendoza continues:—

'As soon as this clergyman returned the result of his mission was conveyed to William Allen, in France, and to Persons, of the Society of Jesus, who was secretly here [*i.e.* in France]. The latter went to France for a few days to choose the persons to be sent into Scotland,

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and the clergyman was of opinion that Persons himself and Father Jasper of the Society would be the best persons to go. . . . Father Jasper came many miles to see me here and obtain my opinion on the point. After having discussed the matter minutely, we have resolved to write to Allen, saying that although Persons and Heywood would be the best persons to be sent to cure the important limb of Scotland, yet we should not deprive the brain of its principal support, which we should do if these two men were both to leave here, *where their presence is so necessary to govern and distribute the priests who are in the country*, as well as for conducting matters of religion. . . . Besides, the peril to these men is so well known. For these reasons it would be well that Jasper, with two other learned clergymen, should go to Scotland with some others in their train, whilst Persons should remain here. By this means the priests in England would not be deprived of their superior.'

Jasper Heywood, however, fell ill with sciatica, and did not go into Scotland. Father Holt went instead, under Persons's orders,* accompanied by the before-mentioned English priest, the emissary of the six lords, whose report (as we have seen) had been forwarded by Mendoza to both Persons and Allen. They (Holt and his companion) spent the winter in Edinburgh or its neighbourhood, whence they wrote urgently begging for more priests, and, if possible, for Persons himself. Meanwhile Mendoza reports that most of the six lords whom he mentioned were in prison. He suggests that the Spanish minister in France should keep in close touch with Allen in order to conduct the business in such a way that the French have not a suspicion that the King of Spain is concerned in it. 'Through Allen safe and constant communication 'can be carried on.'

On December 4 Mendoza gives an account of the execution of Campion and his companions, and on the 11th he writes :—

'The clergyman [the emissary of the six lords] who I said in my former letters was again to go into Scotland with another priest [Holt] writes to say that they were well received and have even had converse with the king, to whom they gave some account of their mission. He accepted it extremely well, and said that although for certain reasons it was advisable for him to appear publicly in favour of the French, he assured them that in his heart he would rather be Spanish, which he, the envoy, might write to the Englishmen who sent him. Notwithstanding this, the priest did not entirely lay bare his mission until he had quite satisfied himself of the sincerity of the king and his ministers. He thought that he would be able to do this by Christmas, so that they could then form an opinion as to the

* 'Guilielmum Waytes sacerdotem meis expensis in Scotiam ex Anglia misi. Patrem deinde Holtum submisi.'—Persons *apud* More, 122.

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conversion of the king and country. In the meantime, he presses for more priests.'

'We have therefore decided,' says Mendoza, 'that Jasper 'shall remain here . . . whilst Persons should go to Scot-'land direct from France, where he now is, with five or six 'priests who may be selected, and Allen has been informed 'of this.' This resolution and the rumours that it engendered have led M. Mignet, Major Martin Hume, and other historians to suppose that Persons, with several Jesuits, did, in fact, visit Scotland at this time. But he never did so; and, as we shall see, the Scottish Jesuits, Fathers William Creighton and Edmund Hay, were the persons deputed for this mission. This was displeasing to Mendoza, who argued that it was better to send English priests, who would create less suspicion, while 'for State reasons Scotsmen themselves 'must be treated with great caution.' Mary Stuart, on the other hand, preferred Scotsmen, as 'the English are not 'popular, especially among the common people. As they 'are foreigners, moreover, and do not understand the 'language, they could not do much good.' Mendoza persisted in his own opinion. He thoroughly trusted Persons and the English Jesuits, and he eventually (in the following March) wrote to Philip that he had now convinced the Queen of Scots that he was right. The Queen, moreover, in preparation for the expected *coup*, had written to the Netherlands recalling the fighting Scots who were there, particularly Colonel Stewart, to whom she promised a good pension in Scotland. This, too, did not suit Mendoza's plans, for he remarked, 'The Scots are naturally a faithless 'people, and it is very desirable that the soldiers sent into 'Scotland on your Majesty's behalf should be stronger than 'the Scots forces, as it is upon the foreign force she must mainly rely.' On December 18 Philip wrote to approve all that his ambassador had done 'in respect of Fathers Persons 'and Jasper,' and he ordered a credit of 2,000 crowns to be sent to provide for those who should go into Scotland. At last, on February 9 (1582), Holt returned to London with his report. He had, it appears, gone north without having previous conference with Mendoza; and, indeed, until now he was not aware that the ambassador was moving in the affair. When, however, he was about to leave Scotland for the south, he was told by his companion that 'the two English lords 'who had sent him (*i.e.* probably two of the aforesaid six 'lords) were in prison,' and that, therefore, he (Holt) should go to a certain priest—Mendoza is tantalisingly reticent of

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names—who, [illegible] take him to the person with whom he was to [illegible] this Holt did; and, to his surprise, the priest took [illegible] Mendoza. The Jesuit remained for two days [illegible] the house of the ambassador, who 'instructed [illegible] as to the course he was to pursue.'

Father Holt was a promising pupil, and before receiving fresh lessons in Spanish diplomacy, he was able on his own side to tell much to his master. He, at least, had not been able in Scotland 'to estrange and sequester his thoughts' from State policy not appertaining to his vocation.

Mendoza's account of this important interview is as follows:—

'Father William Holt has come from Scotland to confer with me. He is one of the Jesuit Fathers who came some months since by way of Germany. We had quite given him up for lost, as he was fifteen days entirely unconscious. But God granted him health to be employed in so sacred a cause as the conversion of Scotland. *Father Persons, who is superior of all of them in these countries, ordered him to go to Scotland in company with the priest who was sent the first time and afterwards returned thither.* Holt fell ill on the border, where the other left him. He (Holt) then went to Edinburgh, where he was received, as the first had been, by the principal lords and counsellors of the king, particularly the Duke of Lennox, the earls of Huntly, Eglinton, Argyll, Caithness, and others who are desirous of bringing the country to the Catholic faith. Father Holt, who is a person of virtuous life, and, as I should judge, a prudent man in mundane affairs, assures me that these men show signs of sincerity, as they unanimously pledge themselves to adopt four means of attaining their object: (1) *To convert* the king; (2) in case the king be not converted, to learn if the Queen of Scots will allow them *to force him* to open his eyes; (3) with the queen's consent they would *transport him* out of the kingdom; or (4) as a last resource they would *depose him* until the queen should arrive. To forward these expedients they request a foreign sovereign to furnish troops to subject the ministers and heretics and provide against English invasion. *Two thousand soldiers would be enough.* They would prefer Spaniards, but in case of jealousy on the part of France they suggest Italians in the name of the Pope. They would be sent to Friesland, and thence to Eyemouth. *With these they would undertake to convert the country* and to bring it to submit to the Pope. They asked Father Holt to return to England to communicate with English personages interested and with the Queen of Scots if possible. Priests should be sent from France dressed as laymen. On no account should these men be Scotsmen, but English, whom they could only expel the country with forty days' notice. The English who go pretend to be exiles. The language is nearly the same, and they do almost as well. Holt and his predecessor have converted many, and said mass and preached on Christmas Day and Epiphany at Lord Seton's house.'

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Mendoza sent Holt back at once with a Latin letter for the Scottish lords, promising them Philip's help. He also advised Allen to hasten the departure of the promised priests from France. Nine days later (February 18) Allen wrote to the Cardinal of Como: 'We have had in Scotland this winter 'two priests, one a member of the Society of Jesus [*Holt*], and 'the other an alumnus of our College [*Watts?*] . . . We have 'had hopeful accounts from them before, and now in the 'beginning of this February one of them [Holt] has come to 'London.' Allen forwards their report for the perusal of the Pope, remarking that its contents are of great moment, *and should be kept profoundly secret.* This report is attributed by Dr. Knox, and by F. Forbes-Leith, who translates it, to the pen of William Watts.* It is, however, now clear from the foregoing letter of Mendoza, and by the statement of the writer that he had left his companion behind in Scotland, that it was written by Holt. Substantially it agrees with the verbal statement made by Holt to Mendoza, though, being prepared for ecclesiastical eyes, it has less of a political flavour. Holt repeats that the Scottish nobles expect no aid from the King of France, but they seek it willingly from the Pope and the King of Spain. They think a small force would be sufficient. In the opinion of the Scots, he adds, the most convenient course would be that the King of Spain should send an envoy to the King of Scotland, accompanied by learned priests who would suggest arguments to him, and might even propose a marriage between James and the Infanta. As to his own proceedings he remarks:—

'With the consent of the Catholic nobles and the advice of my colleague and fellow priest I have crossed the frontier of the two kingdoms and come to London . . . *my colleague remains at Lord Seton's* to watch the Catholic cause till I return. My intention originally was not to have left London before receiving a reply from you or from Father Robert [Persons], but upon consideration they think it best for me to return at once, through fear the roads or the passage of the Scottish border should be closed,' &c.

Holt therefore went a second time into Scotland in February to join his former companion, whom Mendoza has always known as the political agent of the six lords, and whom Allen and others seem to rightly identify with William Watts, the emissary of Persons, notwithstanding the apparent discrepancies before referred to in the earlier reports of the same person.

* It was first printed by Theiner, 'Ann. Eccles.' vol. iii. p. 370.

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Meanwhile the Pope and the General of the Society resolved, as has been said, to send into Scotland the two Scottish Jesuits, Creighton and Hay. Creighton had long ago acted in Scotland as a guide to Father Nicolas de Gouda, during his mission as papal legate to the Queen of Scots (1562), and had afterwards joined the Society. He was in Rome early in 1581, and at a congregation or chapter of his Order had, by the command of the General, given an account of Scottish affairs which had much pleased the Pope. Hence the selection of Creighton for the present venture. He was told to put himself in communication with the Archbishop of Glasgow and the papal nuncio in Paris, and afterwards to receive instructions from Persons. He was with Father Hay in Paris on January 16, and shortly afterwards was at Rouen, when in company with Persons he visited the Duke of Guise at Eu, 'to 'confer about the advancement of the Catholic cause in 'both realms of England and Scotland, and for the delivery 'of the Queen of Scots, then prisoner.' Persons now gave to Creighton as servant and companion the trusted and courageous lay brother, Ralph Emerson, who had acted in a similar capacity for Campion and himself, and perhaps also for Watts.

Creighton, who went to Scotland direct from France without passing through England, must have arrived together with, or shortly before, Holt, on the latter's second journey thither in February. He had to be introduced into the King's palace by night, and was hidden there for three days in some secret chamber. We hear of both Fathers on March 7 from the Duke of Lennox, who sent to Tassis, by the hand of Creighton, a letter dated on that day from Dalkeith, as follows:—

'The bearer is William Creighton, a Jesuit, who came and told me he was sent to me by the Pope and King of Spain. He brought a letter from the Scots ambassador [Beaton]; and subsequently there arrived another Jesuit, an Englishman [Holt], with a letter for me from Mendoza, from which it appears that the king and Pope wish to make use of me in their design to restore the Catholic religion and release the Queen of Scots, according to Creighton's communication.'

The Duke expresses his willingness to do so. He wrote at the same time to Mary Stuart:—

'Madam,—Since my last letters a Jesuit named Creighton has come to me with letters of credence from your ambassador. He informs me that the Pope and Catholic king had decided to succour you with an army for the purpose of re-establishing religion in this island, . . .,

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He says it is proposed that I should be the head of the said army. Since then I have received a letter from the Spanish ambassador in London to the same effect through another English Jesuit. . . . As soon as I receive your reply I will go to France with all diligence for the purpose of raising some French infantry and receiving the foreign troops and landing them in Scotland, . . . for I promise you on my life that, *when I have the army which is promised me of* 15,000 *men* . . . I will land. Courage! then, your Majesty,' &c.

The Jesuits were now beginning to lose their heads. They had been content for the last five months to be the confidential letter-carriers and messengers of princes and statesmen. They are now, grumbles Mendoza, 'taking the road 'themselves.' They have a policy of their own, and offer suggestions and advice to their employers. They despatch to Mendoza a priest in the disguise of a travelling dentist, who arrived at the ambassador's house in London on the night of March 25, having letters from Lennox, who refers him for particulars to letters of the two Jesuits.

'They have decided,' writes the indignant ambassador, 'that Creighton and Holt should go to Rouen in France, of which they hasten to advise me *so that I might go over and see them!* The good men coolly say this, as if I could do such a thing without special orders from your Majesty, and as if my sudden departure from here would not immediately arouse the suspicions of this queen [Elizabeth] and her ministers. They ask me to set out at once, as they have a ship ready to take them over to Scotland again as soon as the weather serves, and they say that unless I can confer with them personally they considered it difficult to effect the conversion of the country, and that it is necessary that there should be a minister of your Majesty with whom they could confer in France, they having some objection to the present minister Tassis, as he has not yet been concerned in the negotiations, while Lennox and the rest are so willing to confer with me. They say that Lennox is extremely well disposed towards the affair, and that although he was a Frenchman I had no reason to be suspicious of him. They had, therefore, given him a copy of the key to the cipher in which the Fathers corresponded with me, in order that he might communicate with me direct. They ask me to write to the Queen of Scotland and advise her in my cipher to send immediately to her ambassador in France two letters of credence—one for Alexander Seton to deal with his Holiness as ambassador, and the other for John Seton to go with a similar mission to your Majesty, sending them at the same time heads of the negotiations which they would have to undertake. They say that if it be not possible for me to go to Rouen I should send them an order for the provision of money to enable Creighton to go to see your Majesty in Spain. They ask me, unless there be something of the greatest urgency, not to send anything over the border excepting by the priest they send me, who came in the guise of a tooth-drawer, travel-worn and footsore, as he

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had come on foot for over three hundred miles, any other way of travelling making it extremely difficult for them to pass.'

Mary Stuart, equally dissatisfied with this new move on the part of the Jesuits, remarked to Mendoza how far their experience in matters of State was from corresponding with their zeal for religion.

'You may judge of this,' she adds, 'by the proposal they make to me to send Lord Seton's two sons as ambassadors, both of them being so young, and quite inexperienced in matters of such importance as this. It is quite out of the question that they should be entrusted with such negotiations, in which if they were discovered, my own life and the future of my son would be imperilled. . . . You may, therefore, inform the Jesuits that I will on no account allow that anything concerning this matter shall be done in my name or with my authority unless necessity should demand it.'

She disapproved of sending any one on her behalf to the Pope or the King of Spain. She disapproved also of Lennox's project of going to France to raise forces there.

Mendoza's irritation with the Jesuits for acting in any way independently of his plans was not easily appeased. Mary Stuart, he wrote to Philip (April 26), '*is virtually the* '*mainspring of the war*, without whose opinion and counte-'nance Lennox and others will do nothing.' Therefore she must be kept well disposed.

'I have also instructed the priests who have gone [into Scotland] to act in the same way, only that as Creighton went from France at the request of the Scots ambassador and by order of his Holiness without seeing me, he has changed my mode of procedure, promising, as will be seen, in the name of the Pope and your Majesty, to the Duke of Lennox 15,000 men of war in Scotland. *He has no ground whatever for this*, as is pointed out clearly by the Queen of Scotland, who says that she does not know the origin of the promise, *which I have no doubt that the good man has made entirely on his own initiative*, in the belief that, as in May last year, when he was in Rome, his Holiness told him he would assist with the necessary number of men, he might promise the round number, perhaps under the impression that the Catholics here will rise and assist the Scots the moment they know that foreign troops have come to their aid.'

Mendoza, however, still urged Persons to go himself at once into Scotland with the money which he had given him for the purpose. He bade him tell Creighton and Holt to remain where they were 'to convert souls.' 'Their profession is not 'that of arranging warlike matters, which must be done by 'other ministers, their function being to act as inter-'mediaries, for which they are better fitted than any 'others.'

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But while the ambassador was thus with a touch of irony bidding Jesuits mind their own business, Creighton, having abandoned his wild scheme of meeting Mendoza with Holt at Rouen, had set sail for France with Lennox's despatches, including an important letter to the Duke of Guise. After conferring on the way with Allen and Beaton, at St. Denis, he went on to Rouen, and accompanied by Persons again visited Guise at Eu. Then Guise and Creighton (followed shortly by Persons (who for the moment was prevented from travelling by illness) returned to Paris. Here they met Allen, the Archbishop of Glasgow, the Provincial of the French Jesuits, the papal Nuncio, and the Spanish minister Tassis. Nothing, however, could be done, wrote the Nuncio, until the arrival of Persons, 'a Jesuit who has come from 'England where he has had this affair in hand for the last 'two years, and has in mind all that should be done.'* The final result of their united deliberations was the despatch of Persons to the King of Spain, and of Creighton to the Pope, towards the end of May, with the matured plan for the invasion of England through Scotland.

There is no need to go further with the story. From this point it is told fairly and fully with the aid of the original documents by Dr. Knox. It is only surprising that Father Forbes-Leith should think it still worth while to describe 'the object of their mission' as one 'to secure the safety of 'the young king and of Lennox by assembling a strong 'military force *to guard them*,' and at the same time to 'provide a Catholic bride for the prince.'† The 'guard' asked for by Lennox through Creighton was 20,000 foreign

* Persons rejoined Creighton at Paris in a few days. On May 18 Tassis reports to Philip the conversation he has held with the two Jesuits, 'one a Scotchman and the other an Englishman.' Froude and Simpson, Major Martin Hume and Bishop Creighton ('Dict. Nat. Biog.,' art. 'Holt') have taken Holt to be the English Father who figured in these important conferences at Paris, but it is clear that Dr. Knox is right in assigning the part to Persons. It may also be remarked here that the 'Father Melino,' who appears subsequently as an active and prominent political emissary, and is cautiously described by Major Hume as an 'agent of the Duke of Guise,' is no other than the same Persons. The name 'Melino' does not appear in Mr. Foley's rather imperfect list of this Father's *aliases*, unless it be under the form of 'Perino' ('Records,' vol. vii. p. 932). Indeed, in certain passages of his career Persons preserved his *incognito* so cleverly as to baffle enquirers for the next three centuries.

† 'Narratives of Scottish Catholics,' p. 182.

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soldiers paid for eighteen months, with munitions of war and artillery. Creighton indeed admitted that the demand was high; and Persons, heedless of Mendoza's advice not to meddle with warlike affairs, gave it as his opinion that 8,000 or even 6,000 men in Scotland would be sufficient to cross over into England. Persons was confident that his friends in England would do the rest. He presented a memorandum of his own to the Nuncio in which he assumed to speak on their behalf. 'Lastly,' he says, 'I have to offer to your most Reverend 'Lordship, *in the name of all the Catholics of England*, their 'life, their goods, and all that lies in their power for the 'service of God and his Holiness in this enterprise.'

But to return for a moment to England and Mendoza. We have seen that Holt and Creighton had sent their letters to the ambassador in March by the hand of a priest, who made the journey from Edinburgh to London on foot in thirteen days, and they urgently begged Mendoza to entrust his Scottish despatches to no other messenger. On April 26 Mendoza reports that he had sent the priest back, as he had come, on foot, 'taking with him a looking-glass which I had 'made for him, inside of which the letters [to Lennox] were 'concealed, so that unless he himself divulged them no one could imagine that he had them.'

Who was this priest? Froude tells the story of Creighton as if there were no doubt. The one thing certain is that he was neither Creighton nor Holt. Mignet, like Froude, was attracted by this picture of the travelling dentist, but no writer has traced further the fortunes of the looking-glass. Mendoza, it appears, was too confident in the security of his device. Early in May three pursuivants or servants of Sir John Forster, Warden of the Middle Marches, observed a stranger in an old grey coat making his way through the wastes and fells of the border. They asked him his name, which he declined to give. They thereupon threatened to take him before their master. Upon this the stranger produced eleven gold pieces and some loose silver, of which they relieved him, but still made pretence of arresting him. They also took from him a book, which turned out to be a breviary, some letters, a bag of instruments to draw teeth, and a looking-glass. After walking with him half a mile they let the man go, but, strange to say, not until he had persuaded them to return to him his packet of letters, though not the looking-glass. The men, in reporting the transaction, had probably never guessed the real character of the traveller, which was revealed to Forster by the breviary.

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He angrily threw the servants into prison, and summoned the Bishop of Durham and other commissioners for causes ecclesiastical for their trial, but to little purpose.

'After the bishop and the other commissioners were departed from my house,' he writes to Walsingham, 'I, looking more circumspectly into the glass, by chance did espy paper within the said glass. Whereupon I searched the said glass thoroughly . . . and did find certain letters so well compacted together and enclosed within the said glass that it were very hard to be spied out.' ('Border Papers.')

Whereupon he sent the whole thing to Walsingham, one of the letters being written in cipher and probably important. He at the same time (June 14) reports that he has information of Jesuit priests being with Lord Seton—'one Brewerton, a Cheshire man, and one Sheppard.' Brewerton or Brereton was an *alias* of Watts, who, however, was not from Cheshire but from South Wales. It is, of course, possible that Watts was the very man who had slipped through Forster's fingers in the previous month.

The facts here presented sufficiently explain the motives and agencies by which the publicly avowed policy of persuasion initiated by the Jesuit missionaries in 1580 passed into or was combined with the secret policy of war and coercion inaugurated by Persons and Allen. But the facts also make more intelligible the motives which led Parliament shortly afterwards to adopt the extreme measure of the 27th Elizabeth. This Act—arbitrary, indiscriminate, and unjust—by which all priests ordained abroad and entering upon the English mission were declared *ipso facto* guilty of treason, was not passed till 1585, when the plots and conspiracies, fostered by the heads of the missionary body, were at their height. No one could suppose, indeed, that the particulars of dangerous and clandestine schemes were confided to the clerical rank and file, or that many of the priests were implicated in treasonable practices. 'Imagine ye the Italian 'government, and specially the Papacy,' wrote Allen in 1581, 'to be so discreetly managed that every poor priest 'and scholar knoweth the Pope's secrets? No, no.' But the Pope's secrets were undoubtedly in the keeping of some select few of these poor priests at the end of that same year, or in the beginning of 1582; and, which is more to the point, were in the keeping of Allen and Persons, the masters and leaders of them all. 'At the proper time,' said Persons in his memorandum, 'the principal Catholics in England will 'receive information of the affair *by means of the priests.* 'But this will not be done until just before the commence-

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'ment of the enterprise . . . *since the soul of this affair is 'its secrecy.'* * These things became well known to the English government; and the known dealings of the few brought into natural suspicion the more innocent proceedings of the many; and this more especially when the Jesuit pledges of 1580 and Allen's protestations of 1581 were found falsified by the overt treason of 1582.

Here we have seen 'poor priests and scholars' hiding in the London house of the Spanish ambassador, receiving his orders, carrying his despatches to and fro, penetrating with them to the Scottish court. We have seen the chief of the Jesuit mission, after making himself possessor of the political secrets of the English disaffected nobles, retiring in disguise to Rouen, and there—in close communication with the Duke of Guise, and keeping up correspondence with Mendoza in London, the Archbishop of Glasgow in Paris, and Allen in Rheims—directing the movements of his subjects in England, and sending at least one of them thence into Scotland upon an errand which proved to be steeped in political intrigue. Mendoza's looking-glass and its contents, taken from the priest in the old grey coat, spoke volumes concerning the purposes for which the missionaries could be used. As to that active conspirator, Creighton, he was a Scotsman, owing no allegiance to Elizabeth, and unconnected with the English mission, and he did not voluntarily set foot in England. His practices cannot, therefore, be laid to the charge of the English missionaries. But he was in alliance with Persons, acting partly under his instructions, and bent at this time upon furthering the same political objects. He was captured at sea in 1584 in possession of treasonable papers containing a scheme for the invasion of England to depose Elizabeth and set up the Scottish Queen in her place.† With this knowledge and with these papers before him, could Cecil be comforted with the suggestion that no Jesuit ever plotted 'in England,' and that Persons's political agitation abroad was carried on for the securing of a Catholic successor to the throne 'on the demise of Elizabeth'—or, indeed, could such a suggestion be made to square with the actual facts?

Cecil, before 1585, probably knew, as we now know, that a plan for making sure the speedy demise of Elizabeth by the hand of a hired assassin was concocted at Paris by the Dukes of Guise and Mayenne, aided by the Archbishop of Glasgow, and that this plan had the approval of the Spanish

* Knox, p. xli.

† Ibid. pp. 425, 432.

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agent and the papal nuncio, all of them men who were acting at the moment in complete political concert with Persons and Allen. To the suspicious eye of Elizabeth any Jesuit or emissary of the Jesuits might be that assassin. Creighton, it is said, owed his release from prison to his being able to convince her that he at least would have nothing to do with such practices, and condemned them as unlawful.

On the other hand, complaint has been made by apologists of the Order that 'certain writers speak of the Jesuits as 'politicians rather than priests, devising all their schemes 'for the benefit of the King of Spain.' Cardinal d'Ossat said or implied, indeed, something of the sort in reference to the seminaries established by Persons in the Spanish dominions; and the expression of such an opinion by so eminent a statesman and churchman, and one not unfriendly to the Society, is very significant. But the statement cannot be defended. The most scheming Jesuits were always priests first and politicians afterwards. Persons himself excelled as a missionary, as a controversial writer, and a spiritual director. His main or only real end was the subjection of England to the Roman Church. The Spanish power was but one means, the most available means at the moment, for that end. If the Jesuits had thrown away their breviaries and missals, they might have been less dangerous. It was the well-grounded suspicion that they were combining the office of priest and spy, missionary and recruiting-sergeant, confessor and conspirator, that brought odium on their order, and aggravated the miseries of their friends. But while they may fairly plead that political action was practically forced upon them in aid of their missionary enterprise, and that rebellion was justifiable, or even a duty, for the Catholic body, they must in turn modify their traditional views of the Elizabethan persecution. Persecution was, in like manner, forced upon the Queen by the exigencies of the political situation. She was fighting her best, as Allen once admitted, for 'the stability and prosperity of 'the Empire.' She, too, started with a protestation or pretence that she did not interfere with consciences—a pretence which proved as idle and impracticable as the Jesuit pretence of abstaining from politics. The Jesuit leaders lapsed into conspiracy as inevitably as the Queen lapsed step by step into the sanguinary act of 1585. But it is unjust and untrue to history to conceal or disguise these dangerous and formidable conspiracies, with the view of fixing more deeply upon Queen Elizabeth the stigma of religious persecution.

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ART. IV.—1. *Le Général Bourbaki.* Par un de ses anciens officiers d'ordonnance, avec portrait, cartes et fac-similé. Paris: 1885.

2. *Le Général Bourbaki.* Par le Commandant GRANDIN. Paris: 1898.

3. *Souvenirs et Impressions,* 1840–1871. Par le Marquis PHILIPPE DE MASSA. Paris: 1897.

AFTER the great Napoleonic wars, and previous to that disastrous epoch of Sedan-Metz-Paris, there have been few more stirring days in the records of the modern French army, few more productive of dashing partisan leaders, than those of the conquest and occupation of Algeria, commenced under Charles X., and continued throughout the reign of King Louis Philippe. Among many equally daring and enterprising contemporaries, the name of Charles Bourbaki may well be handed down to posterity as exemplifying the best possible type of officer trained in this Algerian school of arms. As such alone, this gallant soldier—who, as a general of division, on retired pay, died some few months since at Bayonne—might well be deserving of notice in these pages; but, to our mind, he doubly merits recognition in this Journal for the ready aid which he afforded to General Pennefather in the Crimea, when that officer's division was in dire need of such assistance, at the most critical period of the Russian attack on Mount Inkerman—a service which certainly ought never to be forgotten in the annals of the British army.

Charles Denis Sauter Bourbaki was born at Pau on April 16, 1816. As his name plainly indicates, he was of Greek origin, and indeed the circumstances under which he obtained his commission in the French army are somewhat interesting. His grandfather, Sauter Bourbaki, is said to have been employed in conveying despatches between the Directory and the army in Egypt, and subsequently entrusted with the mission of recalling Bonaparte to France in 1799. For these services Bourbaki was recommended to Talleyrand for employment in the French consular service at Cephalonia; and, after his death, his son, Constantin, passed through the school of Fontainebleau, and eventually, when colonel of the 31st Infantry, accompanied King Joseph Bonaparte as aide-de-camp through the disastrous Spanish campaign of 1814. In 1815 Colonel Bourbaki made himself useful in communicating with Napoleon, whilst interned at

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Elba, previous to the debarkation at Cannes; but under the Restoration he was driven into retirement and, after some desultory wandering, settled in the south of France, where his son was born. On the breaking out of the Greek War of Independence Colonel Bourbaki enrolled himself in the Greek forces, and, in 1827, during a sortie, he was taken prisoner and put to death by the Turks outside the walls of Athens.

In the autumn of 1830, young Charles Bourbaki obtained a nomination to the Military College of La Flèche, from which he gained his promotion to St. Cyr in 1834; and two years later he was posted to the 59th Regiment, then forming portion of Rigny's brigade in Algeria. He was just in time to take part in the fatal expedition against Constantine, under Marshal Clausel, during which brief campaign of seventeen days the 59th alone lost three officers and thirty-seven non-commissioned officers and men killed or missing, with ten wounded—a significant indication of the severity of the *baptême de feu* which the newly joined subaltern underwent as his initiation to African warfare.

When the 59th returned to France, Bourbaki joined Cavaignac's battalion of Zouaves at Tlemcen, from which he was detached in 1837 to serve with a company of the newly formed native force—the *bataillon turc de Constantine* —which formed part of the garrison of Sétif, then surrounded by turbulent tribes. He soon had an opportunity of distinguishing himself. In May 1840, a redoubt outside Sétif was attacked by Arab levies under Abd-el-Kader's lieutenant, Ben Amar, when Bourbaki, who came to the rescue, gained by his gallantry the cross of the Legion of Honour. But shortly afterwards, during one of the numerous affairs with the Arabs in which the Turco battalion was constantly engaged, Lieutenant Bourbaki's horse was killed under him, and he himself received a bullet wound in his left leg, from which he never wholly recovered.

In 1840, Bourbaki joined St. Arnaud's battalion of Zouaves, then employed in revictualling the garrisons of Médéah and Milianah, and in making 'razzias' to obtain cattle for that purpose. Later, the Zouaves formed the advanced guard of Changarnier's column, when advancing against the Beni-Soliman, and likewise furnished a greatly harassed rear-guard to the same force whilst retreating from an impenetrable country. Such work fully occupied Bourbaki's time and improved his experience in the field

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until his promotion as captain, which step he gained in 1842, after six years' service, being now twenty-six years of age.

Early in 1844, Marshal Bugeaud showed his appreciation of Captain Bourbaki's services and intelligence by appointing him as 'Chef du bureau arabe' at Blidah, after holding which post with success for two years, on going to Paris, he was presented at Court by the Duke d'Aumale and gazetted as orderly officer to the King. In the year following his return to Blidah, the Duke d'Isly's influence procured for Bourbaki promotion to the command of a battalion of Turcos.

The proof of the estimation in which their commandant was held by his comrades, and of the popularity which he enjoyed among his subordinates in this regiment, can be judged from the following couplet forming to this day the *motif* of a *fanfare* never forgotten in the programme of the band of the Algerian Tirailleurs, the refrain of which runs :—

'Gentil Turco
Quand, autour de sa boule,
Comme un serpent, se roule
Ce Calico,
Qui lui sert de shako,
Eh bien, ce chic exquis,
Par les turcos acquis,
Ils le doivent à qui ?
A Bourbaki,
A Charles Bourbaki.'

In 1849 we find Commandant Bourbaki, with his Turcos, forming part of the force organised to effect the capture of Zaatcha, a strongly fortified position in an oasis to the south-west of Biskra, under General Herbillon. It was the duty of Bourbaki's battalion to intercept all communication between this oasis and the Arabs of Lichana, who attempted its relief. Twice were the walls of Zaatcha assaulted in vain by Herbillon's troops, and on each occasion were the Lichana Arabs held at bay by the Turcos; and it was not until the final assault was successfully achieved by Canrobert at the head of his Zouaves that Zaatcha fell into the hands of the French. Bourbaki was again named in General Orders for his share in this series of engagements; and, as a reward, he was promoted to be Lieutenant-Colonel of Zouaves under Colonel Aurelle de Paladines. The young lieutenant-colonel, during a short leave of absence, found time to pay a flying visit to Paris, where he was married on July 15, 1850, to the daughter of an old friend of his family, Mlle.

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Thérèse Adam, who proved herself to be not only an amiable and devoted wife, but a lady of courage and resource, capable of affording support and encouragement during the griefs and disappointments to be endured by her husband during the German invasion.

By Christmas 1851, directly after the *coup d'état*, in which so many African generals figured prominently, Bourbaki was nominated full Colonel of the First Regiment of Zouaves, with which *corps d'élite* its chief soon became a favourite, during the short but fatiguing campaign against the Kabyles under General MacMahon. It was during a hazardous attack in this expedition that he exemplified his previous advice—'Si tu veux franchir un péril, jette ton âme de l'autre côté'—by showing his Zouaves how he was always able to lead the way.

It was in the midst of profound tranquillity that the troops of Algeria were surprised, in 1854, by the intelligence of a declaration of war between Great Britain and France as allies on the one hand and Russia on the other. At once the French Government had recourse to its African army for generals, regiments, and officers seasoned by constant campaigning; and when Marshal Saint-Arnaud was appointed to command the force to be landed in Turkey, Bourbaki's Zouaves formed a portion of Espinasse's brigade in Canrobert's division, which landed at Gallipoli, and moved on to Varna. Bourbaki was despatched to Kustendjie in support of Yusuf's irregular *Spahis d'Orient* in the Dobrutscha, and in a few days the Zouaves had their first brush with the Russian Cossacks; but a far more terrible enemy had next to be encountered, viz. the dread *cholera morbus*.

'Les zouaves sont dans de bien mauvaises conditions sous le rapport sanitaire. Ils ont eu, cette nuit et ce matin, environ soixante-dix cas de choléra et une trentaine de décès.'

Under these circumstances retreat was imperative, and the expedition returned to Varna; Espinasse himself, being taken dying on board the *Vauban*, was replaced in command of the brigade by Colonel Bourbaki, whose laconic despatch, on this occasion, to his wife at home is characteristic of the soldier: 'Moral toujours bon; du chagrin, pas de désespoir.'

At the Alma, the Zouaves marched in the very centre of the French line and were conspicuously forward at the attack on the telegraph tower, in which affair the Zouaves alone lost six officers wounded, two non-commissioned

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officers killed, and thirteen wounded, nine rank and file killed, and one hundred and eleven wounded. From the field of battle Marshal Saint-Arnaud, in his despatch to Marshal Vaillant concluded thus:—

'La blessure du général Canrobert va très bien; il a été superbe, et sa division au-dessus de tout éloge. Bourbaki est un Bayard: il était magnifique à la tête de ses zouaves. Le colonel Cler ne lui cède en rien. Quels officiers! quels soldats! et que je me sens fier de les commander! Beau succès, monsieur le ministre. . . .'

For his conduct at the Alma, on October 14 Bourbaki was promoted General of the 2nd brigade in General Bosquet's corps of observation, encamped in rear of the lines of circumvallation which fortified the edge of the Sapouné heights. Boussinière's guns were parked on the right next the Espinasse brigade, Autemarre's tents in the centre, and General Bourbaki's brigade lay to the left; and whenever an alert was given, Bosquet used to draw up his troops in line of columns extending along the crest of the heights fronting and overlooking the plain of Balaclava. It thus came to pass that Bosquet's corps was so posted when the historic cavalry charges of Scarlett and Cardigan took place, on October 25, almost beneath them. And every one knows how the mad exploit of the Light Brigade drew from the French commander that terse comment on it which he addressed to Mr. Layard: 'C'est magnifique; mais ce n'est 'pas la guerre.' But Canrobert's later criticism is not so well known to English students of the art of war. This experienced veteran spoke of it as 'une charge dont la 'raison est restée impossible à comprendre et que l'héroïsme 'avec laquelle elle a été conduite ne saurait excuser au point 'de vue des règles de la guerre.'

Away to the left of Bourbaki's Brigade at a distance of a mile and a half lay the brigade of Guards, and half a mile beyond was the camp of Pennefather's division, whose outposts bore the brunt of the surprise attack made by Prince Mentschikoff's field army on the heights of Inkerman. It will be remembered by those who have studied Kinglake's account, that Colonel Cadogan of the Grenadiers came early on that day to request assistance from Bosquet, whose troops had been on the alert from daybreak. As soon, therefore, as Bosquet found out that the attack threatened by Gortschakoff's corps from the east was merely a feint, taking Bourbaki's brigade, he proceeded to the scene of action, near the Sandbag battery—'L'abattoir,' as

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it was subsequently called from the slaughter which took place around it. The behaviour of the regiments thus brought up by Bourbaki, who had his horse shot under him during the fight, and whose uniform was torn by more than one bullet, may be quoted from Kinglake, who, as we know, was prejudiced against the French :—

We saw how on the right of Hill Bend a French battalion of infantry—a battalion of the Sixth of the Line—stood resisting the entreaties of all who would then drive it into the fight, and we learnt that our people in the rage and impatience provoked by this lengthened recusancy had suffered themselves to use bitter words. Well, now this very battalion—this much bedamned "Sixth of the Line"—did good loyal service, which will long be remembered in England. Its fixed attitude of expectancy had been owing to no other cause than the want of due sanction for a forward movement, and was converted at once into opportune action by the authority of General Bourbaki, now apparently giving impulsion to this part of his brigade. . . . General Bourbaki, it would seem, had ridden forward in the direction of his left front. . . . At last the interposed English troops fell back into the rear of the French battalion, the commander of which rode forward crying out to them: "Mais retirez-vous! Nous allons ouvrir." . . .

'The task now engaging the troops of this young French battalion was one more than commonly difficult. From out of their column formation they undertook nothing less than to effect a deployment in the face of a powerful enemy now only a few paces distant. The battalion passed through that trying part of the ordeal, and meanwhile was able to exert a formidable power of destruction. . . . The file-firing executed by the ranks already in front was excellent, and yet hardly more sure than that of the soldiery in the deploying companies, who steadily delivered their shots one after another as each man ranged into line. The calm prowess of the French during those moments of file-firing is proved by the havoc they wrought. Under the fire which poured down from their extended and still extending front the Russians fell in numbers so great—some dropping in knots, and even in clumps—that before many moments the shattered face of the column had sunk down into an almost continuous bank of prostrate soldiery.'

Meantime the Zouaves had recaptured the three guns lost by Boothby's battery. Bosquet's reinforcements of fresh troops coming up, the offensive was resumed, the Russians gave way, and the crisis of the eventful day had been tided over. In fact, it was Bourbaki's brigade which bore the brunt of the hard fighting at this momentous period, and extricated the British from the imminent catastrophe which threatened to overwhelm them; and that it was no child's play is evident from the fact that during the struggle on Mount Inkerman the French alone lost thirteen officers and one hundred and thirty men killed; whilst upwards of thirty-

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six officers and seven hundred and fifty men were shown as wounded. If Canrobert well deserved the public thanks awarded him by the English Parliament on this occasion, so also does Bourbaki's share in that famous engagement deserve recognition now that the grave has been closed over both these gallant soldiers—our old allies.

Early in January 1855, General Bourbaki was attacked by typhoid fever and sent back invalided to France. Immediately on his recovery he requested the Emperor to give him a command, and on April 5 he was posted to the 2nd Brigade of La Motterouge's division, in Bosquet's corps, which was at the time employed in the trenches of the new siege works opposite the Malakoff. On September 8 he led one of the columns which stormed the outer curtain joining the Malakoff to the Little Redan. He himself penetrated the inner retrenchment with but five hundred men; but not receiving any support he was forced to fall back, during which movement he was severely wounded by a shell.

Bourbaki remained out in the Crimea until the return of the expeditionary force in May 1856, when he was placed in command of a subdivision at Bordeaux. A few months afterwards Marshal Randon, the Governor-General of Algeria, applied for Bourbaki's assistance in organising a great expedition to enforce the submission of the Kabyles; and he was given the command of the 1st Brigade in the division under General MacMahon. The divisions under MacMahon, Renault, and Yusuf advanced in May 1857. After severe fighting the campaign terminated in the decisive battle of Icheriden, where Bourbaki contributed not a little towards the success of the day. His brigade suffered severely, and he himself had his horse shot under him. On the final submission of the Kabyles, Bourbaki was named in general orders and obtained his promotion to the rank of General of Division.

When the Italian war broke out, Bourbaki was quartered at Besançon, and being placed at the head of the third division in the Third Army Corps under Marshal Canrobert entered Italy by way of Briançon, Oulx, Exiles, and Susa. During this short and victorious campaign, the general with his division had the regret of never taking any serious part in the great engagements with the enemy, not arriving on the fields of Magenta and Solferino until the actions were wellnigh finished. He remained with his division in Italy with the army of occupation commanded by Marshal Vaillant, and returned to France in May 1860.

During the following years, General Bourbaki occupied

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various military commands, and in 1864 he was sent on a mission to Berlin. On his return he made a remarkable report on the so-called needle-musket of the Prussians, and his information largely contributed towards the change of armament in the French army, and the introduction of the Chassepot rifle. In 1869 we find him appointed aide-de camp to the Emperor, and placed in command of the first division of infantry, comprising the Voltigeurs and the Chasseurs à pied, of the Imperial Guard. On the 12th July, 1870, the General, writing to his wife, states, 'La paix est assurée,' le désistement est arrivé pour le trône d'Espagne.' But within forty-eight hours—that is on July 14—as we all know, war was declared. On the very next day the Emperor gave to Bourbaki his choice between the command of the First Corps and the command of the Imperial Guard. He chose the latter—the finest and most magnificent command in the army—and before the end of the month proceeded with it to Metz, where it formed the reserve of the seven *corps d'armée* which were moved to the frontier.

Of course it is impossible to follow in detail all Bourbaki's movements during the campaign. When the Grand Army of the Rhine was divided into two armies under Marshal MacMahon and Marshal Bazaine, the Imperial Guard formed one of the five corps placed under the last-named general, which after the taking of Wissembourg by the enemy, and the battle of Spicheren, fell back on Metz. Bourbaki, who had previously commanded the fifth military division with its head-quarters from 1861 to 1864, was intimately acquainted with the ground in the neighbourhood, and seems to have pressed upon Bazaine the advisability of holding the strong position on the plateaux of Colombiers and Frécourt behind the line of the river Nied, but the Marshal refused to listen to any suggestion of the keen and able commander of the Imperial Guard. Before the Emperor quitted the army, the Prince Imperial passed the Imperial Guard under Bourbaki in review order for the last time. The days of the Empire were numbered. On August 14 a fight took place at Borny, during which the Imperial Guard was engaged, although in reserve, effectively supporting the retreat of the third corps, across the Moselle, under Ladmirault, the well-known Military Governor of Paris after the Commune, whose death, at ninety years of age, has taken place in the present year.

On August 16 the Voltigeurs of the Guard, the Grenadiers, and the Artillery were with Bourbaki, by Bazaine's orders, at Gravelotte, and although the Imperial Guard at Rezonville

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repulsed the enemy and bivouacked on the field of battle, the offensive movement could not be sustained; for Bazaine, instead of continuing the movement on Verdun, as agreed upon with the Emperor, ordered a return to Metz on the plea of want of ammunition. The Germans, seeing the French retire from ground they had actually occupied, renewed their attack, and on August 18 was fought the bloody battle of Saint-Privat.

By a letter which was subsequently produced at Bazaine's court-martial it appears that Bourbaki begged the Marshal not to divide the troops of the Imperial Guard as he had constantly been doing—employing them in detail separately—and stating that he could accomplish any required operation with the Guard intact, on either wing of the enemy or break the centre. In vain did Bourbaki wait for orders: none were received. All the generals were at sixes and sevens, without the supreme direction, and it became the task of Bourbaki chiefly to sustain the retirement of the 6th and 3rd corps under Canrobert and Ladmirault after their heroic resistance, and to stop the German pursuit.

A series of desultory operations followed, but no serious movement in advance was ever pushed home in the direction of Thionville, the most successful engagement occurring on August 30, when the villages of Colombey, Montay, and Noisseville remained in the hands of the French, but, as at Borny and Saint-Privat, the Imperial Guard was kept in reserve. This battle of Noisseville was the last vain attempt made by the Army of the Rhine to break through the German investment, and after August 31, when Bazaine ordered the final retreat of his forces within the protection of the Metz forts, the blockade was uninterrupted until the fatal capitulation.

In a few days rumours of disaster reached the beleaguered garrison, but it was not until September 14 that the official proclamation by the Préfet was posted at the Hôtel de Ville, announcing the total defeat of the Army of Châlons, the capitulation of the Emperor at Sedan, the revolution of September 4 in Paris, and the establishment of the Government of National Defence.

At this date the Imperial Guard was the only army corps yet possessing its full organisation in officers, men, horses, guns, and munition wellnigh intact, with its effective strength amounting to twenty thousand men, and ready for any desperate *coup de main* sooner than surrender.

Meantime, the want of provisions in Metz was now serious;

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rations were reduced for men and beasts; the numbers of sick and wounded were numerous in the crowded hospitals; and Marshal Bazaine, astutely revolving schemes for his own interests and influenced by motives of personal ambition, had already sent one of his aides-de-camp to Prince Frederick Charles with proposals of capitulation. But the youngest of the generals, the leader of the one remaining effective army corps of picked troops, had publicly announced to his lieutenants, the Generals Deligny, Picard, and Desvaux, with their entire concurrence, that he would break through the German lines of investment on the first hint of capitulation. Canrobert, de Ladmirault, and Lapusset, whose corps had suffered so severely, likewise agreed that although they would not head any such attempt, they would fully support the project if led by the troops of the Imperial Guard. It became manifest to Bazaine and to Prince Frederick Charles that they must eliminate General Bourbaki from the factors on which their calculations were based.

The means employed were most remarkable, and indeed the whole incident is so dramatic and has been enwrapped in such mystery, that the matter-of-fact statement written at the time to his friend Admiral Fourichon, the Minister of Marine, by Bourbaki himself, forms the best record of the event. It is as follows:—

'Monsieur le Ministre,—A most extraordinary adventure has occasioned my leaving Metz. A certain M. Régnier came to see Marshal Bazaine. He said that M. Bismarck would treat with the Empress on the best possible conditions for France. On September 24, I was returning from Fort Saint-Julien about five o'clock; my chief of the staff told me that Marshal Bazaine had sent everywhere to find me, and that an officer was the bearer of a letter for me, which he refused to give up. During this conversation I received a telegram which ordered me to head-quarters.

'The Marshal introduced me to this M. Régnier, who told me of his desire to see peace re-established, how he hoped soon to bring a treaty of peace for the Empress to sign, &c. I paid but slight attention to all which was said to me, not wholly understanding the situation, considering that I had been deprived of all outside news for three weeks past.

'The Marshal told me that the Empress desired to have with her Marshal Canrobert or myself, that Marshal Canrobert was indisposed, and that he, Marshal Bazaine, proposed that I should approach her Majesty, more especially because my position, as aide-de-camp of the Emperor and Commander of the Imperial Guard, indicated myself as the fittest person for this mission.

'I answered that I was ready to do all in my power to be of use to France, to our army, and to the Empress, but that I did not wish any

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quid pro quos, but that I would not leave except on an order from the General-in-chief, and with an assurance that he would put in the orders of the day the cause of my temporary absence from the army. The Marshal gave me an order in writing.

'In the presence of Marshal Canrobert, he engaged to publish a report of the reason which took me away from my command for some time; he gave me his plain clothes, took off his braces, furnished a cap with the cross of the International Ambulance Society, and, at seven o'clock, I followed M. Régnier.

'When passing the outposts, it was evident to me that the outposts as well as the Prussians knew perfectly that the Marshal was sending an officer with M. Régnier, and that they were obeying the orders of M. von Bismarck. In short, I arrived at Chislehurst, where I had the honour of seeing H. M. the Empress, who told me that she had never expressed any desire for Marshal Canrobert or myself to be sent to her.

'This declaration, of which I had a presentiment, since I had read the public papers during my journey, struck me to the heart. In absolute obedience to my Commander-in-chief, I found myself in a false position.

'I have written to Lord Granville to inform him how M. Régnier, by his conversations with Marshal Bazaine, had induced the belief that he came on the part of the Empress, and that the presence of an officer of the Army of the Rhine with her Majesty was a useful and necessary proceeding; that the Prussians, by lending themselves, on M. Bismarck's order, to give passage to this officer, had taken advantage of the good faith of both Marshal Bazaine and myself; that I requested, as a protection of my honour as a soldier, the signal favour of returning to my post. I await this reply: if it is affirmative, I start to join my post at Metz; if it is contrary to my desires and my hopes, I shall proceed to Tours, to put myself at the disposition of the Provisional Government, to aid in the defence of our poor country.'

Lord Granville obtained instructions from Bismarck to Prince Frederick Charles to facilitate Bourbaki's return to his post at Metz, but on reaching Luxembourg and applying for a safe-conduct through the German lines, the General soon found that the Prince had not the slightest intention of letting him pass so readily. Dilatory and unsatisfactory replies only were obtained to all his requests, so he decided, in accordance with his previously expressed determination, to place his services at the disposal of the Government of National Defence; and, quitting Luxembourg without further delay, he entered France by way of Brussels, where he interviewed the French minister. Proceeding thence straight to Tours, he was there well received, and at once given the command of the Northern Army, with headquarters at Lille, which place he reached on October 15.*

* Fuller details of Bourbaki's evasion and the capitulation of Metz are faithfully related in a famous romance, 'Le Désastre,' written by Paul and Victor, the sons of the late General Marguerite.

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Metz capitulated on October 27; and within a month after that event General Bourbaki had managed with an infinity of trouble to place the principal northern town in a state of defence, and had mobilised a compact column ready to proceed to Amiens, including three brigades of infantry, four batteries of artillery, two squadrons of dragoons, and two of mounted gendarmerie. With this modest force he proposed to move on to Beauvais, capture that place, and thence attempt by a rapid *coup de main* to destroy the provisions of the enemy in their depot established at Chantilly. It was this small division, in fact, which formed the nucleus of the army which afterwards operated so successfully under Faidherbe. Before he could accomplish this operation, Bourbaki was suddenly ordered away from the North, where his presence had given rise to hostile manifestations on the part of the populace of Lille, and recalled to Tours, where he was placed in charge of the eighteenth corps, part of the Army of the Loire under General d'Aurelle de Paladines, who informed him that, General Ducrot having planned to break through the German lines in the direction of Fontainebleau, it was proposed for the 18th corps to move on Pithiviers. As we know, this sortie never took place, although a telegram announcing its accomplishment actually reached Bourbaki at Bellegarde when he was advancing his leading columns. He soon realised how he had been misled, on finding that Orleans was being attacked in force, and before he could concentrate towards this city, it had fallen into the hands of the enemy; whilst the Army of the Loire having ceased to exist as a homogeneous body, Bourbaki now found himself at the head of an independent force consisting of two corps, the 15th and the 18th, under Generals Pallières and Billot, with General Borel as his chief of the staff. When the Germans attacked Gien in force, Bourbaki retired on Bourges, where he hoped for some respite during which he could concentrate and rest his men; but hardly had he reached this station when he was ordered by the indefatigable Dictator to advance to the relief of Chanzy at Blois.

On December 13 Bourbaki's troops entered Vierzon, driving the Prussian Uhlans before them, but the march of his army to Blois was stopped, for now fresh schemes occupied the imagination of Gambetta and his colleague, de Freycinet.

The new plan of campaign now ingeniously projected by the War Minister and heartily supported by the Dictator,

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consisted in transporting the First Army of the Loire, henceforth 'The Army of the East,' as rapidly and secretly as possible from the department of Cher to that of Saône-et-Loire. By this sudden transference of the seat of hostilities it was intended to drive the Prussian army corps under General Werder from Dijon, Gray, Vesoul, before it could be reinforced, to raise the siege of Belfort, and then by occupying the Vosges, to cut the enemy's communications with the Rhine, and, according to Gambetta's expression: 'fermer la porte de l'Allemagne derrière l'envahisseur.' The Government fully understood that General Bourbaki was the only general who could carry out this bold stroke with any chance of success. To insure success, however, absolute secrecy, prompt and punctual transport of the troops by railway, and, above all, concentration of necessary supplies of all kinds, were imperative. Besançon was to be the base of the contemplated operations, and, in fact, not only a sufficiency of provisions for the army during its advance on Belfort, but also enough to supply the army in case it had to retreat, would have to be stocked here. It was evident that as soon as this movement threatening the enemy's communications became known, it would draw down upon its flank considerable forces despatched from the German armies around Paris; and in order to defend the defiles of the Côte d'Or and the various passages across the Saône, Garibaldi's troops and a large assemblage of Gardes Mobiles from the South were instructed to undertake this duty—a duty which was but imperfectly carried into execution. On such conditions, the performance of which as regards transport, supply, and the defence of his rear and left flank, was guaranteed by the chiefs of the Government, General Bourbaki consented to conduct this wellnigh desperate expedition to relieve Belfort and to cut the German communications.

Bourbaki's army, entrained at La Charité, Saincaize, and Nevers, on December 19, ought to have reached Chagny and Châlon-sur-Saône within forty-eight hours, but owing to the insufficiency of rolling stock, the transit actually occupied ten days; and during the passage the intense cold was such that the troops suffered more than they had done whilst marching. The cases of frost-bite were doubled among the men, whilst the artillery lost a considerable number of their horses. It was not until December 27 that the headquarters were transferred from Nevers to Châlon, on January 2, 1871, to Dôle, and by the 4th General Bourbaki reached Besançon. Already the march of the 18th corps from

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Chagny to Auxonne and to Pesmes—where it crossed the Ognon over the ice—had forced the Germans to evacuate Dijon and Gray. By January 7, the 18th, the 20th, and the 24th corps occupied from left to right the line extending from Montbozon—through Rougemont to Cuse in proximity to the 14th Prussian corps at Vesoul. Thus, in consequence of the snowdrifts which had accumulated on the roads and delayed the passage of trains, it had already taken eighteen precious days to transport one hundred thousand men and three hundred and fifty guns, forming the Army of the East, from the banks of the Nièvre to the borders of the Haute-Saône and the Doubs. This unlooked-for delay put the Germans on the alert and enabled the German head-quarter staff to detach and direct in great haste a new army under Manteuffel—the Army of the South—to join hands with General Werder.

On the morning of January 9 the Army of the East advanced up the banks of the Ognon from Montbozon and Rougemont to seize Villersexel, already held by the Germans, whilst General Bressoles covered the communications with the railway station of Clerval, the nearest point to which their supplies could be brought by rail. General Billot directed the attack on the left, enfilading with his guns the road towards Lure, and cannonading as well on the enemy's position at Moimay; whilst General Clinchant on the right occupied Les Magny and employed his Tirailleurs along the woods of Chailles and Villers-la-Ville. When he saw the light horse artillery guns of the Prussians retiring before the fire of his heavier field batteries, Bourbaki said to his aide-de-camp, de Massa: 'Maintenant allez dire au Général 'Clinchant de faire enlever ça à la baïonnette. C'est le 'moment de montrer que l'infanterie française sait encore 'charger!' And, in obedience to this stirring message, General Clinchant himself led the column of Ségard's division which carried the village of Villersexel at the point of the bayonet. There was plenty of hand-to-hand fighting for the possession of the château, which at nightfall fell a prey to the flames, but eventually the Germans retreated on to the right bank of the Ognon and the French troops bivouacked on the field of battle, from which Bourbaki was able to telegraph to his Government that he had occupied Villersexel, and to banter gaily his aide-de-camp, de Massa, to whom he confided the message for despatch from the Château de Bournel: 'Eh bien! vous pourrez vous vanter

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'd'avoir vu au moins une fois les Prussiens vous tourner le 'dos.'

The victory, however, was dearly bought: the forward movement could not be pursued on the following day, and it was with difficulty that the transport of provisions could be effected in the carts of the country, over roads slippery with ice, between Clerval and Villersexel. The winter was of extraordinary severity, and the troops were absolutely without shelter. 'Si je ne peux pas les empêcher de périr par le froid,' said Bourbaki, 'mon devoir avant tout est de les empêcher de mourir de faim.'

General Werder now awaited the next attack by the Army of the East on the banks of the Lisaine where he had some leisure to establish his position, for, after some fighting about Arcey on the 13th, it was not until January 14 that Bourbaki's corps reached the plateau overlooking that stream. The intensity of the cold may be imagined from the temperature registered by the thermometer at this date, viz. 15° below zero Réaumur, equivalent to zero by Fahrenheit scale. It was during such weather that the French levies, insufficiently clothed, badly shod, imperfectly fed, were thoroughly starved with cold, preparatory to three days' fighting against Werder's seasoned troops. The Germans occupied a series of positions on the left bank of the Lisaine on either side of Héricourt, covering a front of nearly ten miles in extent. Colonel Denfert remained shut up in Belfort, from which it was expected he would attempt an offensive movement of some kind when he heard the sound of guns, but that officer never made any sign.

The army, by Bourbaki's orders, was to attack the German positions on January 15. At daybreak, the 15th corps on the right was directed towards Montbéliard; the 24th corps, on the right centre, was to occupy the woods of Montevillars and thence to command with its guns the opposite bank of the Lisaine. The 20th corps, forming the centre, was to advance directly on Héricourt by way of Tavey, supported by the 18th corps, forming the left centre of the attack, which was to be pressed home to occupy Héricourt as soon as the division under General Cremer, which had arrived from Vesoul and Lure, had effected a turning movement on the extreme left by Luze and Chagey.

These movements were duly carried out, and by the evening of January 15 Montbéliard was occupied, although the citadel was enabled to hold out, and a part of Héricourt

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was also in the possession of the 20th corps. On the next day the fighting was resumed, but in spite of all attempts the defence of the Lisaine was maintained by the Germans. General Cremer, after a severe struggle, succeeded in entering the village of Chénebier, but this was the sole advantage gained along the whole line. Bourbaki was present during the greater part of this day's fight with the batteries of General Pallu de la Barrière until the evening, when he joined General Billot, whose troops on the right were hardly pressed.

On the 17th Bourbaki renewed his attack, but the enemy's troops had been reinforced, the artillery fire of the defence was formidable, and the configuration of the ground lent itself towards facilitating the resistance to be encountered. He now traversed the whole line and consulted the commanders of the army corps, who were all agreed that no further efforts could be of any avail—indeed, General Clinchant gave it as his opinion that the Army of the East should have fallen back on the previous day. Then at last Bourbaki decided to retreat, only on hearing that the railway between Gray and Auxonne had been interrupted by the enemy, whilst his losses caused by the fire of the enemy, the frost and snow, had been exceptionally numerous; moreover, the survivors were demoralised by fatigue and hunger. The 24th corps was ordered to cross the Doubs and to occupy the Lomont mountains, whilst the rest of the army was directed to fall back on Besançon.

Bourbaki's head-quarters reached Besançon on the 21st, only to learn that Manteuffel's troops had occupied Gray and were pressing on to the Doubs, whilst at Besançon there was barely enough provision for the place itself, and no provision whatever for the army in retreat. Manteuffel had captured two hundred and thirty trucks of provisions intended for the French army between Auxonne and Dôle.

We now come to January 26, when Bourbaki was making a final attempt to save the wreck of his army by retreating to Pontarlier on the Swiss frontier. The Council of War at Bordeaux had resolved to take away his command, and one telegraphic despatch from M. de Freycinet particularly distressed him by the reproach thus conveyed by the wire:—

'Autant j'admets votre attitude sur le champ de bataille, autant je déplore la lenteur avec laquelle l'armée a manœuvré avant et après les combats.'

The abandonment of the defiles of the Lomont range, whose occupation was so important to protect the line to Pontarlier,

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caused him to order the 18th corps to retake those positions at all costs, and it was on finding the roads outside Besançon to be blocked with abandoned vehicles of all kinds that he realised the full peril of his remaining troops.

'L'armée est perdue!' he exclaimed to his staff, and it was then he made up his mind not to survive his disgrace. His alteration of demeanour at once attracted the notice of his aide-de-camp, de Massa, who, divining his intention, resolved to watch him narrowly.

'Before rejoining him, I went to the artillery barrack, where our horses were lodged, to put mine up there, and entered the stable just in time to see the General's orderly taking, at his master's request, from the saddle holsters the revolver which he usually kept there. I took it from his hands, saying that I would myself take it to him, and immediately returning to the house occupied by the head-quarters, I locked up the revolver in my canteen on the first floor, by agreement with Leperche, who slept on the ground floor in a room next that of the General. The latter, seeing that his weapon was not brought to him, and not doubting but one of us had intercepted it, had gone into the town to buy another; but, the armourer being away at the time, he returned without one, when, in crossing the landing, he perceived on Leperche's bed his aide's revolver, which his orderly had unfortunately just left there. He took it, slipped it into one of the pockets of his pelisse, and entered his room, where Leperche awaited him with Dr. Noguès. In order to get rid of the former—but not wishing to finish his life before doing his best to save his army—he sent him over to General Borel to give him the general order of the movement for the following day, after having dictated the itinerary with the greatest *sang-froid*. It was this itinerary which his successor, General Clinchant, carried into effect, and it is averred that, had it not been for the time lost on the strength of the armistice, the internment of the army in Switzerland would have been avoided. . . .

'When I returned, the attempt at suicide had taken place. He was lying insensible on his bed, one side of his face covered with blood. Bending over him, Noguès was listening to the beatings of his heart. The smell of the exploded cartridge still filled the room. I ran to fetch Leperche and General Borel, and we stood anxiously at the bedside of the wounded man, who, stunned by the violence of the shock, by degrees came to himself. In a little while he half opened his eyes, regarded us vaguely, and after a long effort to regain memory—'Ah! mon Dieu,' he murmured, 'je me suis manqué!' Under pretext of fatigue and his need of taking a little rest, he had closed the curtains of the alcove, taken the revolver in both hands, and aimed the barrel at his right temple. The pressure of the finger on the trigger had slightly deviated the blow, and the ball had flattened itself against the temporal bone as on a metal plate.

'The extraction of it was almost immediately performed by Noguès

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and his colleague, Dr. Mathis. The extraordinary resistance opposed by the skull had reduced the cylindro-conical projectile of twelve millimetres calibre to the shape of a leaden medal.'

On the same night that Bourbaki shot himself there arrived a despatch from the Government relieving him from the command of the army. But five days later the Minister for War had the grace to send a telegram of condolence as follows:—

'C'est avec bonheur que j'apprends par votre aide de camp, M. de Massa, que votre vie est hors de danger. J'estime en vous un brave et loyal soldat qui a fait noblement son devoir sur les champs de bataille, et il m'eût été extrêmement douloureux de vous voir enlevé à la patrie.'

General Clinchant followed closely all the dispositions so clearly laid down by his predecessor for the movements of the army, and retreated on Pontarlier, which was reached on January 28. By the evening of February 1, the Army of the East had crossed the frontier into Switzerland, where the French troops were able to find the repose and food which had long been denied to them. Another army had been lost to France.

General Bourbaki remained under his wife's care at Besançon until February 20, when he was able to be moved to his home at Angevinières. By June his convalescence had favourably terminated, when M. Thiers, by this time President of the Republic, offered him, as some slight acknowledgment of his gallant service with the Army of the East, the command of the 6th army corps at Lyons, with which he was invested early in July by his friend General de Cissey, the Minister of War. As soon as the scheme of reorganisation of the cadres of the new army had been decided on, eighteen corps were formed, and of these the 14th was allotted to Lyons under Bourbaki, who was also named military governor of that district.

General Gresly, having been appointed Minister of War, took the first opportunity afforded him of nominating five Republican generals in the place of five general officers who had served the Empire so faithfully and well. The names of these generals whom he proposed to supersede were submitted to the President Marshal MacMahon in January 1879. They were those of de Lartigue, Bataille, Bourbaki, de Montaudon, and du Barail. Marshal MacMahon refused to sacrifice his friends and comrades, and the result was the fall of the Marshal, who was replaced as

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President by M. Jules Grévy. Of course General Bourbaki could not expect to be left in his command by the new Cabinet, and, as he had foreseen, he was retired from his post on February 12, 1879.

By an army regulation of 1870, Generals of Division who had exercised chief commands of several army corps with distinction in the field against the enemy were exempted from the ordinary rules of retirement on account of age. Nevertheless, as soon as General Bourbaki had attained the age of sixty-five years, in 1881, in contravention of the above regulation the Minister of War, General Farre, removed his name from the active list of generals on the staff of the French army. His old friend Canrobert was most indignant at the treatment thus unjustly inflicted on his comrade of former battlefields. We may cite the opinion of General du Barail, ex-Minister of War, on this unmerited degradation of the general he had known and admired for forty years:—

'Je l'aimai dès que je le vis, et plus je l'ai connu, plus je l'ai aimé. Les années ont passé sur lui, comme le flot sur le roc, sans lui enlever une parcelle de ces qualités, et une perte irréparable a été infligée à l'armée le jour où une politique haineuse et étroite, méconnaissant de parti pris ses droits indéniables au maintien sans limite d'âge dans l'état major-général, a privé la France de ses services. Sous n'importe quel régime intelligent, Bourbaki eût atteint depuis longtemps la dignité militaire suprême, car elle semble avoir été faite exprès pour lui cette noble devise gravée sur le bâton des maréchaux: *Terror belli Decus pacis.*'

Subsequent to the date of his forced retirement from the army, Bourbaki only once brought himself to public notice, when he came forward in 1885 as candidate for a seat in the Senate—but he was not elected. Henceforth he resided continually at the Villa Saint-François, picturesquely situated at Saint-Etienne de Bayonne, facing the river Adour and the distant Pyrenees.

The naturally robust constitution of the old soldier lasted fairly well until he became an octogenarian; and it was not until a few months ago that his health gave way. On the recommendation of his doctor, Madame Bourbaki took her husband for change of air to Cambo, but the invalid, not improving, was brought back to his own home, where he expired on September 22, 1897.

Let us briefly recapitulate the honourable recorded career of the deceased soldier. Of the eighty-one years which formed the lifetime of Charles Bourbaki, forty-five were passed in the active military service of his native country.

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Of these, the first fourteen years had seen loyal service under the House of Orleans; upwards of two-and-twenty years following had been devoted to equally loyal service under Louis Napoleon, as President and Emperor; whilst the remaining nine years had been as faithfully spent in the best interests of Republican France. The whole of his regimental career—and it is as a regimental officer that he will be best remembered—from the time when he entered the army as a subaltern of the Line in 1836, until he left Algeria, as a Colonel of Zouaves, in 1854, was occupied, as we have shown, by a succession of African campaigns, every step of his promotion being won by hard fighting with the Arabs. As a General of Brigade he went through severe European campaigns in the Dobrutscha and the Crimea; and again, through another tour of frontier fighting in Kabylia. As a General of Division he exercised his talents with credit and circumspection (if not with glory) through the Italian War, and in camp, garrison, and quarters in France until the German invasion. Of his part in the defence of his country we have already spoken at length, but at all events it can safely be alleged of his conduct in those trying times, that no other soldier in the French army did or dared more than Bourbaki.

From his boyhood accustomed to look death in the face, the 'Commandant exquis' of Turcos, the dashing Colonel of Zouaves, who never shrank from exposure to any danger, has left a name which will survive in legends among soldiers of the rank and file as that of a chivalrous hero of bygone Algerian renown so long as the French army exists, and when even the bitter memories of Villersexel, Héricourt, and Montbéliard have faded away.

As a regimental officer, we repeat, Bourbaki was superb—a perfect ideal type; but as a general officer, he never enjoyed the good fortune of being able to exercise his full powers with a free hand. He had always been under the restraint of another's command. Hence, it was the malignant obstinacy or perversity, if we may so term it, of Marshal Bazaine, which had the effect of paralysing the one great chance he might have availed himself of, by making a last grand effort with the Imperial Guard at Metz. As we have seen, none of the improvised armies on the Loire ever had the least prospect of success, and the final bold endeavour to attack the German lines of communication by the flank march of the Army of the East, however bravely attempted, was absolutely an impossible project. Bourbaki

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showed what human energy, skill, and gallantry as a soldier could do, but fame is ever denied to insuccess.

All accounts unite in declaring Bourbaki to have been a soldier of eminent qualities, who, brave in battle and assault, like his friend Canrobert, did not shine equally to advantage in those councils of war where temporising measures mostly prevail. Nevertheless he had great sympathy for his men, hating useless bloodshed: he even pleaded for an armistice and peace when he saw the fortune of war implacably turned against French armies and further resistance absolutely useless. Popular among his men, a general favourite among his equals, he was altruistic to a fault and always sank his own private interests in regard for the welfare of others. Gentle under suffering and loyal to his comrades, he made many friends, and such friendship when gained was never lost. Exposed to peculiarly dangerous political influences—although attacked by censorious outcries when he was lured from Metz—he was never accused of dishonour, and he bore with him to the grave an unsullied reputation.

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ART. V.—1. *Nippur; or, Explorations and Adventures on the Euphrates. The Narrative of the University of Pennsylvania Expedition to Babylonia*, 1888-1890. By J. P. PETERS. 2 vols. New York and London: 1897.

2. *Découvertes en Chaldée.* Par E. DE SARZEC. Paris: 1887.

3. *A Memoir of Major-General Sir H. C. Rawlinson.* By G. RAWLINSON. London: 1898.

THOSE who regard the history of the past as important for an understanding of the present should feel deeply indebted to men who are willing to endure the dangers and discomforts of an explorer's life, whereby new chapters of history are slowly compiled and the facts of antiquity rescued from oblivion or from final destruction; and among such explorers Dr. J. P. Peters of the Pennsylvania University has undergone his share of hardship and peril, due to intense heat, fever, and bad food, to the lawlessness of Arabs, and the corruption of tyrannical rulers. He has brought back new materials for the history of the earliest ages of Asiatic civilisation, and added new stores of inscribed records which, when fully examined, may prove to include important materials for the historian.

The latest American discoveries may not perhaps excite the enthusiasm created by the explorations of Layard or of De Sarzec, since the public is more impressed by pictures than by letters, and more interested by the gigantic sculptures of a royal palace than by the trading agreements of ancient merchants. There is a popular impression that much more is to be found of commanding interest in Egypt than in Western Asia, and that much more is known of ancient history in the Delta than in Babylonia or Syria. Yet it is well known to antiquaries that the contrary is really the fact. The most novel and startling discoveries of recent times are concerned with the history of Syria and Palestine—the Tell el Amarna tablets, and the Hittite bas-reliefs—while the practical Babylonians have left us historical, chronological, and scientific records, which are far more important than any of the ever recurring religious texts, or wearisome versions of the 'Book of the Dead,' found in Egypt, where the most remarkable discoveries of late have reference to the early Greek literature of Alexandrian Gnostics in the first centuries of Christianity. The power of the Mongol rulers of Chaldea, about the time of Abraham, was far more extensive than that of the contemporary rulers of Thebes and of

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the Delta, and the victories of the great 18th Dynasty in Egypt, extending over some three centuries at most, form only a passing episode in the story of Asiatic civilisation, which dates back probably earlier than the time of the pyramids; which was native and original; and from which Egypt borrowed much, in the days of its greatest rulers.

There is no time to be lost if the antiquities of Mesopotamia are to be recovered and made safe for future use. The preservation of ancient monuments is only most imperfectly attempted in the Turkish empire; and Hamdy Bey, the enlightened custodian of a Museum of increasing importance at Constantinople, is sorely harassed by the incompetence and venality of those who, in the outlying provinces, are entrusted with the execution of the Turkish laws concerning exploration. Every year the great mounds of the Chaldean cities are being rifled by the inhabitants in search of treasure. The coffins are plundered; the gold and silver are melted down; tablets are broken, and all that is not of very evident marketable value is destroyed; while the bricks of Babylon are carried off wholesale for building. The rapidity with which solid monuments disappear entirely under such conditions is astonishing, and now that the commercial value of such antiquities is known to pashas and peasants alike, the chances of scientific exploration in the future are more and more imperilled by the rapacity and ignorance of the native pillagers. Yet these Arabs, under skilled direction, have always proved valuable workmen; and the suggestions which they have made, owing to the resemblance of their own customs, ideas, and methods to those of the ancient populations are often useful to the explorer. Their abject poverty, under an oppressive government, excuses their spoliations; but public opinion is now so greatly enlightened as to the value of exploration in the East that we may hope to see yet more money and energy expended, both by Europe and by America, in the recovery and safeguarding of such valuable and innumerable records of the first of human civilisations.

Dr. Peters appears to have been well fitted, by courage and energy, and by tact in dealing with difficult Oriental populations, for the task he undertook. He is imperfectly acquainted as yet with the living languages, and is obliged to rely on others for the decipherment and translation of his inscriptions when in cuneiform characters; but those once bitten by the East do not as a rule relinquish such work, and he may in the future find time for original study of

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these early scripts and languages. The number of cuneiform scholars is constantly increasing, and the knowledge of this curious writing is becoming more exact; but a new danger has arisen through the popularity of the study, which was regarded a generation ago as very problematic and obscure. This danger lies in the desire for sensation, and in the attempt to interest by astonishing the general reader, on whom scholars and explorers alike must rely for the means to carry on their researches. Such readers are often confused and rendered sceptical by the differences of decipherment which they observe in the various renderings given by scholars, who are often too dogmatic in their statements and in their condemnation of the work of others. They are also often disappointed to find that a startling discovery is announced as 'proven,' but is soon after discredited on further examination. The scholars who so write are not always careful to explain the reasons for their views, or to distinguish between what is certainly known and what is only conjectured. The earlier generation, including Sir Henry Rawlinson and his immediate successors, such as George Smith and Fox Talbot in England, Schrader and Spiegel in Germany, Oppert and Lenormant in France, were more careful, and gave to the public more convincing reasons for their conclusions than later writers have thought it necessary to show. They followed a better method, by establishing comparisons between the languages written in cuneiform and those in alphabetic characters—ancient and modern—which are indisputably deciphered, than that which now seems to prevail in Germany, where too much reliance is perhaps placed on internal comparisons of cuneiform texts by themselves. Yet side by side with much that is doubtful there is a solid advance in this study, due to the more cautious and scientific work of men whose names are often less well known to the public than those of popular exponents; and the uncertainties of the cuneiform are often much exaggerated by critics who have only a very imperfect acquaintance with the subject.

As regards these differences of decipherment, the explanation is one easy to understand. The signs were originally pictures only, and as such each sign had more than one name. Thus the sign for 'house' might also be read 'abode,' 'home,' 'hut,' &c.; the sign for 'bull' might be interpreted 'cow,' 'ox,' or 'steer.' It was not till certain signs came to be used merely for their syllabic sounds that it became of importance to select one such sound for use;

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and not only were the sounds differently selected by scribes writing different languages at different periods, but a further element of uncertainty was introduced by the translation of the original names into other tongues. Thus the ancient Mongol *E*, 'house,' became *Bitu*, 'house,' in Assyrian; and the Mongol *Am*, 'bull,' became the Semitic *Alpu*, 'bull,' although the Semitic people continued to attach the sounds *E* and *Am* to these symbols whenever they used them as syllables only.

The true sounds are, as a rule, not difficult to distinguish, except in the case of proper names, which were very curiously written, either to save space or perhaps, at times, from a superstitious objection to the too clear representation of the name itself, since mysterious powers were attributed to those who knew the true names—especially of the gods. Thus the name of the Phœnician king Ribadda is, in the Tell el Amarna correspondence, constantly written *Rib AN.IM* ('Child of the Air God'), and the true reading would have remained unknown had not one scribe spelt it in syllables only, as *Ri-ib-ad-da*. In the later texts personal names are distinguished by a vertical stroke before them, but in the old Mongol texts of Chaldea this distinctive sign is not used, and it is thus sometimes very uncertain whether we are dealing with a name at all or with an honorary title only. It is quite possible to manufacture ancient kings who never existed by this misunderstanding of the texts, and those whose names are most certainly known are the monarchs mentioned by later Assyrian or Babylonian kings.

Instances of this kind are found in Dr. Peters's work, where we are informed that princes have been discovered bearing the portentous names *Lugalkigubnidudu* and *Edingiranagin*: but in these cases a deeper knowledge of the language (the old Mongol tongue known as Sumerian or Akkadian) might have suggested that the translator had not fully worked out his subject. The ordinary reader would be surprised to learn that these names may be otherwise read *Šar-kira-nidudu* and *Eannadu*; yet this is the case, and practically it makes no difference in our explanation if the words are interpreted. The first means 'The ruler of the place has caused this to be made'—a stamp on bricks used for his palace; the second signifies 'Come from heaven,' and was the title of a 'heaven-born' prince whose real name is elsewhere found. A parallel to such renderings makes the matter clear: as though in English we might read the first, 'The king of the city has ordered the making,' or the

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second 'The sky-descended.' Any two translations of a foreign term would in our own time show similar variations. They do not prove that cuneiform scholars are uncertain in their results, but only that they have recovered a vocabulary rich in words of cognate meaning. It must at the same time be remembered that the actual sound of any personal name can only be determined by long and careful study; and the general writer who confidently asserts that such and such kings have been found to have existed, often unconsciously shows which scholar he is following, and even at times makes two personalities out of one by taking his information from two sources.

Dr. Peters is no doubt aware of these peculiarities of the cuneiform, although he is not always well informed as to the original work reproduced with little acknowledgement by recent writers. Presumably he is aware that Zirgul, Lagash, and Sirpurla are different readings of the name of one and the same place, but the general reader would not gather this from his pages. He speaks of *Urgur* as if a distinct person from *Urbau*, yet he calls the former father of Dungi, whereas it is well known that the latter name was that of Dungi's parent. These are but different ways of reading a very difficult name, the actual sound of which is very doubtful.

The great value of the Nippur excavations lay in systematic examination of remains of every age, back from the time of the Arab conquest in the seventh century A.D. to the oldest period of the kings of Ur, which is thought (though on very uncertain evidence) to date as early as 4000 B.C. It cannot, at latest, be placed after 2250 B.C., and if we believe the later Babylonians the limit must be carried back to at least 2800 B.C. The remains thus cover a period of between thirty and forty centuries, during which many changes in population and civilisation occurred, so forming an epitome of the history of Chaldea as connected with one Chaldean city.

Dr. Peters very properly relies on his inscriptions for date, rather than on the more vague and uncertain attempts which are made by others to distinguish various periods of art and various kinds of pottery, whence results are often supposed to be obtained which are upset by the recovery of but three or four inscribed letters. He indeed remarks that the similarity of art in various ages, far separated from each other, is very striking at Nippur; and he has also not relied too much on the 'strata' of building periods, upon which it

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has become usual among explorers to insist since the discovery of successive cities at Troy by Dr. Schliemann. The principle is sound with due limitations, but the evidence requires to be very carefully examined in each case. Thus at Nippur tablets of Cambyses lay side by side with others of Sămsuiluna, though historically separated by some 1,500 years in date. The explorer has always to remember that the 'strata' have been disturbed by the builders of various ages. Thus ancient remains may be dug up in sinking new foundations, and then appear at a much higher level; while, on the other hand, more modern objects, falling into holes or otherwise working down in the earth, are often discovered in the lowest parts of the ruins. Roughly speaking, the older buildings are those at the bottom; but it is rash to form conclusions from single occurrences of any moveable object.

Exception might also be taken to the chronology which Dr. Peters adopts. It is founded apparently on the latest views of Egyptologists as to the reign of Amenophis IV., the contemporary of Burnaburias of Babylon; but the date so obtained entirely disagrees with the statements of the Babylonians themselves as to the reign of the latter monarch. The date given for Hammurabi in like manner disagrees not only with the preceding (by several centuries), but also with very definite statements of Babylonians and Assyrians. Burnaburias probably acceded about 1440 B.C., and Hammurabi about 2140 B.C. The question of a century will not appear important to the general reader, but it considerably affects the question of comparative history. The Egyptian dates are not fixed with the certainty which is asserted for them by recent writers, since the astronomical data have not that exactitude which they assume. The Chaldean chronology, on the other hand, is much better preserved, and from 893 to 666 B.C. it is known certainly to a year.

Three classes of remains are found in Mesopotamia before the period of the Persian conquest: namely, historical records, religious texts, and commercial or social agreements; of each of which classes Nippur furnishes examples, though for the most part less instructive than those of Nineveh and of Tell Loh, where especially the history of Western Asia from the sixth century B.C. to the earliest age is recorded. After glancing at the special results from Nippur, something may be added on the general question of our present knowledge of history, religion, and social life, due to the results of half a century of exploration and of scholarly study. The

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main interest of the researches, in the eyes of the general public, lies in their bearing on the Bible, and especially on the Pentateuch; and the discovery that in Abraham's age all Western Asia owned the rule of Babylon is one of the most recent and interesting results of the study; while the references to the Hebrews in the Tell el Amarna letters, and to Israel in Palestine at the time of Mineptah, have been accepted by well-known scholars in Germany as showing that Joshua's conquest occurred at the time stated in the Bible, and nearly three centuries earlier than Egyptian scholars used to suppose.

The more recent ruins at Nippur belong to the age of the Sassanians, who were conquered by the armies of the early Khalifs. They include the curious magic bowls of pottery, inscribed in ink, with rude incantations in Syriac or Aramaic, of which several specimens were already known. One of these is translated ('Nippur,' vol. ii. p. 183), and was intended to preserve a family from 'Shedim and Daevas, Satans and Liliths,' and concludes: 'In the name of Jehovah Sabaoth. Amen! Amen! May Jehovah preserve him from every Ashmodai of his soul!' This gives interesting evidence of the influence of Persian superstition among the Jewish sorcerers of the Sassanian period. The word *Daeva* is Persian, and *Ashmodai* is the Persian *Aeshma-daeva*, or 'raging fiend,' whereas the name of Jehovah shows a Jewish origin, and the words *Shedim* and *Lilith* are equally Jewish. It does not, however, conclusively prove that the population of this town was Jewish. St. Chrysostom tells us ('Contra Judæos Orat.' i. 1, 3) that the people of Antioch resorted in his time to the Jews for charms and amulets, and that Christians swore oaths in the synagogues. That there was a strong Jewish element in the population of Chaldea in Greek and later times is well known; but the magic bowls may have been purchased by non-Jews, and the names of those for whom the charms were written are often not Jewish.

Sinking through the remains of Parthian tombs of the second and third centuries A.D., and through the period of the Greeks, to that of Cambyses the Persian, and recovering the names of Darius and Xerxes, the explorers reached the period of the great Babylonian kings, from Nebuchadnezzar to Nabonidus, and the earlier age of Esarhaddon and Assurbanipal, when the Assyrians ruled Babylonia. The thousands of unbaked tablets, dating back from these prosperous times even as early, it is supposed, as 2500 B.C., appear to be mainly commercial agreements stored in some

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temple archive room and scattered by later builders. Those as yet read by Professor Hilprecht, and dating in the reigns of Artaxerxes I. and Darius II., refer to leases, of canals, date groves, &c., and to taxation, many of the personal names being Persian, and others Jewish. Short historic texts, connected with the building of the great Sun temple with its stepped pyramid, were also found, showing that the kings of the second Kassite dynasty did much for Nippur, a city only some seventy miles S.E. of Babylon, which the Talmudic writers identify with Calneh of the Old Testament. The successors of Hammurabi, the sixth king of the first Kassite dynasty, and the conqueror of all Western Asia, also built at Nippur; and the oldest remains go back many centuries earlier, to the time of the first Mongol kings of Ur, whose names are usually read as Naram Aku (or Naram Sin), Urbau and Dungi. Inscriptions of Sargina, the first known of these monarchs, are mentioned, but it is open to doubt whether Sargani was the same person. Even earlier kings are thought to be recognisable, though the evidence cannot be considered conclusive. The ruins thus bring before us in succession the Mongols of Ur, the Mongol Kassites of Babylon, the Semitic Babylonians, and their Assyrian overlords, the Persians, Greeks, Parthians, and Sassanians, down to the early Khalifs represented by Kufic coins; after whose time the ruin of Chaldea began under the first Turkish Sultans.

We know at present nothing of what was happening in the earliest ages beyond the limits of Chaldean and Egyptian civilisation; and as the surrounding nations were illiterate we are destined perhaps to remain ignorant. The Hindus, the Arabs, and the Aryans of the West, appear never to have known the use of hieroglyphics, and only began to write after about 1000 B.C., when they had adopted various forms of the Phœnician alphabet.

The limits of geography in Mesopotamia seem to have been marked by Ionia on the north-west, Media and Persia on the east, Arabia and Egypt on the south and south-west. The Assyrians never penetrated, as far as is known, to the Black Sea, and the Elamites resisted their advance to the east. It is possible that trade with the wild tribes beyond these limits may have brought materials from a greater distance, but it is only under the Persian kings that the empire of Western Asia is known to have extended to India. The discovery of a clay elephant at Nippur (the

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date is not stated) might be thought, in connexion with representations of the Indian humped ox (of the later Babylonian period), to point to a knowledge of the fauna of Hindustan or of Bactria, which is also represented on the 'black obelisk' of Shalmaneser II. (after 858 B.C.); but such conclusions are at present uncertain. From 1600 to 1100 B.C. we have evidence of the existence of wild elephants on the banks of the Euphrates, between Carchemish and Harran; the ivory extensively used all over Babylonia and North Syria was probably derived from these, and its value led to their extinction. Several other large animals, such as the *reem* or wild bull, and (to a great extent) the lion, have become extinct since the seventh century B.C., and the habitat of others may have been equally circumscribed.

The materials used by the temple-builders of Chaldea are often of uncertain derivation, and it is unsafe to conclude, on the very imperfect information we possess as to the distribution of minerals and metals, that they could only have been found where they happen now to be known. Gold was used in great quantities in Western Asia in the fifteenth century B.C., but it is not known whence it came. In the time of Dungi (about 2800 B.C. according to Babylonian calculations which may or may not be reliable) it was brought from Upper Egypt, and derived probably from Abyssinia. Gold is found in the Ural and in the Altai mountains, and Herodotus (i. 215) speaks of it among the Massagetæ east of the Caspian. Silver was found in the mines of Cappadocia, and iron was worked by the Chalybes in Armenia. Copper came from the same regions, and was exported from Cilicia to Egypt. It was also found in Sinai. Lead was common, and tin was very anciently used, and seems to have come from the Caucasus. The idea of 'ages' of stone, copper, bronze, and iron, finds no confirmation in the results of Asiatic exploration. It represents only the developement of civilisation by trade in Northern Europe. In Asia iron is known in the earliest ages, and bronze was made long before the Indian or Cornish tin mines were found. It would be unsafe to conclude that the amber of Chaldea must have come from the Baltic, or the jade from China, or even from Central Asia. The teak wood known in Babylonia may date only from the Persian age, and it is equally unsafe to suppose that magnesite could only be found in the island of Eubœa, and that lapis lazuli (which was extensively employed) must have come from Bactria, or cobalt from China. The

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use of glass is carried back at Nippur to about 1300 B.C. In Egypt it was yet older, and was known in the time of Thothmes III. about 1600 B.C. The art may have been derived—or even the glass imported to Babylon—from either Phœnicia or Egypt, but the greater part of the glass found appears to belong to much later times.

The Akkadian language had native names for all the metals: *kugi* for 'gold,' *kumas* (Turkish *kümys*) for 'silver,' *urud* for 'copper,' *anna* for 'tin,' *dingirsa* (Turkish *tengri*) for 'iron,' and others of doubtful sound. These metals, therefore, were not called by Semitic names. The inscriptions of Gudea and of Dungi show that materials were fetched by the temple-builders from great distances, in the early age of Mongol domination over Western Asia. Gold from Egypt, granite from Sinai, bitumen from the Medic region, where petroleum is now found, marble and cedar from Lebanon, were among the materials used for the temple at Zirgul, south of Nippur, and most of these are also found, with alabaster (as at Zirgul), in the ruins explored by Dr. Peters. It is probable that the Elamites were in communication with Bactria from a very early age; but we have no evidence that Europe was then known, or that India and China had any trading populations. The antiquity of their civilisation is fabulous, and their history does not begin before Persian and Greek conquests brought these races into communication with the further west, and into collision with the Greeks.

Some twenty kinds of precious stones were known to the Western Asiatics at least as early as 1500 B.C.: most of these were silicates commonly found, but they may have included the emerald, sapphire, ruby, amethyst, and perhaps pearls from the Persian Gulf. Emeralds were found in Egypt, and known in Babylon in the fifteenth century B.C. Sapphires may have come from Badakshan. The red gems were probably not true rubies; but amethysts were more commonly to be found. Turquoise and malachite were also in use at least as early as the fifteenth century B.C. in Babylonia.

There is some evidence that the early Turanians of Chaldea used, like later Mongols, to burn the dead; but the Semitic inhabitants always appear to have buried. It is remarkable that tombs are as yet unknown in Assyria, but this may be explained by the Assyrian custom of burial in the marshes, of which we have historic notice. Defilement by dead bodies was early feared, and Gudea (about 2800 B.C.) speaks of his temple as erected on pure soil, where no

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graves were found. In exploring palaces and temples, therefore, we should not as a rule expect to find cemeteries of the same age, though such sites were often afterwards used for interments. As in Egypt, so at Nippur interments are found in which the body has been cut to pieces before being placed in the coffin; but the reason for such mutilation is at present unknown.

Those who search for exact science among the ancients will not find much to support them in Dr. Peters's observations. The pyramids of Chaldea are rudely oriented, with their angles to the cardinal points, but the direction differs by as much as eight degrees in various examples. This we should naturally expect, for even to the present day nothing is quite square or exact in the East, and measurements only gradually attained to precision as time went on. The canon of proportion, which gives so much beauty to the best Greek art, was unknown even to the later Assyrians; their figures are often out of drawing, and the older Babylonian and Hittite bas-reliefs present clumsy and squat forms, while the seals have strangely attenuated figures. It was the same with the measurement of time; and astronomical observations were very rough, and rarely of use for accurate calculation. The year either revolved in the seasons, as in Egypt, or was forcibly put right at intervals, as by the Semitic and Greek calendars. The measures of length and weight were equally inexact, and straight lines are sought in vain in buildings. That people who were still so incorrect in measurement should have possessed knowledge of astronomy or mathematics equal to that which has so slowly and painfully been acquired by ourselves, is clearly improbable; yet the Babylonians appear to have been the first to attempt more accurate measurements of every description, and far surpassed in this respect the more conservative Egyptians.

Babylonia in the present century has been reduced to a condition of utter ruin, which makes it difficult to imagine that it was once a flourishing country with a large population. Its plains are sandy deserts, beside shallow swamps. Its rivers are impassable even by small boats in summer, and rise with disastrous floods in winter; its climate is feverish and unhealthy; and its sparse wild population suffers constantly from plague, cholera, and locust swarms, from clouds of mosquitos and sand flies, and from burning winds from the deserts of the west. Yet the Assyrian armies were as large as those of most modern states, and

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the wealth and cultivation of the land were such as to make it among the most prosperous in the world, under Nebuchadnezzar and his successors. The reason for this great change is found in the decay of a system of irrigation which covered the country with large canals, now silted up and presenting only the earthen mounds of embankments thirty feet high. These usefully distributed the flood waters of the Tigris and Euphrates, while dams and quays were built to canalise the rivers and to accommodate the shipping of Babylon and of other cities.

One curious feature of the numerous tablets found at Nippur may be noted before we proceed to sum up the general results of recent exploration: namely, the 'case 'tablets' which present a brick document in an envelope of the same material, which is also inscribed. Such tablets are not indeed a new feature, since the British Museum has long possessed examples, but Dr. Peters gives an interesting note on a Biblical passage which is explained by their occurrence. The text on the envelope is sometimes a copy of that within, and the object was perhaps to protect the seals on the original. In other cases the inscription differs, as in the deed of brotherhood between two Babylonians in the Nimrud hall of the British Museum, where the subject of the tablet and envelope is the same, but the wording differs, and the number of witnesses is also not the same. To such a tablet Jeremiah probably refers (xxxii. 10–11) in the words: 'I wrote the deed, and sealed, 'and took witnesses, and weighed the money in the balances. 'Then I took the deed of purchase, both that which was 'sealed by law and custom, and that which was open.' Tablets, as we know from other evidence, were used at this period by Jews as well as by others.

Turning next to the consideration of the general results of Chaldean exploration, especially as enriched by the discoveries of De Sarzec at Tell Loh or Zirgul, we may take in order the three main questions of history, religion, and social life.

On what basis Nabonidus, the last king of Babylon, calculated that Naramaku, son of Sargina, ruled 3200 years before himself is unknown. The date thus given for Sargina, the founder of Chaldean civilisation in Ur, is about 3800 B.C. This is often stated by popular writers as an ascertained fact; but the evidence is far from being conclusive. All that can be said with certainty is that at some early period, before 2300 B.C., the kings of Ur were ruling over the whole

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of Mesopotamia, and over North Syria to the shores of the Mediterranean; and that, as Naramaku fought in Sinai, it is probable that they claimed suzerainty also in Palestine to the borders of Egypt. The race which founded a remarkable civilisation in these regions was not Semitic, but spoke a rude agglutinative language known generally as Akkadian, of which the nearest modern representative is pure Turkish—the speech, that is, of Turkestan, not the corrupt language of Constantinople. These kings were not only conquerors in the west and in Persia, but were also peaceful traders with ships on the Persian Gulf; and, as has already been noted, Urbau, and Dungi his son, whom Nabonidus places about 2800 B.C., brought materials for their temples and palaces from Phœnicia, Egypt, Sinai, and Media. The highlands south-west of the Caspian appear to have been the original home of this remarkable race, and Elam, or Persia, was also inhabited by a kindred stock. Their pyramids and palaces were mainly built of burnt bricks, but their statues were of granite, and hard stone was used for the foundation-sockets of the gate-hinges. Much of our information comes from the stamped names on their bricks, and from short texts cut on the stone sockets just mentioned; but the longest and most important inscriptions are on the eight statues now in the Louvre, representing Gudea, a prince who ruled under Dungi at Zirgul, an ancient city north of Ur, between the Tigris and the Euphrates. This site, explored by De Sarzec (the French Consul of Bassorah), is now called Tell Loh—'Tablet Mound'—but the old name survives hard by in the village of Zirghul.

The Akkadian language, as written in the archaic hieroglyphs usually called the 'Linear Babylonian' script, would probably never have been understood had not the later Assyrians and Babylonians been interested in the preservation of ancient historic and religious texts, and felt considerable veneration for the early kings of Ur. Fortunately they both copied and translated a number of these texts in the seventh century B.C., and the bilingual tablets so collected form a safe foundation for the study of the Akkadian dialect. But in the early times now under consideration the Semitic race had not yet become civilised or powerful. Hence the writings of the kings of Ur are all in the Akkadian or Mongol language, which appears to have been that, if not of the whole population, at least of its rulers and writers.

The struggle with Elam went on from age to age, until about 2280 B.C., when the king of Elam conquered Chaldea;

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and a later monarch of the same country set up his son Eriaku as ruler in Larsa, another ancient city between Babylon and Ur, about 2150 B.C. These Elamite or Persian monarchs were also 'rulers of the West,' and their power extended to the Mediterranean. A century before the time of Eriaku, Babylon had been founded by another Mongol dynasty—that of the Kassites—whose power extended probably over part of Armenia and of Asia Minor as well; but the Kassites seem to have been subject to Elam even after the accession of Hammurabi, the sixth king of Babylon, in 2140 B.C.

It is at this time that we find notice in Genesis (xiv.) of the kings above mentioned, in the names of Arioch and Amraphel—as is generally admitted by scholars—together with Chedorlaomer of Elam, who may have been a brother of Arioch, and Tidal of the Goim or 'nations.' All four names are said to occur on a tablet recently deciphered, though there is great doubt as to the reading. There is, however, no doubt that the kings of Elam in this age claimed suzerainty in the west, and the Bible account of the raid through Bashan, Gilead, and Moab, and return by the Jordan valley, is quite in accord with such monumental evidence as we now possess. But the suzerainty of Elam was not long endured by Hammurabi, who, after a period of struggle, finally defeated Arioch and Chedorlaomer, driving them back to Elam, and establishing himself as suzerain of Mesopotamia and of Syria.*

The destruction of this Kassite empire, about 1700 B.C., was due to the increasing power and civilisation of the Assyrians. Even in Hammurabi's time the Semitic race in Babylonia had become so important that inscriptions began to be written in their language as well as in Akkadian. The early Assyrian princes were subject to Babylon, but about 1700 B.C. an independent kingdom was established, with its capital at Asshur, on the Tigris, south of Nineveh. A long struggle then began between the Mongols of Babylon and

* The existence of these four Bible names on a tablet recently published is extremely doubtful. That of Amraphel does not occur, that of Tidal (*Tudkhula*) is problematic, that of Eriaku is not certain, because broken; and the reading of the signs *cu cu cu ma* to spell Chedorlaomer is ingenious but unsupported by any sound evidence. The tablet refers to a war in Babylonia, but is probably of a later age. In a tablet at Constantinople the names of Hammurabi and Chedorlaomer are said to appear as those of contemporaries, but this is equally doubtful, since the sign for proper names is absent.

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the south, and the Semitic Assyrians of Nineveh and the north. We hear no more of any single Asiatic empire, or of any Babylonian inroads west of the Euphrates, like those of Hammurabi and of his immediate successors. In the fifteenth century B.C. we find three separate kingdoms: that of Babylon under the later Kassites; that of Assyria under Semitic monarchs; and that of Mitanni, or Matiene, under Mongol kings, between Lake Van and the Hittite states of North Syria. We have records of wars between Babylon and Nineveh, and of boundaries fixed between the two kingdoms by successive monarchs. The power of Babylon gradually waned, and the Assyrians placed their nominees on its throne at intervals, while from time to time the old Kassite house recovered power and checked the Semitic advance.

This break-up of the ancient empire formed the opportunity for Egyptian expansion; and for a century, from 1600 to 1500 B.C., the whole of the plains of Palestine and Syria were ruled by the Pharaohs, who were allied by marriage with the Kassite kings of Babylon, and with the Minyan kings of Matiene; the main resistance to their power was offered by the Mongol Hittites of Mer'ash in the Taurus, but the Canaanites were all acknowledged, by the Eastern monarchies, to be Egyptian subjects. A great revolution occurred in the latter part of the reign of Amenophis III., when the Hittites and Amorites in the north defeated the Egyptian generals, and overpowered the subject princes of Phœnicia, raiding as far as Tyre and Damascus, and overrunning Bashan, while about the same time the *'Abiri*, or Hebrews, are noticed as advancing from Seir, and destroying all the Canaanite rulers in the south. Such is the history recorded in the Tell el Amarna tablets.

A period of confusion ensued from 1400 to 1150 B.C., during which Palestine was partly recovered by Rameses II. (about 1300 B.C.), and invaded by Aryans from Anatolia, who were driven back by Mineptah. The latter monarch, as we now know, found Israel inhabiting Palestine, and inflicted punishment on them. There is nothing in the fragmentary monumental history of this age which is at discord with the equally fragmentary account of the Hebrews, under their judges, found in the Bible, but much on the contrary that throws new and interesting light on Hebrew history. The transition period was marked by the steady increase of Assyrian power, and in 1150 and 1130 B.C. the kings of Nineveh raided as far south as Beirut and Arvad; but no central power was strong enough as yet to interfere with

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the independence of the Hebrews in their rugged mountains. In the time of David, Egypt was again split up into small kingdoms, and Assyrian power suffered a temporary eclipse. Solomon thus met with no formidable foes, on either the north or the south, and was able to form a Hebrew kingdom, stretching from the Hittite borders on the one side to those of Egypt on the other, about 1000 B.C. Subsequent to this date the history is too well known to need notice here.

A large proportion of the texts found in Babylonia are religious, including the distinct systems of the Mongol and Semitic populations. Among such texts we find early incantations and litanies in Akkadian, later Assyrian or Babylonian psalms and myths, records of temple property and of offerings, lists of divine names, and deeds relating to oaths and vows. The gods are many, and had many names and many shrines; but the ideas conveyed are simple, and common to all Asiatic races. The early Mongols believed in countless genii and demons, over whom presided the two great deities, 'The Spirit of Heaven' and 'The Spirit of Earth,' who are still the supreme gods of Mongol races. Among their children were deities of the Sun, Moon, Ocean, and Air, and the terrible god of the fiery underworld. The great Pantheon of Assyria, which assigned to each planet its peculiar deity, was very different in character from the older animistic system of the Akkadians; and among the most remarkable discoveries concerning religion is that of Mr. T. G. Pinches, who has shown that as early as the tenth century B.C. the name of Jehovah was known in Assyria as that of a deity who combined the powers of various gods. But it has yet to be shown how this name—unknown in the Tell el Amarna tablets written by Amorites or Canaanites—came to be adopted later in Mesopotamia, and it may prove to have been the consequence of Hebrew influence after the building of the Jerusalem Temple, which must have been well known to surrounding nations.

The third category of cuneiform texts has received less general attention, yet presents many interesting features. By far the larger number of known tablets belong to this class, of social agreements or government correspondence, the records already recovered numbering tens of thousands. Some of these have proved very difficult to understand, and the explanations usually given are not always very satisfactory. The more important were carefully baked, but a large proportion of tablets only sun-dried exists, some of which have been thought to be mere students' essays in writing the script. Commercial agreements as to

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the sale of houses, slaves, land, gardens, and as to the lending of money at rates of 40 to 20 per cent., are among the most common. Other tablets refer to astronomy, including reports on the observation of eclipses, and of the equinoctial periods, others to mathematics, natural history, and rude science—linguistic or geographical. In other cases lists of Akkadian words are given with Assyrian translations, and these appear to have been commentaries, in some instances, on certain known texts, religious or historical, with grammatical treatises, giving the conjugation of verbs, and the declension of nouns, as well as chronological records which are often of the highest value. The class to which special attention may be directed is, however, that of tablets divided into columns, each containing a list; for these have been somewhat hastily classed as students' copies, whereas they seem often to be rather 'forms,' such as are now used for official returns, containing probably the abstracts of other correspondence, or the reports required by superiors. It is not very likely that mere school exercises would have been preserved in archives with more important documents, and although the explanation may in some cases be correct, in others it seems to be insufficient. No doubt such exercises must have been written, before the younger scribes could master a difficult script including no less than 550 emblems; but it is not evident why such first attempts should have been preserved at all.

The following instances will explain what is intended,* and are of recent occurrence. The first is a document fairly preserved, and written throughout in duplicate, with different spellings, to secure the correct pronunciation of proper names, and other words liable to be misread.

It is arranged in five columns as below:—

I. Names of Countries	II. Names of Women	III. Names of Men	IV. Verbs	V. Official Notes
. . . .	'Their Ladies'			The official directs to try all the four.
Paresu	Adirtu	Nebo casir	You recognised	
	Bulitu	Belu casir	You dismissed	
	Rubuttu		You arranged to grant	The seal inspector has witnessed the seal.
	Larinda			
Bit Rabdatta		Nebo Rimanni	You refused	
Bit Rabba-Khisi	She 'Nana inclin to us'	He 'O Baal, help me.'	You affirmed	The official wrote down the oaths

* Proceedings Bibl. Arch. Soc., Dec. 1896.

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The translation thus suggested would render it probable that this is an official return as to certain cases which had arisen between men and their wives, one of the men having two, with a note that the oaths of the men and women respectively were duly registered.

A second similar return refers to certain presents to a temple.

I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.	VII.
In Nisan, 6th year of Philip, King of Countries	1 Silver shekel completion vowed	Nabsanu (Land)	Ittiserua	Nebo sar.	Ye gave	The official .....
Nabusani gives yearly grain as an offering in Nisan, 4th year of Philip, King of Lands	Half a shekel of silver	Biranatu (Land)	Terkhiliya	For the temple: being purified	Ye gave	The official .....
Nabusani gives yearly grain as an offering in Nisan, 7th year of Philip, King of Lands	Half a shekel of silver they produced	Biranatu (Land)	Terkhiliya	For the temple: being purified	Ye gave	The official ..... noted

This document is a very late one, the years represented being 318, 316, and 319 B.C. It is so much compressed that the exact meaning is obscure, but it appears clearly to record the amounts received from certain worshippers.

A third case of the same kind probably accounts for the sale of certain amulets, received by worshippers from the priests; but the meaning of the words SI NU AS, and AS RA GA, is obscure. The name for the last article is supposed to mean a 'caldron,' perhaps similar to the magic bowls already noticed.

I.	II.	III.	IV.	V.	VI.
... ...	Land of the Holy City	My Lady Sacari	[My] Lord Belnasir	... ...	... ...
... ...	Land Barsib				
... shekel silver for an iron tablet	Land Aggallu	Buhitu	Nebonasir	You made it good	... ...
	Land Barsib	Ittigula	Nebo Bulitsu	You appointed him	The chief charmer

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I.	II.	III.	IV.	vi	VI.
... shekel silver for *sinnas* of copper	Land Aggullu	Amat Zida	Bel Bulitsu	You made it lucky	The chief charmer
4 shekels silver for *asraga* of iron	Land Magannu	Ittinebo	Macaa	You made it a charm	... ...
2 shekels silver for a vessel of copper	Land Paresu	Gul	Nebo-rimansu	You made it good	... ...
	Land Bit Nab-sanu	... ...	Ardu Marduk	You made it good	... ...

This also appears to be a return for the information of a superior, recording the prices paid for certain enchanted objects. Iron has always been considered as peculiarly effective against demons by Oriental nations. It is possible that the untranslated words may mean a 'lucky eye' and a 'happiness restorer,' sold for the benefit of the married couples, being duly endowed with magic powers by the 'chief diviner.'

Even commercial tablets have their value for historical purposes. Some critics, who have neglected the evidence of archæology, regard the Old Testament account of Abraham's dealings with the Hittites as marking the anachronisms of a later writer. The sale of land and the use of 'money' (not coined but 'weighed,' Gen. xxiii. 16) has been supposed to denote a less remote age. It is interesting in such a case to study the contemporary records of Babylon, for there is no reason to suppose that the settled Canaanites were less advanced than the inhabitants of Chaldea in civilisation. A deed of partnership, duly witnessed, belonging to the reign of Hammurabi, may be seen in the British Museum, with another relating to the holding of a plantation, and others of the time of Hammurabi's successors refer to similar transactions. One curious document, as to the lease of a tenement, is interesting because it is written in Akkadian and translated into Assyrian, being either the copy of an older document or an agreement between two persons of different race. The following translation differs only in detail from that given by Lenormant in his collection of bilingual texts:—

'A note of mutual agreement to pay from the sixth month of the year. He, on his part, makes an account, he pays the tax, he hedges the field . . . he drives away the game, he destroys the locusts . . . he provides for drawing water, he hoes the field, he makes a water-wheel, he collects buckets to draw water. . . . The master of the garden gives the holder a dwelling . . . on the 30th of the 8th month, at the

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fruit harvest. The house door is protected by bolts. He furnishes accounts to the record house of the palace (or temple). While living in the house he maintains the woodwork of the house, he maintains the wall of the place . . . he will build with strong wood. He causes the dwelling in the field to be inhabited as a house, living in the house in the midst of the enclosure . . . a strongly built roof . . . he looks after it carefully. . . . He will stint himself till he can pay the money for the house. He will not build on the brickwork of the house, or erect woodwork. Man for man they will inhabit the house of each other, but as they are not the same, house for house, he will pay ten shekels of silver.'

If, as some scholars suppose, the Akkadian language began to become obsolete about 1500 B.C., the age of this original agreement must be considerably earlier than that of the first composition of the Pentateuch. One of the largest tablets found at Nippur is a record of temple income in the time of Nazi Murutas, three centuries earlier than the building of Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem; and similar records, more than a thousand years earlier, were found by De Sarzec at Zirgul. Even later tablets of the same character have their interest for purposes of comparison, such as the famous collection of agreements with the Egibi family (676-484 B.C.), who were Babylonian money-lenders and traders. The wars of the age, the Assyrian conquests, the rise of Nebuchadnezzar, and the victories of Cyrus, seem never to have affected this family, which continued to buy and lend under Assyrian, Babylonian, and Persian alike. Among their creditors some bore Hebrew names—Abraham, Baniah, Shelemiah, and Susanna—and we are reminded of the oppression of the Jewish peasantry by usurers in Nehemiah's time (Neh. v.)

Among the earliest of the Egibi texts is one referring to the purchase of an estate, of which the boundaries are duly described. In another a son of Egibi lends about 100*l.* to a slave, at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum. Interest at the rate of 16 per cent. was only accepted as a special favour. In the third generation the descendants of Egibi often appear as witnesses, scribes, and apparently bankers, in other transactions. They owned houses and slaves, letting the former, and hiring out the latter. They bought produce from Medes, advanced money to Jews, purchased in one case a decked vessel for 60*l.*, and in another a ship of thirty feet in length for half that sum. Slaves were apprenticed to learn trades, were bestowed as part of a dowry, and were left by will, with fields and houses. Even a reed hut fetched 2*l.* rent annually. In one case a regular plan of a field is given with measurements, and the boundaries are described.

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Coined money is mentioned as in use in Babylon in the Persian age, and had already been adopted even before the conquest by Cyrus. These instances will be enough to show how clearly the civil life of the Babylonians is illustrated by this large class of tablets, which often incidentally are of historic value, being dated in certain years of the reigns of various kings.

It must not, however, be supposed that the Babylonians generally were able to read and write. Each of them, as Herodotus remarked, owned a seal; but this in itself is evidence that they could not sign their names. The seals were engraved for them, and were affixed to letters or agreements written by scribes, just as is customary in the East in our own time. Some of the poorer debtors signed agreements to pay as much as 30 per cent. interest on small sums, by a 'nail mark' only—duly witnessed. Even kings were probably as ignorant as their poorest subjects, and depended on their scribes, who formed, and still form, a separate class in the East. The occupation was rendered the more special because the script in use was clumsy, and difficult to learn, the emblems being so numerous. Among the earliest alphabetic inscriptions are dockets, written by traders, in Aramean letters, on the cuneiform tablets. Their simple system of twenty-two letters, which in time superseded all others, was probably used at first as a kind of shorthand for business men, and was no doubt regarded with much contempt by the schoolmen, trained in the older and more elaborate script. It is a remarkable instance of the permanency of established institutions that the Babylonians —intelligent and cultivated as they were—should have continued to use an obsolete system, when they were fully aware—through Phœnicians and Greeks—of the existence of an infinitely less troublesome method of writing. Their genius spent its force before the sixth century B.C., and they fell in rear of the advance made by others, who were unfettered by the traditions of a remote past, and able, by wider knowledge of various systems, to develope the great discovery of the alphabet.

This general account of the results of Babylonian exploration may serve to show the advance that has been made in the past, and also to explain the great value to the historian of these researches, which we may hope to see continued in the future. Such an enquiry would, however, be incomplete without some reference to the great discoverer whose genius first rendered practicable the reading of cuneiform texts. In

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1835 Sir H. Rawlinson began his independent study of the Persian inscriptions. Neither Grotefend nor St. Martin had succeeded in discovering their alphabet, and the work of Burnouf, with which he was unacquainted, was inferior to his own. In 1846 he began to interpret the Semitic texts, and in this study (one much more difficult than that of Persian cuneiform) he had no predecessor. Finally, he was the discoverer of the Akkadian language, spoken by the Mongol race which first civilised Chaldea, and which invented the system that developed into the various cuneiform syllabaries. No other student of these characters has shown, in equal degree, that practical genius through which alone such wonderful discoveries became possible; and the work of the present generation is far inferior, in sound judgment, to that of Sir Henry and of his immediate disciples. The rebuke addressed by Dr. Oppert to the young English scholar, who said that he had never read a line written by the originator of the study which he was pursuing, deserves to be recorded: 'I supposed just so, 'because if you had read them, your papers would be less 'imperfect than they are.'

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ART. VI.—1. *Democracy: An American Novel.* London: 1882.

2. *Pembroke.* By MARY E. WILKINS. London: 1894.

3. *Illumination.* By HAROLD FREDERIC. London: 1897.

4. *Patience Sparhawk.* By GERTRUDE ATHERTON. London: 1897.

5. *With the Procession.* By HENRY B. FULLER. New York: 1895.

6. *The Choir Invisible.* By JAMES LANE ALLEN. London: 1897.

7. *The Red Badge of Courage.* By STEPHEN CRANE. London: 1896.

8. *The Little Regiment, and Other Stories.* By STEPHEN CRANE. London: 1897.

9. *The Third Violet.* By STEPHEN CRANE. London: 1898.

10. *Maggie.* By STEPHEN CRANE. London: 1896.

11. *Gallegher, and Other Stories.* By RICHARD HARDING DAVIS. London: 1891.

12. *Meadow Grass.* By ALICE BROWN. Boston: 1896.

13. *King Noanett.* By R. J. STIMSON. London: 1898.

14. *The Scarlet Coat.* By CLINTON ROSS. New York: 1896.

15. *The Forge in the Forest: An Acadian Romance.* By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS. Boston: 1896.

SOME years ago an article in this Journal dealt with the rise of American fiction, from its obscure beginnings to the remarkable developement which it received at the hands of Hawthorne and Poe; and, passing on from them, marked the tendency of American novelists to separate into two schools—one given up to a portraiture of character as it is discovered in the more domestic and trivial events and emotions; the other seeking to infuse into the realism proper to the novel a strong dash of romance. The former group drew mostly on New England for its direct transcripts from life; the second went for its subjects either to the Far West or the half-Latin, half-mulatto South. Mr. Cable, who stands at the head of those who describe the South, was sufficiently discussed in the former article. As for Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. W. D. Howells, they hardly need discussion. Mr. Bret Harte's stories of the Western life at

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their best rank among the world's masterpieces; the delicate and fastidious art of Mr. Howells has been admired, decried, ridiculed, eulogised, but always studied, till it has ended by compelling a tribute of widespread imitation. Even Mr. Bret Harte in these latter days has come under the spell, abandoning to inferior artists his own province of six-shooters, mining camps, and gentlemanly ruffians, in order that he, too, might detail the innumerable futile reasons why a certain young man does not propose to a certain young woman, or why a certain young woman does not accept a certain young man. But he, like all the others, has totally failed to catch that gentle pervasive, yet evasive, humour, which never deserts Mr. Howells, except when he is vindicating the claims of some American writer to rank with Æschylus and Homer. This humour is the special distinction, the saving grace of Mr. Howells, and it enables him to cope successfully with the problem of naturalism, which he has set to himself in its severest form. He and his followers aspire to make the novel a record of commonplace or, at least, normal lives, in which nothing happens of obvious significance or interest. But in every life there comes a psychological crisis more or less obscurely realised; and the skill of Mr. Howells is employed in revealing the dramatic aspect of trivial occurrences—in showing how the most trifling cause working upon a particular temperament may produce a displacement of settled habits, settled beliefs, and settled reverences, that in reality changes a nature deeper than a hard-fought duel; as, for instance, happened on the day when Silas Lapham, in sheer ignorance, took a glass or two of wine more than his head was equal to, and found in consequence that his whole conception of himself and the universe and his daughter's conception of him needed to be put on a new basis. To do this successfully, the novelist must give his reader a very complete insight into the whole life of a character; he must show it growing like a plant in a soil, the outcome of a definite environment, nourished from certain sources, accustomed to a certain temperature, warped or fostered by certain winds. Mr. Howells has confined himself to the most familiar subjects, to the life of the ordinary educated American, and, just by reason of this quality of humour, he has been able to dispense almost altogether with the stronger emotions. Other writers of the naturalist school, lacking this attractive quality, have made up for the absence of humour and the abstinence from incident by dealing at least in the violent

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passions, in depicting a less highly civilised humanity; or they have strengthened their hand by giving to their tale a background picturesquely unfamiliar, in itself novel and interesting. The result has been an extraordinary concentration of intelligence upon the task of portraying not merely individual character, but the character of communities. No country in the world's history has ever offered a better chance for such works of art. In America you have a nation, in a sense homogeneous, yet spread over a whole continent, living in the ranches of Colorado, in the villages of New England, in the plantations of Louisiana, and the mining camps of California, in the slums of San Francisco, in the Stock Exchange of Chicago, in the Capitol of Washington, and in the Bowery or Fifth Avenue of New York, lives which no more resemble each other in their external conditions than life in Mr. Barrie's Thrums resembles life in Paris or in the Balkan peninsula. Yet, under all these differences, Americans are Americans, conscious of a racial unity, and unconsciously presenting a racial type. So, naturally, you have novelist after novelist studying each of the innumerable groups, and rendering, as it were, their essence in a single personage or group of personages who typify the mass; and, not less naturally, a stranger is tempted to attack the whole subject in the spirit of one who treats works of art as documents. The main object of this essay is to indicate roughly how American writers use the art of fiction to portray the American character.

In a certain sense, then, all the writers whom we have to treat of belong to a single school; they are none of them romance-writers; none narrate incident—as, for instance, Stevenson and Mr. Kipling have done—simply for its own sake, but they use it as an occasion for the display of character; they are all of them, from Mr. Howells downward, realists or naturalists; they may see life in an individual way, but they try to paint exactly as they see it, with a scrupulosity that leads them even to over-emphasise petty details. But for convenience' sake one must classify, and the best way to divide them is according to subject. As with us, every success breeds imitators; if a man writes well of Chicago, there will be a crop of Chicago novels; and so in some cases a subject means a school. But, upon the whole, our division must be arbitrary; lines of filiation are not easy to trace. Before proceeding further, however, it is necessary to justify one or two omissions. This article deals with novels of American life written by Americans. Mrs. Hodgson

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Burnett is an Englishwoman, and for that reason we shall say nothing of "Through One Administration,' an admirable novel, in which the characters have nothing distinctively American about them. The lady who calls herself John Oliver Hobbes is, we believe, an American, but she lives in England, and writes of English life; Mr. Marion Crawford lives in Italy and writes about the globe at large; and both of them rank with Mr. Henry James among the ornaments of American literature, but like him they must be ruled out at present. When Mr. James has written of Americans, they have been Americans in Europe—a well-marked and familiar type which he has handled with more than his accustomed deftness; but, for the purposes of our present subject, we are only concerned with the travelled American as he appears in America. One remark must, however, be added. Mr. James shows in all his work the influence of French models strong upon him, and everywhere sees his subject either from an English or from a Continental point of view. This is highly characteristic of the American school at present, which, talented as it is, seems to have lost a good deal of its originality, and much of its indigenous character. Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Howells, and Mr. Cable owe no debts on this side of the Atlantic; Mr. Harold Frederic and Mr. Stephen Crane show traces at every turn of French or English masters in style, and Mr. Fuller, in his clever sketches of Chicago, always looks at the life which he describes from the detached standpoint of an European.

We proceed to our division by subject. There is just one American city which is a meeting ground for nearly all the distinct types, and out of this medley acquires a collective character of its own. At the Capitol in Washington meet representatives of all the States: cultured Bostonians, roaring demagogues from Chicago, and rough farmers from the West. About them swarm an indiscriminate crowd of financiers, lobby agents, and office-seekers, while European ambassadors and attachés rub somewhat contemptuous shoulders with the crowd. Nobody—least of all an American—would assert that the centre of political life in America shows America at its best; but, for all that, it is profoundly representative of the country as a whole. Novelists do not seem drawn to it as a subject; indeed, the political novel is rare in all languages, probably because novelists are little in touch with politicians; but the life has been sketched once and for all by the hand of a master. 'Democracy' was published about 1880, and has, like many another good

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character-types, too, are dexterously combined and grouped, so as to throw into relief and illustrate by contrast the principal figures. Foreigners set off the Americans; a chorus of young Russian and Italian attachés; Lord Skye, the British ambassador, urbane, but intolerant of the stray royalties whom all America flocks to view at his ball, and caustic upon American ideals; above all Baron Jacobi, the Bulgarian plenipotentiary, a cynical quick-tongued old man, who has seen life in all capitals, and detests under-breeding as much as he adores a pretty woman. For that reason he is the deadly foe of Ratcliffe's pretensions, and engages in continual duel with him before Mrs. Lee, making it his delight to elicit by the use of a French phrase, or the apt introduction of some well-known name, the unfathomed ignorance of the raw politician. He is not unsupported in his struggle; all the men of Mrs. Lee's circle are resolute, if they cannot win her, at least to save her. There is Carrington first; then Nathan Gore, the historian of Spanish America, who is refused the legation to Madrid because his coat was made in England and offends the Hoosier Quarryman; Senator French and one or two other honest politicians; and Mr. Schneidekoupon, the New York financier, who comes a-lobbying, but like the rest is overreached by Ratcliffe. Ratcliffe, indeed, is the master of them all; his one successful antagonist, the David to his Goliath, is Sybil, the pretty frivolous girl whom he thought he might afford to despise. Otherwise the progress of his unabashed intriguing is irresistible. Gradually he familiarises Madeleine with his standard of political honour, explaining that for really high aims you must work with whatever tools come handy; and, even in the last scene where she finally shakes him off, he displays a consummate assurance in admitting his own dishonesty that is significant of the most entire depravity—an inability to distinguish right from wrong. The figure is a creation; the man is big, he casts a shadow that there is no mistaking; and though the book is a satire—*Facit indignatio* might be written on the title-page—yet there is nothing exaggerated in his lineaments.

The style, too, is such as good writers employed before the modern fashion came in of plastering sentences thick with every attainable jargon. If it has a fault, it is a too great tendency to epigrams; but the epigrams are epigrammatic, and always intelligible. Perhaps it would be as well if the crack of the whip were less audible; but wit and the genuine satiric touch are not qualities so common

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that we need quarrel with an author for excess in them. 'Democracy,' more is the pity, stands by itself. The example was not fruitful, and one is inclined to suspect that this incisive portraiture of American manners was not the work of an American. The ideals of the book are European, and characters are praised in proportion as they conform to old-world standards. Taking Baron Jacobi as a typical product of the Old World, set against Mr. Ratcliffe, who embodies the New, it is hard to conceive that any American should have thrown the sympathy so entirely on the side of the European reprobate; and this is, perhaps, why so brilliant a lead found no followers.

Very different is the case of Miss Mary Wilkins, who has founded a school closely comparable to that which Galt inaugurated in the early days of this century, and Mr. Barrie has revived and glorified with the humour, force, and tenderness which he can lend even to his imitators. Miss Wilkins, however, is no one's imitator, though by a distant reflexion she sometimes recalls Hawthorne. She has studied her New England folk to the marrow of their bones, and she portrays them, as an artist should, unsparingly, yet lovingly; perhaps, in her artist's desire for unity of effect, insisting almost too much upon certain leading qualities. Yet the essential features of her New England folk are not merely local; one recognises behind the New England farmer that hard foundation upon which is built up the most composite of all types—the modern American. Will and conscience are the qualities which dominate in her stories like passions; they run to tragic or grotesque excesses, as in other races love or the fighting instinct will do; they merge into one another, and the passion for self-assertion becomes only another form of dogged resolution in carrying out a purely individual conception of duty. The American people are above all Nonconformist; one feels that in Mr. Harold Frederic's merciless study of their religious phases; one feels it in Mr. Fuller's sketches of Chicago, with its riches won since yesterday, conscientiously endeavouring to invent social forms and adopt luxuries, yet ill at ease among them. The old Puritan breaks out in spite of deep carpets piled over him and butlers sitting on his head. One sees nonconformity even in Mr. Stephen Crane's sketches of American war, where every soldier in the ranks is a critic; but one sees it most of all in Miss Wilkins, and one realises from her that New England is the true matrix of the American type. Ameri-

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cans may have got from elsewhere their versatility, their calculating power, and their passion for novelty; but they took from New England the quality which they themselves call grit. The stiff long upper lip, the gaunt angular outline, express accurately enough Miss Wilkins's characters; these are attributes neither lovely nor endearing, but they inevitably command respect, and the race which has them in the end succeeds inevitably. How should it not? When people are so 'set'—it is the New England word—that a young man will sooner give up the girl he loves than go back upon a hasty word—when a father will sooner see his daughter live and die unmarried than speak a word of apology for a hot-tempered outbreak—this subordination of everything to an exaggerated self-esteem, this fetish worship of will, may be grotesque or tragic, but it is a terrible quality for an antagonist to possess, and it will make martyrs or heroes. Take the story of 'Pembroke,' the novel which in our judgement shows Miss Wilkins at her best; for, instead of presenting a single character or a single relation, it presents a complex of mutual interactions. It is, indeed, like several of her short stories blended into one; and the total result is to give a very curious and suggestive picture of the village community. You have here the story of Barney Thayer and of Charlotte Barnard, the story of William Berry and Rebecca Thayer, the story of Sylvia Crane and Richard Alger, and the story of Deborah Thayer and her invalid son. All these interlock, more or less, or at least combine to illustrate each other; and the whole book is a study of rigidity in character. The central figure in the book is Deborah Thayer, a terrible she-Puritan, who domineers in her own house, thin-lipped, notable, and unforgiving. And she has borne a son like herself—as 'set' as she is. Barney Thayer is going to marry Charlotte Barnard; his new house is all but finished; and he goes for almost the last of many visits to court his sweetheart. But old Cephas Barnard is another of these unrelenting rulers, and he insists that Barney shall stay in the room with the rest; he provokes a discussion on politics, and the two men quarrel. The women try to keep the peace, but insults begin to fly. Cephas orders the young man out of the house and bids him never darken the doors again. '"I never will, by the Lord Almighty," returned 'Barnabas in an awful voice; then the door slammed after 'him.' Charlotte pursues him, calling his name, but he never turns his head; then—for she is 'set,' too, in her way

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—she waits for long hours outside the house, thinking her father will have locked her out, and too proud to try the door. Meanwhile her aunt Sylvy Crane, a tremulous pretty old maid, is detained by this trouble, and so, for the first Sunday evening for years, her door is shut when Richard Alger comes to see her. For years he had been coming—for years the village had been asking, When will Richard Alger marry Sylvy Crane? For years she had been hoping and palpitating while youth faded, but his life had grown 'set' in its mechanical continuance, and he had never been able to depart so far from his habits as to speak. So when she gets back late, and finds that Richard Alger has come and gone, she knows that this is the end. On the last evening he had got almost out of his track; for the first time in all those years he had come to sit by her on her sofa; he had half begun a declaration; but the clock struck ten, and that was the invariable signal for his departure. So her absence on the next evening was an insuperable rebuff—he gave up coming.

Have these people blood in their veins at all? one asks oneself. Sometimes, it appears. Rebecca Thayer was in love with William Berry, whose father kept a grocery store, and a charming scene describes how the girl goes to make her purchases there, shy and half unwilling. Then comes the day when William's miserly old father authorises his children to invite the neighbourhood to a cherry party; and when the cherries are eaten the old man—it is a study of mania—comes to the guests asking payment for them. William Berry is nearly beside himself with shame, till Rebecca goes to him and throws her arms about his neck in a tumult of pity. She comes home late from her party, furtively radiant; but the terrible Deborah detects her. Deborah is furious because her son Barney has refused to go back and marry Charlotte; and now she deals straight with Rebecca: 'You might jest as well understand it first as last; 'if you've got any idea of havin' William Berry, you've got 'to give it up.' No one in the house but Barney attempts to stand against Deborah Thayer. Rebecca pines and in time grows languid; her mother, in a fit of maternal promptings, seeks to console her with a new dress; peremptorily tries it on the girl; and the truth is out. She orders Rebecca out of the house in a snowstorm; then, after some hours, goes to Barney and bids him find William Berry and make him marry Rebecca. The marriage takes place in a wayside house, while the little minister's wife, who is

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brought along for a witness, shrinks and quails before this unimaginable wickedness. Mr. Barrie's 'Auld Lichts,' stern as they are, are tolerant and human compared with these New Englanders. Marriage makes no atonement, and the girl pines, shut up by herself, unvisited, in a new house, and her child is born to her dead. Mrs. Thayer gives no sign of knowing that she exists, and no one dares mention Rebecca to her. But Deborah is broken down at last by a blow on her one tender spot. Her youngest child, a boy, has a weak heart, and the doctors have told her what that means. So he is shut up, forbidden to play, and held in a leash, drenched with detestable medicines, but not beaten; and, like a true urchin, he knows his advantage and keeps his heart ready for an excuse. His only playmate is his father, and Caleb Thayer is seldom allowed to play with his boy. But one night the other boys are 'coasting' on sleds, and late, when his parents are asleep, Ephraim steals out to join them. Only one boy is left, and he soon goes, but Ephraim spends a delirious night coasting down hills and tugging the sled up again. He steals home at last with his heart beating till it chokes him, but jubilant in his emancipation; and in the intoxication of the moment he steals half a mince pie. Next day his mother goes off, leaving him with messages and injunctions about paring apples. But Ephraim's heart trouble is serious now; he is feeling weak; and when his father comes in and tempts him to play 'holly-gull' he consents, and so the day is wasted. Deborah returns home and elicits confession; Ephraim is too ill to be afraid when she orders him to follow her.

'He and his mother stood together in the little bedroom. She, when she faced him, saw how ill he looked, but she steeled herself against that. She had seen him look as badly before; she was not to be daunted by that from her high purpose. For it was a high purpose to Deborah Thayer. She did not realise the part which her own human will had in it.

'She lifted up her voice and spoke solemnly. Caleb, listening, all trembling, at the kitchen door, heard her.

'"Ephraim," said his mother, "I have spared the rod with you all my life because you were sick. Your brother and your sister have both rebelled against the Lord and against me. You are all the child I have got left. You've got to mind me and do right. I ain't goin' to spare you any longer because you ain't well. It is better you should be sick than be well and wicked and disobedient. It is better that your body should suffer than your immortal soul. Stand still."

'Deborah raised her stick, and brought it down. She raised it again, but suddenly Ephraim made a strange noise and sunk away before it, down in a heap on the floor.'

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This rough analysis of the component parts shows sufficiently how Miss Wilkins conceives of will and conscience as they tyrannise among the Puritan villagers. The long struggle of Barney Thayer to shake off the fatal grip of his own stubbornness is vividly told, but it adds nothing to our point; and the curious piece of symbolism by which this kind of mental cramp is made to express itself in his body till the straight young man looks, to certain visions, bowed and twisted, is an ill-judged copying of Hawthorne. But Miss Wilkins has few failings in her sincere and genuine art. A strict limitation of range may be urged against her, but Miss Austen is liable to the same impeachment. We should rank her with Mrs. Gaskell—in our judgement no mean promotion. Her stories are old-maidish in temper—old-maidish even in the talk of her married women. An atmosphere of soap and water pervades her books, and the thing which most distresses one of her women when she cannot marry the man of her heart is to reflect upon the uncared-for state of his under garments.

There is certainly nothing old-maidish about Mr. Harold Frederic, whose masterpiece, 'Illumination,' next falls to be considered. Yet 'Illumination' is also a story of New England life, and, to revert to our purpose of treating these novels as documents, a necessary complement to Miss Wilkins. The stories that Miss Wilkins writes make one feel the uniformity of American character; her people are all variations upon a single well-marked type. Mr. Frederic shows by implication that she has simplified the problem for herself in taking merely the life of villages. He treats not, indeed, of a great city, but of a small out of the world town in the backwoods, small enough for a clergyman's affairs to be a matter of general notoriety and interest, large enough to have a tramway and gaslight. Yet here, in the backwoods, you find that deep-rifted division which reaches through all American life, and the presence, side by side, of alien and incompatible races. The central figure of 'Illumination' is a Nonconformist minister, the Reverend Theron Ware, and in his flock you recognise at once the hard-featured race whom Miss Wilkins presents, if not loveably, at least lovingly; but you recognise the unsparing portrait drawn by one who is intolerant of their intolerance. One recognises, in short, the fundamental qualities which go to make up the American. But the qualities are presented with their defects in strong relief; frugality is seen as greed, strength of will as fanaticism,

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intelligence as cunning, and conscience as an abiding desire to interfere with a neighbour's conduct. Over against this mass of Nonconformity is set the hostile camp of Catholicism; over against the Yankee, the Irishman; and between these two forces, which are at work gradually modifying each other, the Reverend Theron Ware is torn in sunder. This is the story. It opens with an annual conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the important town of Tecumseh; the congregation are waiting to hear the list read out which announces the ministerial appointments for the year. For three Sundays past a competition of select preachers—to put the thing nakedly—had filled the church of Tecumseh, and the voice of Tecumseh was unanimous for the eloquent, earnest, and saintly young man who had last addressed them—the Rev. Theron Ware. The list was a blow to Tecumseh, and to the Reverend Theron Ware, who found himself relegated to the obscure backwoods township of Octavius. However, he and his wife Alice are young; they are cheerful as well as earnest; and it is a May morning with the elms full of singing robins when the scene opens on them at Octavius. Mrs. Ware is remonstrating with the milkboy. But the milkboy explains that it is not by mistake that no milk has been delivered on the last two Sundays. 'The thing of it's this,' he explained. 'Every 'new minister starts in saying we can deliver to this house 'on Sundays, an' then gives us notice to stop before the 'month's out. It's the trustees that does it.'

From this episode Mr. Ware proceeds straight to an interview with the trustees; there are three, and they come to explain the financial situation—a debt of 4,000 dollars on the church—and to screw down Mr. Ware about his allowances. The debt takes the form of three mortgages, held by the three trustees. Mr. Ware notes the fact that two of the mortgages bear interest at 7 per cent., one at 6.

'"Oh, that's nothing," exclaimed Erastus Winch, with a boisterous display of jollity. "It's only Brother Gorringe's pleasant little way of making a contribution to our funds. You will notice that at the date of all these mortgages the State rate of interest was seven per cent. Since then it's been lowered to six. Well, when that happened you see, Brother Gorringe, not bein' a professin' member, and so not bound by our rules, he could just as well as not let his interest down a cent. But Brother Pierce an' me, we talked it over, an' we made up our minds we were tied hand an' foot by our contract. You know how strong the Discipline lays it down that we must be bound to the letter of our agreements. That bein' so, we seen it in the light of duty not to change what we'd set our hands to. That's how it is, Brother Ware.'"

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Mr. Ware comes away from the meeting with a sense that Mr. Gorringe, who is not a professing member, alone makes Octavius tolerable, and transmits to his wife the trustees' mandate; she is to take the roses out of her bonnet. The result is a trifling coldness between him and Alice. He goes out to walk, and reviews the situation—gloomily, because he is in debt and Octavius is unsympathetic. A bright idea, however, occurs to him. He will write a book—a book about Abraham—which shall sell like Canon Farrar's 'Life of Christ,' and justify him in purchasing a piano for Alice. As he revolves these thoughts, a procession meets him; an Irish labourer has fallen from a tree, and is being carried home dying. Instinctively Theron joins, and follows into Mr. MacEvoy's house. Presently a tall young woman comes in, with wonderful red hair and fashionable attire, pleasing to look at. She takes the command of the situation, and Theron explains his presence, apologetically, to her. While they speak, the priest, Father Forbes, enters to administer extreme unction, and Theron finds himself assisting at the rite, whose strange ceremonial, with the red-haired young woman leading the rest in declamation of the 'Confiteor,' impressed him as no death-bed scene had ever done before. By a very subtle treatment of the episode Mr. Frederic contrives to suggest—first, the picturesqueness and charm of the Roman ritual; secondly, Theron Ware's virgin ignorance of all that is not taught in a Methodist seminary; and, lastly, the very sensuous and impressionable character of the young Methodist divine.

That is the beginning of his 'illumination,' or, if one takes the American title of the story, here begins 'The 'Damnation of Theron Ware.' Theron and Alice are both of them perfectly ignorant; but there is this difference. She is simply destitute of impressions; he is a blank but highly sensitive plate. And his ignorance is of that abysmal kind which can only exist in the ignorant man who has been looked up to as a centre of culture. He has been trained in a seminary, he has been married in his first youth; he has never met any one who was not of his own way of thinking. Life has rippled past him continuously monotonous. Now for the first time he realises that there is something in the world not wholly provided for by his mental outlook.

'First of all he had to revise in part the arrangement of his notions about the Irish. Save for an occasional isolated and taciturn figure among the nomadic portion of the hired help in the farm country, Theron had scarcely ever spoken to a person of this curiously

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alien race before. He remembered now that there had been some dozen or more Irish families in Tyre quartered in the outskirts, among the rickyards, but he had never come in contact with any of them or given to their existence even a passing thought. So far as personal acquaintance went, the Irish had been to him only a name. But what a sinister and repellent name! His views on this general subject were merely those common to his communion and his environment. He took it for granted, for example, that in the large cities most of the poverty, and all the drunkenness, crime and political corruption, were due to the perverse qualities of this foreign people—qualities accentuated and emphasised in every evil direction by the baleful influence of a false and idolatrous religion.'

This does not fit with the dignified apparition of Father Forbes, in his white and purple vestments, uttering sonorous Latin for the hearing of Heaven by MacEvoy's bedside. It does not fit at all with the picture of Celia Madden, the red-haired young lady, who proves to be the daughter of Jeremiah Madden, owner of the timber works and the biggest house in Octavius. And it is a slight shock to Theron when he returns to Alice and finds her deploring the fact that her washerwoman must be Irish, because she will certainly tell her priest that the Methodist minister has no piano in his house. Yet probably a day earlier Theron Ware would have shared in the view which Alice takes of the prying habits of Catholics and the uses of the confessional. But illumination has set in, and with it a tiny rift opens between husband and wife. When he falls to work next day upon Abraham, he is suddenly confronted by the fact that Abraham was a Chaldean; consequently, that to write of Abraham he must know something of the Chaldeans. It is the first illuminating flash into his own ignorance, and the only man who presents himself as a source of information is Father Forbes, who has spoken a few illuminating words about the Chaldeans. So, without telling Alice, he goes to call upon Father Forbes, whom he finds at dinner with a friend, Dr. Ledsmar. And here the contrast between the two camps is decisively brought out. In the hall three or four downcast-looking parishioners are sitting. Upstairs the priest sits over his admirable dinner, with fine linen, fine silver, and choice wine. Theron Ware's parishioners do not wait in the hall for his convenience. Conversation only augments the surprise. Theron ingenuously propounds his difficulty, and it appears, as if providentially, that Dr. Ledsmar is an Assyriologist. This emboldens Theron to ask for any little personal details about Abraham and his sayings and doings—'little things

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'which help, you know, to round out one's conception of 'the individual.' The priest and the doctor exchange glances over his head; and Father Forbes explains gently that Abram is 'not a person at all; he is a tribe, a sept, 'a clan.' And so he produces for Theron, in an easy tone of conversation, the conclusions of German criticism, winding up with an allusion to this 'Christ myth of ours.' Then Father Forbes goes down 'to get rid of those people in the 'hall,' while Dr. Ledsmar expounds to Theron his conception of the Catholic Church. In short, here you have the young Methodist divine suddenly and at the same moment humbled by a sense of his own ignorance, and confronted with representations of what may be called the extreme aristocratic view of religion; that a church is necessary for police purposes; that it is organised and administered by persons who attach at least no literal significance to its dogmas; that it contains two classes, the rulers and the ruled. This point of view is put to him by men whose moral ascendency over him is secure in every way; who impress him, if only by the luxury of their surroundings; who have at easy command whole masses of learning with whose very existence he was not acquainted; and who are, moreover, incomparably stronger in personality than this undisciplined youth. On the top of these confusing experiences come the strains of an organ from the Catholic church just outside the windows; it is Celia Madden playing such music as Theron had never heard before. He says a dazed good-bye and goes out into the night, but the music draws him; and he, the representative of a raw sect, stumbles dizzily into a Church which is the repository of the culture of all the ages. But there is still another surprise in store for him; he walks home with Miss Celia Madden, who discusses Dr. Ledsmar, and he makes the astounding discovery that her aspiration is to be a Greek—to worship the beautiful and the strong. He goes home and tells Alice something of the field which Dr. Ledsmar has opened up to him—for he does not mention Celia—but Alice is narrow and unsympathetic, and warns him of the trustees.

So far nothing could be better done than this book, and so far the story is not unpleasant reading. From this onwards it becomes, on the whole, the most disagreeable study that we ever read, although, as regards the central figure, a masterpiece of psychology. But this initial presentment is excellent. Theron still in the blank-paper condition im-

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presses everybody as pleasant. He is so earnest, so guileless, so enthusiastic for culture—a sort of spiritually minded Pinkerton. The picture of Methodism in Octavius is complete, and makes his natural recoil from it simple and credible; and the glimpse of a Catholic Irish community under the conditions of a new country will, we fancy, be a revelation to most Irishmen. In this country we do not naturally look to find the Irish priest a centre of intellectual culture; yet in America it is easy to see how his religion puts him at once into touch with a whole world that is opposed to the prevailing rawness of American life. It is curious, however, to contrast this picture with M. Paul Bourget's remarks upon the cold nakedness of American Catholic churches and their lack of all artistic appeal. The priest is admirably drawn, so is Dr. Ledsmar, the disagreeable scientist, who keeps a Chinese servant that he may experiment on his power of resistance to opium. When we come to Celia criticism becomes hostile. Jeremiah Madden is a Galway peasant, his wife was a Galway peasant, and Celia's full brother Michael is a Galway peasant: Celia is no relation of theirs. Granted that she was away from them for years in a costly convent school, where she learnt how to dress, dance, paint, model, play, and acquired, broadly speaking, all culture down to the smoking of cigarettes; she would still present some lineaments of her family. She does not. But she is an American girl, recognisable as a near cousin of Patience Sparhawk and many other unattractive heroines. We do not know if Mr. Frederic meant to draw a prig, but he has drawn one; and the type recurs endlessly in these novels. A girl or boy goes away from home, acquires a culture that is not granted to the home circle, returns home, and takes upon herself or himself most intolerably on the strength of it. Celia has her quarter of the Maddens' house set apart for her and furnished after her designs. She treats her family with the profound contempt that is born of conscious superiority. This mad worship of a little knowledge, this willingness to constitute class distinctions even in the bosom of a family, seems to us the least attractive feature of American life. These young people take blandly the chances offered them as a right, and, having taken them, they accept the resulting separation as a natural and by no means deplorable consequence. The education which they get does not teach them how to behave, and Celia certainly behaves as badly as a young woman can do. Mr. Frederic suggests a touch of heartlessness in her at her first

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appearance, but the suggestion is dropped. He falls in love with her a little himself, it may be supposed, and, for a young woman to meet on fair terms, Celia would no doubt be a bewitching young woman. But Theron Ware does not meet her on fair terms, and she knows it, and sets to work to turn his head regardless of consequences. There is, however, another and a potent factor which operates to his ruin. Theron is essentially an orator; everywhere he has made his mark as a preacher. But Octavius baffles him. The small and extremely Puritanical minority who by the virulence of their fanaticism rule the congregation are hostile to him, and these new yeasts that are being thrown into his mind unnerve him for the struggle. He can get no hold on the congregation, the quarterly conference is coming on, and he can think of nothing but Renan, which Dr. Ledsmar has sent him. He grows more and more moody, further and further away from Alice. Into this despondency comes a quickening element. The trustees have decided to employ two professional 'debt-raisers,' and Sister Soulsby comes down to take the matter in hand and stir up the lagging generosity of Octavius. She is a very remarkable person with remarkable eyes; ultimately Mr. Frederic makes her explain that she has been an actress with a variegated career, and that Brother Soulsby, her quiet drab-coloured husband, had been a gentleman living by his wits, 'a regular bad old rooster.' This is not the place to detail how Sister Soulsby works a revival meeting, and next day, getting the congregation together for a renewal of this spiritual delight, locks the doors and converts it into a debt-raising assembly, nor the trick by which she provokes generosity under false pretences. These are merely traits of American Methodism. The point is that, under the stimulus of her influence, Theron Ware at last preaches a sermon that takes away the breath of Octavius. His success as a preacher comes to him just as his faith in what he preaches is going, but the success is none the less intoxicating. As he sits down with his face bowed in his hands, and the sighing murmur goes through the crowd, he whispers to his own heart, in the consciousness of his long deferred triumph: 'At last! the dogs!' But the faith is gone, and the revival meeting only fills him with disgust when the figures come waltzing up the aisle in a paroxysm of devotional frenzy to kneel at the rail, and the elders run round crying out exhortations—'Fix your soul on Jesus!' 'O! blessed blood 'of Jesus!' To his illuminated mind the whole thing is

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barbarous and a degradation of humanity; and the sense of this grows sickening when Alice joins the 'mourners.' He talks it over with Sister Soulsby before she departs; she looks at the thing with the frank instinct of an actress. She explains that their Church must be worked by emotion, for it has dispensed with authority; it must do things that Catholics need not. She, for instance, sings them Chopin for hymn tunes, but the result is good—emotion. The Methodist minister, on her theory, is an actor, and must recognise that painted lath and paper has to be shown to the audience for what it is not. The thing is inevitable, and so why should he carry out his intention and retire from the ministry? There is no man so completely ruined as the unfrocked priest. In short, she utters the creed of a *cabotine*—of one who lives by assuming emotions to stimulate them in others, and who justifies herself by declaring that she does actually experience the emotions which she presents. Her personality is stronger than Theron's; he cannot deny her effectiveness or the practical virtue of herself and her husband; so he lets himself be persuaded, and enters upon his course of *cabotinage*. From that moment he has no difficulty with his audience, his worldly success is established, and his moral ruin consummated. For the people whom he sways from the pulpit, with dexterous touch on their emotions, he has the scorn natural to the wielder of power; he has moreover, in a double dose, that intellectual arrogance which seems inevitable when culture is administered to the raw American. With less culture than Celia owns to give a solidity to his opinions, he becomes as disdainful as she of whoever does not share this new emancipation, and naturally he grows intolerable to all the people, who liked his frank unassuming ignorance. So far, however, as his congregation was concerned, there was nothing to impede his career. He neglected his wife and made her unhappy, with a natural contempt for her weak intellect, no mate for his illumination; but that would not hinder his advancement. It was the interference of a mischievous young woman that brought about the crash. Celia Madden saw plainly enough what was going on in his mind, and promised herself amusement out of the transformation. Accordingly, she invited him up to her rooms—to which she had a private entrance—late one night, and there set him down among elaborate divans and elaborately sensuous schemes of colour setting off the beauty of naked statues, —things which Theron only knew by hearsay. There, also,

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she played to him sensuous melodies of Chopin, and for a final effect retired to her room and reappeared with her hair down her back and clad in clinging draperies. This is trying any man pretty high, and this particular man beyond reason. However, she had him well in hand, and dismissed him by a yawn, leaving herself free to pirouette in front of the Melian Venus. We do not condone the conduct of Mr. Ware in subjecting himself to such temptations, but Mr. Frederic has no right to condone the young lady's conduct as he undoubtedly tends to do. So things take their course. Theron marches over from a camp meeting of the Methodists —an extraordinary form of spiritual picnic described with Mr. Frederic's usual power—to the outing of the Catholics from Octavius, where there are swings, dancing, and beer booths in place of prayer meetings, and there he meets Celia. After a singular interview, in which he has complained of his wife's inadequacy as a companion, and glorified his own illumination, she propounds to him her intention of living a free life, unfettered by man, but certainly not without love, and concludes the interview by allowing him to kiss her. Naturally enough Theron Ware, being inexperienced, and where his vanity is concerned obtuse, goes away convinced that she loves him, and thinks of nothing but his passion. Yet passion does not develope in him any of its more generous phases. One is half inclined to think that Mr. Frederic represents some of Theron's conduct as mere ignorance. He catechises Dr. Ledsmar as to Celia's relations with Father Forbes, and in sheer cowardice is anxious to prove to himself that Celia is the priest's mistress. He suspects Levi Gorringe of designs on his wife, and is almost anxious to procure his liberation by extorting an avowal from one or other of them. He allows Celia to pay for his wife's piano, and finds a great solace in the prospect that to her love will be added a blessed banking account, the solution of all difficulties. Finally, he follows Celia and Father Forbes to New York, spying upon them secretly, then waits till Father Forbes's back is turned to call upon Celia, having incidentally gone off with the collection money from his church. In the interview at the hotel Celia rounds upon him with all the arrogance of a superior moral standpoint. She tells him that he has the mind of a nasty little boy, that he has made himself in every way contemptible; in short, she uses her strength as a woman, and a woman for whom he is infatuated, to drive the man into a mere agony and madness of shame. Apparently Mr. Frederic

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thinks it quite fitting and natural that she should do this, for he never hints at any remorse in her, or at any alteration in the regard felt for her by her friends. The scene lacks all justice of presentment, and the reader has inevitably that harassing sense of seeing the whole position from a standpoint irreconcileable with the author's. However, it is characteristic of this amazing scheme of intellectual class distinctions that the pretender to a class above his own should be hurled out with every possible contumely. Theron reappears at Sister Soulsby's house, after a crazy debauch of two days; she, at least, has human pity on him—for Sister Soulsby is the one loveable person in the book—and nurses him through his fever. Months later we see him for the last time preparing for a start to some employ in the Far West. The ministry is shaken off, but there is a confident light in his eyes; for he has a vision of political platforms and upturned faces of men that will thrill and leap into shouting at the voice of an orator. Some day he will return—a Senator.

That is, we take it, intended to emphasise the main thesis of the book; that to live by playing on the emotions, as an actor or an orator does, is always dangerous, and doubly so when religion is the instrument. Some grain of the *cabotin* —some temptation to assume more emotion than is truly sincere or spontaneous—must lurk in almost every orator; Theron Ware, having lost his convictions, still keeps the temperament of the *cabotin*, and the desire to thrill and be thrilled. One cannot say that the subject is not a legitimate one for art, but this corruption of a temperament sincerely religious by those very elements in it which seemed to fit it specially for the service of religion, cannot be a pleasant thing to read of.

'Illumination' is in our judgement a great novel, though inconsistent in its presentment of the principal woman's character; but not a book that is good reading for the average ignorant young man or young woman, such as were Celia Madden and Theron in their teens. We have dwelt upon it at great length because it seems the strongest American novel of recent years and the most fully representative. It was not to be expected that the novel of pure analysis would go on for ever being the drawing-room production to which Mr. Howells accustomed us. Men and women naturally demanded some stronger meat than his elaboration of fine-spun quarrels over a look or an intonation. The American novel has eschewed romance and

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incident, and, to excite or even to interest continuously, it must take the study of those emotions which move man and woman most profoundly. The pages of Mr. Howells suggest no possibility of sexual irregularities; they even suggest strongly that with the great American race no such thing is conceivable. Mr. Harold Frederic makes his plot hinge upon an unpermitted flirtation, but still motives keep their normal proportions. But one of the very latest and most popular American novelists, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, gives to love-making, and more particularly to irregular love-making, an overwhelming place in the business of life. 'Patience Sparhawk' is a book written with considerable animation; it gives indisputably a vivid picture of the life led by a young girl living with a drunken, disreputable mother on a ranche in California. It is perhaps unconventional to introduce your heroine as hating her mother and trying to kill her in a fit of passion, but given the provocation one may admit the truth of the psychology. The mother is got out of the way, and Patience comes up to New York, where a home is found for her with two old ladies given to good works. The old ladies are sketched with considerable humour, and this part of the book is pleasant reading. Death, however, breaks up the circle, and Patience is left with a small fortune. Two alternatives are before her. She may claim the promise made to her by the editor of a New York daily—'a man for whom the 'term "brainy" might have been specially invented'—and become a journalist; or she may marry. Her old lady has a niece, Miss Hal Peele, a fast young lady belonging to a body called the Four Hundred, in New York, who seem to take their separate and superior existence very seriously; Miss Peele has a brother, Beverley Peele, beautiful and imbecile, or endowed with just the amount of sense to be a criminal in a less fortunate station. He sees Patience, and comes over to woo her. The courtship is interrupted by a servant, or it would have apparently run to its conclusion upon the lines followed by primitive man. After this experience Patience analyses her emotions, or rather her physical sensations, with a frankness that is nothing short of indecent, and shortly after she marries the gentleman. This is merely one of several similar incidents, but the others are treated with less detail. After a brief career as a New York 'fashionnette'—is the word part of Mrs. Atherton's own singular dialect, we wonder, or is it popularly used by the Four Hundred?—Patience becomes a lady journalist.

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It would appear that the highest function of a lady journalist in America is to act as a sort of amateur detective, and obtain early intelligence of as yet undeveloped divorce cases. There is naturally a flirtation with a newspaper man, but the grand passion of the book is for the advocate who procures her reprieve from a sentence to electrocution—in a marvellously melodramatic scene—and who at an earlier point in the story has told her at a dinner-party that she is 'a harlot' because she married her husband. Decidedly we have come a long way from the discretion of Mr. Howells. But the main point is that Patience is a prig, like Celia and the rest of them. The same intellectual intoxication produced by a very small draught of culture breeds the same sense of elevation to a higher plane, and the same contemptuous pity for the less illuminated. Illumination seems working over the whole continent of America very much as it worked in the respective instances of Mr. Ware and Miss Madden. Patience Sparhawk, disagreeable as she is, does not fail to be convincing; we believe in her firmly, though we wish we did not. She is a creature who has stuffed her brain with all the latest jargons, as infatuated with her supposed monopoly of intellectual novelties as was the traditional Yankee of twenty years back with his supremacy in mechanical appliances; and she has the profoundest distaste for everything that falls short of her own standard. She visits the poor with a sense of disgust. 'It was her private opinion 'that these useless creatures, with only the animal instinct 'to live, and not an ounce of grey matter in their skulls, 'encumbered the earth and should be quickly chloroformed.' Then, presumably, they would leave the world free for 'brainy' people who can write like this of the effect produced by a first reading of Byron:—

'Her eyes expanded and filled with a wholly new light. She might be unlettered in woman's wisdom, but the transcendent passion, the pounding vitality of the poet, carried straight to intuition. The insidious elixir drifted into the crystal stream. That incomparable objectivity sang the songs of songs as distinctly to her brain as had it (*sic*) gathered the sounds of life for twenty years.'

We have devoted so much space to Mrs. Atherton not only because she has been a success even with some educated people, but because she presents in a kind of caricature the same tendencies in American nature which other novelists indicate with less glaring colours. For instance, in Mr. Fuller's very clever study of Chicago, 'With

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'the Procession,' there is much the same schism in family life. David Marshall has amassed his million by keeping a grocery store; but he is a man who has made no stir in the town, no splash. Now his family are grown up, and they resent their exclusion from the aristocracy of Chicago. Three of them live at home; a son just back from touring in Europe, a dabbler in the fine arts, who turns up his nose at the rawness of everything about him, and is adored by his sisters for the perfection of his style. Even to his father, who keeps the bank account, he is tolerantly contemptuous. The younger girl is pretty, and comes out bent on success; and to her own success everything has to give way. The notion of consulting her parents' wishes never enters her mind; what she has to do is perfectly well defined—to avoid at all costs any resemblance to them—to shake off entirely the chrysalis of her infancy. She knows her Debrett by heart, just as her brother knew all the clubs in Piccadilly before ever he set foot on an ocean steamer. Still she is designedly represented as disagreeable. Her elder sister, who has brains and a heart, and finds both a good deal in her way, is an attractive person, but she is in the same way caught with the sparkle of novelty. It is the year before the great Chicago Exhibition, and all the millionaires are giving tangible proof of their success by magnificent and ostentatious public benefactions. It worries Jane that her father should be so poor-spirited and backward as to take no lead in public business. David Marshall would sooner sit down and spend his money in a grim fight to get justice from a rascally opponent who has a 'pull' in the local courts. But all his friends discourage him. 'Why touch pitch?' they say. 'Of course, 'if you try to get execution of a writ upon some of the 'Polish community, your carriages will be destroyed and 'your coachman assaulted by hired blackguards. What is 'more natural? You arrest the offenders, they give the 'name of their local senator for bail, he signs cheerfully, 'they fail to appear, you look up the bail bond and find that 'the senator has appended his name to a blank sheet of 'paper. What else did you expect?' None of Marshall's friends can see that to make a hard fight for justice is more profitable to the town than to endow libraries. What they are clear about is that he will have nothing to show for his money; and that is what everybody wants. Mrs. Bates, David Marshall's old flame and Jane's friend, has a house whose glories rival Solomon's Temple; but she lives her real life in two little rooms hidden away at the back, and

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furnished with ugly old carpets and papers like those familiar to her infancy. Yet Mrs. Bates is not a snob at all, but a very charming woman; she merely has the misfortune of living in a society which has not been able to assimilate all that is poured into it, in the way of ideas as well as of money. She knows that she ought to have certain ideas as well as certain furniture and upholstery; and her life goes in a pathetic struggle to live up to both of them. We wish there were space to dwell on the details of Mr. Fuller's book; it is an odd document and describes the evolution of a whole social code. The aristocracy of Chicago plainly desire to be European in their culture; but in the meantime they have invented a number of conventions, not really more curious than our own, but much more rigid and quite different. The ceremony, for instance, of a young girl's coming out takes place at an afternoon function, and its success depends upon getting precisely the right ladies 'to 'pour tea' on the occasion. 'With the Procession' is a book that has geniality, humour, and close observation (and the 'Cliff Dwellers,' by the same author, is said to be even better). But here also, as in 'Illumination,' one is oddly conscious that the American novelist is looking at his countrypeople from the outside, almost with a sympathetic alien's tolerance for their little foibles.

So far we have written about novels dealing with contemporary American life, all of them, except 'Democracy,' working on the lines of close naturalistic study, and little relieved by incident. The melodramatic finish to 'Patience Sparhawk' is an exception; but whatever literary value that work possesses rests on its energy in depicting a somewhat lurid view of society in California and New York. No study of the American novel would be passable without a reference to the great number of historical novels which have begun to appear. Some of them, for instance, 'King Noanett,' by Mr. Stimson, or the 'Forge in the Forest,' by Mr. Roberts, are merely the traditional picturesque romance, and only of importance as showing that Americans are becoming alive to the interest of their remoter past, that the period of early settlement is falling into historic focus. A book of this sort which deserves special mention is the 'Scarlet Coat,' by Clinton Ross, a study of Lafayette's campaign ending in Cornwallis's surrender. Its account of the siege of Yorktown gives a strong and genuine impression of war, and a very curious and interesting figure is the wealthy Virginian gentleman who deliberately plays fast

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and loose with both sides till he can decide with certainty, but for all this compromising conduct behaves like a gentleman. One novel, however, stands out so strongly from this whole class that we do not care to write of the others. 'The Choir Invisible,' by Mr. James Lane Allen, may be best described as a beautiful work. Its story—telling of the honourable passion that sprang up between a man and a married woman—is fine in its way; but the true interest lies in the background, against which the figures move. The story passes in the days when Kentucky had been fairly occupied; but all the men and women of the story remember a time when Indians were still a haunting terror by day and night, and children might not stray from the door lest a clump of bushes should conceal an enemy. One feels the meeting of civilisation with the primeval forest; the pioneers have driven out wild man and wild beast from their fastnesses, and they have now only the forest itself to struggle with. Already the homelike charm is over their log huts, peace broods in the slow-rising smoke wreaths; yet all about is the beauty of wilderness. It is in a singular style that Mr. Allen sets out his pictures—singular, deliberate, perhaps overladen with a too obvious pomp of epithet—but it suggests no less a master than Chateaubriand. And beside this power to reconstruct a beauty that exists no longer he has the faculty of historic evocations. Mrs. Falconer, his heroine, is a truly interesting figure and novel in literature; the daintily bred woman whose youth was spent in a great house of Virginia, whence her father sent home to England yearly his bales of tobacco: a house inherited from many forefathers; a house built after the English pattern, with lawns and terraced gardens such as England knows; a house whence her brothers went to England for their schooling. In this great house she had been brought up to wear silks and brocades; she had spent her winters in Boston, and danced with English officers; she had lived the life that a great lady lives in the old countries. Then came the war and a house divided against itself, her father fighting for the King, her brother for the Republic; war, and with the war death of her kinsmen and ruin for herself. So it came about that she had married Major Falconer, who had fought for the Republic, and been paid with a grant of lands in Kentucky, lands that needed to be fought for not once only, but held against an unrelenting enemy; and this figure of a high-bred lady, keeping her refinement as her hands keep their fine shape,

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but hardened and worn like them with a labour to which she was never trained, is such a portrait as few countries have a place for in their history, and few men could have drawn with so much grace. The book is a real effort of the creative imagination, a real addition to the literature of its country, and one which should serve as a fruitful and permanent example.

Harmony and suavity of style such as Mr. Allen aims at are qualities alien to the genius of Mr. Stephen Crane, whom we have kept for the last place; but Mr. Crane merits consideration precisely as a stylist. He made his mark, by universal acclamation, three or four years back, with the 'Red Badge of Courage,' written when he was twenty-one. This book is an elaborate study of the psychological experiences undergone by a recruit. It has value not as a record, but as a *tour de force* of the imagination, for Mr. Crane had never seen war; so it is not surprising that many soldiers dissent from his theory of the emotions of combat. According to Mr. Crane, everything passes in a red haze; men advance or retreat as if in a lurid dream; they are something quite different from their everyday selves. A very clever man, who has seen no lack of fighting, Colonel Baden-Powell, comments in a record of South African war upon this theory, read by him somewhere out in the veldt. Man, upon his view, goes into action very much as he goes into a game of football; he is simply more alert, more high-strung, more completely alive, though, in consequence of the tension, subject to fits of blind fury. It must, however, be said that Mr. Crane in his story does not generalise; he takes a single type and individual emotions. Still we have the misfortune not to find credible the processes by which the recruit is coward one day and hero the next; as a psychological document his book appears to us valueless. But there is no doubt that certain impressions of war detach themselves strongly in his work; the blind actions of men, moved by masses, they know not where or why; their total ignorance of whatever lies beyond eyeshot or earshot, the uncertainty as to whether the various movements spell victory or defeat. And certain scenes—the rush across an open against a wood set thick with riflemen, or the sudden coming upon a corpse in a thicket—present themselves to the senses as vividly as in life. That is, of course, Mr. Crane's object, to stimulate sense-perceptions by the use of words. The thing done is very clever, but is it agreeable? He wants, in the first place, to get an impression of con-

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fused masses of men weltering through a forest amid a deafening noise; and words are heaped on words to render this, till one feels as if one had been beaten about the head with epithets. Every device is used to quicken the jaded faculty of image-making; words are violently flung together in fanciful collocations and outlandish metaphors; you read of red shouts and green smells, flags 'shaking with 'laughter,' and cannon talking to each other, 'slightly 'casual, unexcited in their challenges and warnings.' Men speak, not language, but half-articulate yelps, barely recognisable in their distorted spelling for words. One reads, one thinks how clever it is, and one puts away the book with a sense of relief, feeling as if one had been seeing a curious gymnastic contortion or feat of strength. It is so evident that here is a man straining every nerve to get a certain result, not so much trying to make his readers see as trying to force his own imagination into seeing. Here, for instance, is a picture from 'The Little Regiment,' Mr. Crane's volume of short studies of war—a better book than 'The Red Badge,' to our thinking:—

'In one mystic changing of the fog as if the fingers of spirits were drawing aside these draperies, a small group of the grey skirmishers, silent, statuesque, were suddenly disclosed to Dan and those about him. So vivid and near were they that there was something uncanny in the revelation. There might have been a second of mutual wonder. Then each rifle in the group was at the shoulder. As Dan's glance flashed along the barrel of his weapon, the figure of a man suddenly loomed as if the musket had been a telescope. The short black beard, the slouch hat, the pose of the man as he sighted to shoot, made a quick picture in Dan's mind. The same moment, it would seem, he pulled his own trigger, and the man, smitten, lurched forward, while his exploding rifle made a slanting crimson streak in the air, and the slouch hat fell before the body. The billows of the fog, governed by singular impulses, rolled in between.

'"You got that feller sure enough," said a comrade to Dan. Dan looked at him absent-mindedly.'

If a man were in a fight, would he be thinking of shapes and colours like this? Does a man in a football match have similar impressions? Dan, be it observed, is a veteran; the recruit may have naturally such a confusion of ideas as would be in the mind of a young foreigner put into a side of Rugby football and told to play without knowing the rules. Mr. Crane's description of war does not convince like Mr. Kipling's, in so far as it describes the emotions; it shows entirely false beside what we should take for the touchstone in these matters—Sir Charles Napier's account

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of his experiences at Corunna. In so far as it aims at rendering external impressions of sight, it seems to us radically bad art, because it tries to do with words what should be done with lines and colours. It may be confidently said that no one unacquainted with the methods of modern impressionist art on canvas will see the pictures that Mr. Crane is trying to convey; and those who are acquainted with them will see that he sees the thing not directly, but, as it were, translated into paint.

Mr. Crane is too young to have written a good novel, and 'The Third Violet,' his only attempt at the ordinary story of familiar life, is simply amazing in its futility. But he has written a short study of New York slums which may compare with Mr. Arthur Morrison's Jago sketches and Mr. Maugham's 'Liza of Lambeth.' 'Maggie' appears with a prefatory commendation from Mr. Howells. We have no objection to stories of slum life; Mr. R. H. Davies's 'Gallegher' is a wonderful and attractive picture of the New York street-arab. But 'Maggie' does not seem to us to justify its existence. Given a drunken father, a drunken mother, and their children, a pretty girl and a boy, stunted but as brave as a weasel; this is very likely how the lives will shape themselves. Tragic pathos there certainly is in the girl's devotion to her swaggering lover, a fighting bar-tender, who deserts her without the shadow of compunction. But it seems as if one needed more than this to repay one for wading through such a mass of revolting details—street fights of little boys, fights of grown men in bars, scenes in dirty beer saloons, and everywhere the dialect of the Bowery, which, as Mr. Crane writes it, is the most hideous representation of human speech that we have ever met with. One may read a book like this as a tract, to keep one alive to the misery existent somewhere in the world; but we can conceive no other motive for reading it. As a work of art we disbelieve in it. Take Mr. Maugham's 'Liza,' a work equally unsparing and in some ways more revolting; here you have at least credible human beings, with natural affections. In Mr. Crane's book Maggie's passion for Pete is the one trace of human coherence; there is no other tie between any two of the characters. It is an impression; that is to say, a study made to emphasise certain traits; and an impression of sheer brutality. The admiration for work of this sort savours of the latest modern cant, which preaches that to see things artistically you must see them disagreeably. Mr. Crane has seen a piece of life in a hard superficial way, and rendered it

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in the spirit of a caricaturist. That is the true formula for producing what, in the cant of the day, is called uncompromising realism.

Mr. Crane, however, stands by himself, and we trust that with advancing maturity he may slough this crude and violent mannerism, alien to all the old traditions of delicacy and reserve whether in style or subject. He has too much talent to be wasted in a wild-goose chase after the ideal of gentlemen in France who write sonnets describing the colours of different vowels. For the present he alone among the writers we have dealt with affords us no human document; his folk in the Bowery have neither country nor class; all he offers is a distorted psychology of combat and an exaggerated theory of style. Yet it is of the essence of talent to go wrong at first and to run into mannerisms. We set Mr. Crane's promise beside the performance of Mr. Frederic, Mr. Allen, and Miss Wilkins as the best that modern American literature has to show. And there is no want of other names: Mr. R. Harding Davis, whom we have been obliged to dismiss too summarily; Miss Alice Brown, whose 'Meadow 'Grass' is an admirable piece of discipleship in the school of Miss Wilkins; Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, who is said by Southerners to give a truer portraiture of the South than Mr. Cable; Mr. Hamlin Garland, whose 'Little Norsk' and other stories convey a wonderful sense of the isolation of human life in the wide snow-swept prairies; and Mr. F. T. Clark, who in 'The Mistress of the Ranch' combines an exciting plot and extremely picturesque setting with one of the best character studies we have read for a long time. Altogether, the school of American novelists actually existing is rich in widely varied excellence of manner and widely varied range of interest. It is essentially conscientious in its workmanship and serious, even scientific, in aim; upon the whole, a body of literature which is not marked out by any commanding achievement, but which, by its high average of power and vitality, might do honour to any age and any country.

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ART. VII.—1. *A History of Renaissance Architecture in England*, 1500–1800. By REGINALD BLOMFIELD, M.A. London: 1897.

2. *The Architecture of the Renaissance in Italy.* By WILLIAM J. ANDERSON. London: 1896.

3. *Architecture for General Readers: A Short Treatise on the Principles and Motives of Architectural Design, with a Historical Sketch.* By H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM. London: 1895.

4. *Modern Architecture: A Book for Architects and the Public.* By H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM. London: 1897.

5. *A Text-book of the History of Architecture.* By A. D. F. HAMLIN, A.M. London and New York: 1896.

IT may be said with a measure of truth that architectural manuals, and manuals of other kinds for that matter, are the special product of our own age. We had almost claimed for the architectural handbook that it was without forerunner in the past, a thing wholly modern, begotten and born of the age which understands what is meant by 'University Extension.' The claim is withheld from a fear, however groundless, of hurting the fame of 'the ever 'memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Knight, late Provost of 'Eaton College,' whose 'curious pencil' let fall among other writings a short treatise on 'The Elements of Architecture, 'collected from the best authors and examples.' In singling out this author we are not pretending to ignore the entire literature of architecture with which the world has been enriched since and including the writings of Vitruvius Pollio. The pretensions which we put forward for Wotton and for the present age cast no ignorant oblivion upon the productions of Alberti and Palladio, Serlio and De l'Orme, nor are we forgetting in our own country the pompous volume of Dean Aldrich nor the brief essay of Lord Bacon. It will be understood that these works stand in a different category from those compendia of general instruction which are the mark, we will not say the glory, of our own day. It is true that in more than one age of the past architecture has been the pastime of men of leisure; the aristocracy of more than one country has been pleased to dub itself amateur as well as patron, and it is for this reason that the splendid architectural folios which Europe has produced from time to time during the last four centuries have often borne the names of kings and

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courtiers on their dedication pages, and perhaps have been read or even written by men who were not themselves among the class of toilers for bread. But to-day we have, it is needless to say, a set of conditions for which the past has no parallel. For one thing we stand at the top of the ages, with a vista behind us wider and clearer than that which met the eyes of the savants of the past; for another we have a middle class which provides a learning public such as the past never knew. Our range of architectural vision is infinitely broader than that of any bygone epoch. Evidence is before us of the labours in constructive art of the whole world; the geographical boundary of that evidence is only limited by the confines of the globe, and its reach into the past is co-extensive with, perhaps deeper than, the history of civilisation itself.

The writers of old wrote of the classic styles of architecture; their field was limited, and even within their limited field they were wont to take much for granted, assuming in their readers a substratum of knowledge such as a pure layman would not possess. Our material has no such limit; the manual of to-day, if it be one of those general manuals that set forth to teach the common man the whole of the science of comparative historical architecture, would but devote a quarter of its pages to the matter which supplies the whole subject of the ancient treatises.

With such a bank of information on the one hand, and on the other the middle class, by which we mean the bulk of the professional and commercial population, thirsting for knowledge as a life equipment, and anxious that its children, a rapidly increasing generation, shall be equipped even better than itself, what wonder that manuals should come into the world as the instruments of that equipment! Here are fuel and fire; publishers are not wanting, nor all too ready writers, to complete the conflagration. Whether the demand creates the supply or the supply the demand it is difficult to decide; possibly the creation is mutual. It remains a fact that publishers produce and the public buys works which deal, or profess to deal, generally and popularly with the craft and history of architecture; not that we would include in this category all or even most of the books whose titles head this article.

We have spoken of Sir Henry Wotton as the forerunner of those who would seek to lay open the mysteries of building craft to the brains of lay readers. His fascinating treatise is brief, occupying but sixty-five pages in the collected

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volume known as the 'Reliquiæ.' With him, as indeed with most of the writers before the present century, the scope of the subject is diminished and simplified by the world's ignorance of Gothic architecture as an art. To be quite just, let us acknowledge that it does find a mention in Wotton's work. Speaking of arches, he writes:—

'As for those arches which our artizans call of the third and fourth point, and the Tuscan writers *di terzo* and *di quarto acuto* because they always concur in an acute angle and do spring from division of the diameter into three, four, or more parts at pleasure; I say such as these, both for the natural imbecility of the sharp angle itself, and likewise for their very uncomeliness, ought to be exiled from judicious eyes and left to their first inventors, the Gothes and Lombards, amongst other relics of that barbarous age.'

If Wotton's friends were of his mind and taste, what a trial Canterbury Cathedral must have been to that Dean Bargrave to whom on dying he left a special token of love, 'my Viol de Gamba which hath been twice with me in Italy, 'in which country I first contracted with him an unremove-'able Affection.'

Wotton's book is, of course, not exactly of the University Extension type. It is written not by a pedagogue for smatterers, but by a *conoscente* for amateurs, and was published (1624) in the last decade of the author's life. Mr. Blomfield, whose work on the English Renaissance treats not merely of the buildings erected in our country since 1500, but of the technical literature, which, however insufficient, serves to mark the spirit of its age, gives an appreciative notice in one of his bibliographical chapters of this 'attempt by an amateur of experience to set down con-'cisely the result of his reading and observations on archi-'tecture.' Wotton had read his Vitruvius, his Alberti, and his De l'Orme, yet in conveying some of their maxims to his English readers, he lays before them not undigested cuttings, but such a scholarly extract of their precepts as would naturally come from a man of thought and of original experience. Again, to quote Mr. Blomfield, 'he classifies 'his subject with precision, and though fully alive to the 'necessity for scholarship in architecture,' never loses sight of 'the basis of architecture in reasonable building.' He wrote not so much for house-builders as for cultivated house-owners; for patrons of architecture rather than for designers, professional or amateur; and it is in this aspect that we claim for him the position of the pioneer of public instruction in architecture. To show that his work is not purely academic,

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we may instance his remarks on the cure of smoking chimneys, his advice on the ventilation of drainage, which should have 'vents passing up through the walls to the wild 'air aloft for the discharge of noisome vapours,' and his teaching on 'compartition,' which we should call 'plan.'

With this tribute to Sir Henry Wotton, we may proceed at once to look at the modern aspects of the task which he set himself to perform and so gracefully accomplished.

Architecture to-day is immeasurably misunderstood. Its nature is a riddle even to some of the successful craftsmen of the art. What wonder then that the general public, nescient of their own ignorance and deceived by the apparent simplicity of what is really complex, misapprehend alike the secrets of the craft and the methods of their discovery?

There are endless manifestations, if we will but see them, of the confusion of thought and general misconception which exist not merely among persons outside the arts, but even in the sayings and writings of those in real or assumed authority. One may see these manifestations in the ever-recurring inquiries about the style of the future, in popular remarks upon originality in architecture, and not least of all in the frequent incapacity of the press to 'notice' a building without first getting copy out of the architect. All honour to them for the admission of ignorance.

The exposure of a certain popular error would do much to dispel both ignorance on the one hand, and the assumption of knowledge on the other. The error we allude to centres in the questions, 'What is design?' 'What is style?' and 'What are their relations one to another?' That every one will be ready with his or her answer is but another evidence of our unfortunate position, and it is for this reason that we realise the grave importance of right doctrine in such books on architecture as are intended deliberately or incidentally to find their way into the hands of the public.

Bacon's comparison of the ant, the spider, and the bee has done duty before in this connexion: it is too serviceable to be disregarded. The public, if they think seriously about this matter, are apt to divide architects into ants and spiders, so to speak. This man, they say, is a designer *par excellence*, a really original man—in fact, a spider, one who weaves a fabric out of his own inward being without apparent appeal to outward sources. Of such another they

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say he is but an ant, or rather, being possibly unfamiliar with the Baconian simile, they dub him a mere collector, an archæologist. Now the public may sometimes be right about this archæological man. There have been producers, both in the Gothic and in the Classic schools of architecture, whose work has been not only servile in its antiquarianism, but lifeless in effect. It were wrong to aver that no man has ever produced a building which was successful in its departure from all received traditions; but we notice that if the public acclaim an architect as supremely original his work is probably either wholly bad or in reality contains, unheeded by general gazers, such elements of traditional learning as really place the author not among the spiders, still less among the merely cumulative ants, but rather among the bees, whom some may regard solely as producers of honey, others as the pillagers of flowers, while in fact they are a combination of the two, and something higher than either.

To put the matter in a rather different light, one may observe the contrast commonly drawn between the so-called original and derivative styles. It is frequently asserted, and more frequently assumed without definite assertion, that the styles of ancient Greece and Rome and the Gothic architecture of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries differ radically from the work of the Renaissance and of the present day in that the builders of the former periods were original in their work, while we are essentially archæological, except in the rare cases where we consciously break into glaring innovations. This distinction is constantly overdrawn. Mr. William J. Anderson, whose recent work on the 'Architecture of the Renaissance' should rank among the best architectural writings of the day, does his best to combat this arbitrary distinction by urging upon his readers the essentially creative features of the Italian Renaissance movement, and by insisting on the traditional character of all true architectural design. 'If the work of modern architects, or 'some of them, takes a high place among that of other art 'workers,' he says in his introduction, 'it is largely because 'they are more thoroughly and effectively steeped in the 'traditions of an art which is greater than man's little span 'of life and achievement.' He goes yet further, and in a remarkable sentence shows that the particular connexion between our art and that of the Italian Humanist revival is not merely a fanciful but a natural connexion. 'In a pro-

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'found sense we are all Romans, as our language, law, 'literature, and arts remind us.'

Those persons who would compare our modern architecture with that of Greece, for example, and in so doing claim spontaneity for the Greek while accusing the modern Briton of an invention so sterile as to be incapable of original production, draw a false comparison and misread the evidence of both epochs. In the first place they ignore the probability that a retrospective critic two hundred years hence will have little difficulty in differentiating the work of to-day both from the models it is accused of copying and from the work of the periods immediately preceding and following it. In the second place, they overlook the truth that if ever a nation was characterised by sloth of architectural developement that nation was Greece. Greek architecture was beautiful beyond praise and beyond imitation, but we dare not call it rapid in its growth or noticeably spontaneous. The local and chronological concentration of a brilliant group of buildings within the boundaries of Athens and of the Periclean age produces the false notion of a sudden outburst of miraculous art bred of superlative national character. But we have only to compare with the Parthenon that temple at Corinth which was built at least one hundred and fifty years earlier to see how slow in its paces was that great art which all subsequent ages have admired. But not even the men of Corinth did this thing of their own imagination. Had it even as much 'novelty' about it as St. Anselm's Church in Davies Street? We cannot suppose it for a moment. If ever an art was too long for life, that art is architecture. Only think of the minuscule touches of advance that Ictinus added to his predecessors' designs when he built the Parthenon, and you realise how humble an architect must be to be great. Μηδὲν ἄγαν was the Greeks' motto, and it is the secret of Greek architecture, perhaps of all architecture. Ictinus and his colleague Callicrates might have put their heads together and produced on the crown of the Acropolis a fine show of 'novelties.' They might have made spiral flutes round their columns, or clustered them halfway up with naturalistic fig-leaves; they might have put the abaci on cornerwise, or made the columns into twins like the erection which carries an eagle in Orme Gardens. Where then would have been the glory of Greek architecture? They did nothing of the kind. Yet we have only to send a man like Mr. Penrose out to Greece, and

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slow as was the movement of Greek art, he will place you any building he may find in the right century, perhaps in the right decade.

There is no danger to the public in the reading of Mr. Anderson's book. It is one which takes a large view of the subject, and the author realises the small patch of the world's art with which he deals as being but a part, and no dissociated part, of a great tract of human history in which, as in other departments of human activity, evolution is a stronger factor than individual fancy. 'The Renaissance 'was a reversion to type,' to use a biological expression, 'and this recurrence, rather than permanence of type, ap-'pears to be characteristic of European civilisation, so far as 'we have had experience of it in some two thousand years.' There is nothing unnatural or seismic about the Italian Renaissance, and yet, says Mr. Anderson, 'we are asked to 'believe' (he points here, with a footnote, at Fergusson's 'History of Modern Architecture') 'that while the course 'of true architecture ran smoothly from prehistoric times 'to the end of the Gothic period, one style supplanting 'another in natural order, it there ended, and copyism, or 'resuscitation of dead and unmeaning forms, began and has 'since continued. In other words, that the harmony which 'ever subsists between the conditions of man and his in-'tellectual productions was suspended by human volition 'about the fifteenth century, and that architecture has 'from that time failed to be a natural issue of a people's 'civilisation.' Mr. Anderson proceeds thence to prove, and the proof needs constant reiteration, that the Italian Renaissance in architecture was not by any means the first of such revivals in the world's history, and is further concerned to point out that 'though the Renaissance degene-'rated into something like formal copyism and died in 'affectation,' yet the Italians of the fifteenth century 'built 'up a new style as different from the Roman as the Roman 'is from the Greek.'

Of the works upon our list, that of Professor Hamlin comes nearest in appearance to being a manual in the ordinary sense; for it consists of some four hundred pages, and covers the whole range of the art—geographical and chronological. His book is illustrated, and its text at least approaches the task of summarising the world's architectural history; but the necessary incompleteness of such an endeavour is supplemented by a list of special books applicable to each period treated, and a catalogue of typical buildings

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illustrative of the epoch dealt with in each chapter. Doubtless the Professor has aimed at a double audience—the general reader, who will absorb his text and accept his illustrations, leaving the authorities and the examples to take care of themselves, and the genuine student, who will use the book merely as a sign-post.

Of late years one or two writers have made it their especial task to inform the public not merely on historical lines, nor on particular phases of architectural art, but upon what may be called broad philosophic grounds. How far such an attempt is justified by success we are hardly prepared to say. The general public may or may not be willing and able to look upon the subject from these higher points of view, but to the student of architecture such essays towards a scientific theory of the art are full of interest. Among writers of this department may especially be mentioned Professor Baldwin Brown and Mr. H. H. Statham, the editor of the 'Builder.' We have no work of the former writer under review on the present occasion, but can hardly refrain from mentioning his 'Handbook on the Fine Arts' as a masterly attempt to give a reasonable account of the world's art history. Abandoning altogether the attempt to compress the phenomena of his subject into his 300 pages, he deals mainly with the origin of those phenomena in human nature, and with the psychical conditions which find their manifestation in various forms of art. In fact, though dealing with a large subject in a short compass, he stands altogether outside many of the objections which can be urged against tight-packed epitomes of art. The reader rises from the book with a new sense of the continuity and unanimity of art. He—or it may be she—is equipped after perusal of the book not, indeed, with a mere synopsis of dates and names, but with a conscience of the nature of art such as few manuals have ever attempted to supply.

Of Mr. Statham's work we have two examples before us, and we are glad to realise from both of them—perhaps especially from the later publication—that he is ranged upon the right side in this all-important matter of teaching the general reader in what design consists. It is, perhaps, too much to expect of a writer on architecture, particularly of a writer whose ideas come quickly and express themselves easily, that he should take up an attitude of inflexible orthodoxy; and we are perfectly willing to attribute to versatility rather than to

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heresy the somewhat free views upon 'expression in build-'ing' which Mr. Statham gives in the earlier part of 'Architecture for General Readers.' There is excellent reading in this volume: it is the work of a man cultured in more arts than the one he writes of, and as such it does more than perform the modest intention of the preface. It brings the intelligent outsider up to the subject from his own intelligent point of view, instead of, to change the metaphor, opening fire upon him with hostile technicalities. We commend the book, and we commend it not to laymen only, but to the young professional; only for the latter it must be the reading of his leisure, not a substitute for text books. Mr. Statham never meant it for that.

If we want proof of Mr. Statham's right-mindedness on the nature of design, we can have it in the reproof he administers to Mr. Lethaby.*

Mr. Lethaby, whose spirited infusion of free thought into his official utterances wins Mr. Statham's admiration as well as his censure, was lecturing a few years ago in his capacity of Inspector under the London County Council. He suggested, while admitting that an architect's training leads him unconsciously to express himself in the language of tradition, that where a man has once produced a design (in which the cloven hoof of precedent will necessarily be apparent), he should go at his production with a piece of indiarubber and 'hunt down every trick of style, one at 'a time, engaged pilasters, pedimented windows,' &c.; in fact, reduce his design to the simple element of construction. This gives Mr. Statham his opportunity. He is up and at Mr. Lethaby:—

'Why,' he says, 'are we to feel called upon to adopt a position—that of beginning over again, so to speak, which has never been deliberately adopted in any other period of the world's architectural history? . . . We have not the power of deliberately closing our eyes and our minds to the impressions of the past. The deliberate effort to avoid being so [influenced] in any way is only likely to land designers in eccentricity, . . . the desire to produce something odd and unclassable in order to gain the praise of originality.'

Here is good and sound argument; and Mr. Statham goes further to enforce his point by the perfectly lawful and eminently correct analogy of the established forms of music and poetry. And Mr. Statham, when he writes of poetry and music, writes as one who knows. It hardly concerns

* Modern Architecture, p. 27.

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the subject of this article to follow Mr. Statham through the various themes with which he deals, but we should wish to complete the mention of this new book by explaining that the chapter on 'The Present Position' from which we have just quoted is followed up by others on Domestic and Church architecture, and two which we may specially mention on the architecture respectively of the Street and of the State. In the former he makes incidentally an attack upon the uncomfortable but prevalent theory that the exterior of a building can be appropriately decked in glazed ware; in the latter he has brought together a wealth of 'modern in-'stances,' and fully justifies his right to hold a private opinion on a public subject. Let it be added that he has little respect for the Office of Works.

The book which Mr. Reginald Blomfield has so recently published on the Renaissance in England is undoubtedly worthy of praise on more than one ground. We conceive that we cannot speak more highly of it than by calling it the work of a man of feeling. Sympathy is the sentiment which has carried the writer through his task. We do not intend by this to imply that he is content to swallow whole the faults and extravagances which have characterised many of the episodes of the three hundred years of architecture that he handles. Indeed, so far is the author from falling into the pitfall of too generous applause, that he is quite capable of bestowing blame where blame is due, and of discriminating the worthy from the unworthy contributors to his period of art. In signalising his book as the work of a man of feeling, we mean to give importance to the fact that both in his writing and in his numerous sketches he participates with unusual intimacy in the spirit of the artists with whose creations he is dealing. His sketches are not all equally good; some of them are too daring in their incompleteness and haste. A bold draughtsman can go to great lengths in the matter of careless dash. Mr. Blomfield, to do him justice, is a good draughtsman, and there are but few of his drawings in which this trick of swift *abandon* has gone so far as to make us wish them omitted; but one feels that a work of dignity and prestige, such as this work may fairly claim to be, would have gained an addition of prestige and dignity if a few more days had been given to this important part of the work.

We are not unwilling to add to this measure of discontent an acknowledgement that the very slightness of the illustrations is often a help rather than a hindrance to the

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right understanding of the subject. In many cases where Mr. Blomfield takes refuge in the shorthand of 'sketchiness' he hits off with his few stenographic lines the features or outlines which mark the character of his subject. You see alike from his writing and from his drawing that he realises and is in sympathy with the conception on which the original craftsmen had been working; he knows what they were aiming at, and in many cases his omissions are but the leaving undelineated of those portions which are least relevant to the purpose of the original producer.

The Italian Renaissance, if one can but view it aright, is a theme which is without great difficulty treated in a consistent and synoptic manner. With the English Renaissance the task is by no means so easy. Its material, without delicate handling, is little better than chaos—a purely chronological treatment is illogical, and a geographical method is little better. Mr. Blomfield has undoubtedly succeeded where his predecessors have failed. He sets before him as his object 'not to present a catalogue 'raisonné of English architecture during these three hun-'dred years, but to classify the immense amount of material 'included in this period, to show how one phase of its 'developement followed inevitably from another, and to 'trace the intimate relation which from first to last binds 'together a series of historical facts which have been 'generally regarded as out of relation to each other.' To carry out this object it has not been necessary, or even advisable, to bring together every available example. In fact, such a task would be alike impossible and unhelpful. Profusion would have been secured without an increase of clearness, and it is enough on this score to note that the author has by no means confined himself to the examples which have done duty before. He has collected fresh material, and writes as a student not of books only, but of buildings. His application of the term 'Renaissance' is wide. Realising that the term is frequently restricted to the 'Humanist Revival of the fifteenth and sixteenth 'centuries,' he is careful to explain that for his own purposes he extends it, in the case of England, to those subsequent developements of the revived style to which no other name can conveniently be applied. It is not merely for his skill in the collection and illustration of examples that we praise Mr. Blomfield's work, but especially for the ability with which he exhibits in his subject-matter those first principles of design which underlie every episode of

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genuine architecture, but which need a little philosophy to bring them to the surface.

The national characteristics of a nation count for something in the quality of its Renaissance. Their influence in England results in Mr. Blomfield's observation that the first century of the English revival may be summarised as a struggle between patriotic conservatism and foreign importation, crowned eventually by the calm purism of Inigo Jones. The Renaissance may be said to have opened by a series of false starts. 'The first efforts of 'the Renaissance in England were abortive; they merely 'glanced off the strong habit of tradition without affecting 'the organic structure.' In fact, Mr. Blomfield's first step in the attempt to treat the English Renaissance as a whole consists in proving that the two first initiations of the movement—that of the Italian and that of the German or Flemish intruders—cannot genuinely be regarded as integral parts of the final result. These movements, one perhaps may say, did their work not so much as factors in the productive side of the revolution, but rather as a gradual preparation of the taste of British patrons. Step by step the importation of foreign Renaissance influence, mostly in the form rather of applied ornament than of any larger ideas of design, prepared the way in men's minds for the reception of Inigo Jones's more perfect performance. The remains of these abortive attempts exist not as evidences of England's Renaissance, but as relics of the desultory skirmishing which preceded the action, or, perhaps we might say, of the trifling comedy which trained the ears of the audience before the curtain rose on the legitimate drama.

Under the head of 'The Germans in England' the author gives some account of the contract system of the period. He points out with truth that, though the contracts in vogue contain many of the features of modern building procedure, the architect, as we understand the term, was still non-existent. Various kinds of foremen prevailed, or more properly contractors at the head of particular trades, who were capable of supplying detail drawings, or perhaps models, for the use of the men. This absence of the architect is both a cause and an effect of the work of the period. It was an age, not of architecture, but of the application of ornament. Design, in the sense of unity of conception embracing plan, composition, and detail, was absent except in rare instances. House planning was still the subject rather of tradition than of individual thought, the great

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houses followed precedent, or the whim of the owner, or fell into shape by good luck controlled by a certain regard for balance; but the art of the work was acknowledged to be the incrustation of the fabric with foreign ornament in the new manner. But when the influence of the aliens abated, the English builders, as Mr. Blomfield calls them, showed a growing tendency to make originality of plan a part of the design. Yet still the architect as we know him was absent.

It must be owned that this question of responsibility for design in the period preceding Inigo Jones is still beset with mystery. Architectural historians in the past, applying unconsciously to another age the notions of our own day, have been too ready to seize on names connected, however slenderly, with the buildings they chronicle, and students have thus been accustomed to give the credit of architectural invention to the almost mythologic John of Padua, John Thorpe, Smithson, and Haveus. Haveus and his claim to the Gate of Honour at Caius have been exploded by the antiquarians of Cambridge. For John Thorpe the late Mr. Wyatt Papworth undertook the task of removing almost all authentic title to fame, and has shorn him of so many supposed attributes that beyond the presumption that the signature 'John Thorpe' attached to certain plans in the Soane Museum was written by a man bearing that name, there is little glory left for his memory. John of Padua, if he existed, must now be looked on as little more than a mason with a dash of the clerk of works in his character, and Smithson's credentials are ruthlessly narrowed down to the doubtful testimony of a eulogistic tombstone. Now we are glad to see the mist cleared from this chaotic region of time, even at the expense of a few cherished reputations; but we are not sure that Mr. Blomfield has made clear to his readers the responsibility for the developements in planning, which undoubtedly mark the era succeeding the foreign phase, and of which he takes account in his chapter entitled 'Sixteenth-century House-planning.' Theodore Haveus and John of Padua we can afford to lose; the loss is mostly one of sentiment, for they represent the period of foreign importation in which, as we have seen, plan and design were postponed to ornament. But with Thorpe and Smithson it is otherwise: if we are to lose them we must ask for substitutes; they stand for the first stage of national effort in the Renaissance—the stage in which an attempt was beginning to be made at completeness of

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conception in design, and in particular at developement and improvement of the domestic plan.

At the dawn of the Renaissance composition was undoubtedly haphazard; so long as the nobles of England got their pediments and orders, their cornices and architraves, they got what they wanted; but if we are to drive the John Thorpes and Smithsons out of the field, to whom are we to attribute the general design of a place like Wollaton or the working out of the spiritual conceits of Sir Thomas Tresham and others who got their houses or lodges planned on a scheme of mystic symbolism? These problems, we know, are not easily elaborated by untrained gentlemen, nor are they readily communicated to unlettered foremen in such a manner as would result successfully in the carrying out even of such a sermon in stone as the Lodge at Rushton or the cruciform and text-bearing ruin at Lyveden. We are not concerned for the personal fame of Smithson and Thorpe, but when they are effaced, what names are left? Possibly the effort to disprove the architect's existence up to the day when Inigo Jones dawned on England has carried the author a little further than the evidences can prove—in fact, we believe that Mr. Gotch, whose researches among buildings of this period, no less than his splendid publication on English Renaissance architecture,* entitle him to an attentive hearing, is still prepared to claim for Thorpe a larger share in Sir Thomas Tresham's buildings than Mr. Blomfield or the late Mr. Papworth would allow.

We are glad to notice even a passing mention (p. 34) of the glass in the chapel of University College, Oxford. These windows were among the works of Bernard and Abraham van Ling, of Emden, who, besides supplying glass (between 1620 and 1640) for St. Paul's Cathedral, carried out window designs for Wadham, Lincoln, and Balliol College chapels. The glass at University, which is seldom visited, and is indeed quite unknown to the majority of Oxford sightseers, is in splendid preservation, and shows a colour scheme of unusual brilliancy.

If proof were needed that Mr. Blomfield has not been content to merely follow the beaten tracks of his subject and to enlarge upon or discuss what others have dealt with before, we would draw attention to his pages on John Abel, of Here-

* Architecture of the Renaissance in England, by J. Alfred Gotch, F.S.A., assisted by W. Talbot Brown. Batsford, London, 1891.

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fordshire, who was born in 1597. The rich screen at Abbey Dore Church, erected for Lord Scudamore in 1634, is among the most significant of his works. It is an elaborate composition of balusters and columns, the cornice of which (in obedience to Act of Parliament) bears aloft not the rood and two saints, but the royal arms and a pair of minor achievements, provoking one to wonder how a structure which is Protestant enough to carry this burden can tolerate its own existence as a screen.

It is no mere desire for an effective climax that makes Mr. Blomfield assign to Inigo Jones a position of unique importance in the period of which he treats. The author's appreciation of Inigo Jones's place in English architectural history is strong evidence of his critical ability. Inigo Jones was an architect in a sense that could not be applied to any of his predecessors in the previous hundred years. Jones was the product of his age, not merely the creation of his own genius. He was the outcome of an evolution which if he had failed would have raised another man in his stead. The moment had come, and he was the man (and a worthy man) who coincided with the moment. The student who will look at this question with the broad gaze of an historian rather than with the specialist's eye for detail will see in this crisis of architectural events a point of revolution analogous to those crises in national histories which result in a change of government. The upheaval of constitutions are, as we know, due rather to laws of social human nature than to mere popular caprice. The changes from oligarchy to democracy or from republic to despotism have been traceable by philosophic students to causes which lie deeper than the immediate pretexts of revolution. It was thus with the state of architecture at the time of Inigo Jones's rise, and his coming to the front brings us face to face with a phenomenon which in our own, as in other countries, characterises the Renaissance at least as powerfully, if not as visibly, as the more outward substitution of Roman for Gothic forms. The time had come in the course of events for the birth of the Architect. In mediæval days architecture had been the work of a commonwealth of equal workers—the art was a democracy, it was shortly to become a tyranny, or shall we say a constitutional monarchy? This is no place in which to discuss either the still debated nature of mediæval building methods, or the question of their merits as compared with modern procedure. No one will dispute the broad truth of this contrast between Gothic and

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Renaissance architecture as being respectively collective and individual in their working. Other writers have dwelt on this, but we doubt if we have seen the developement of individualism in the person of Inigo Jones more clearly expressed than in Mr. Blomfield's pages. The Italian Renaissance was from the beginning the work of strong and leading men—Brunelleschi, Bramante, Alberti were thinkers whose individual minds were the mainsprings of the movement. With England it was not so. Whatever we may make of Thorpe and Smithson and their nebulous companions they cannot be elevated into architects of the calibre of the great Italians, nor can we by any stretch of the imagination extend their influence to the whole of the buildings of the first century of the English Renaissance. View it as you will, the movement had its beginning in England, not in the work of great designers, but at the other end of the scale. The time had come for the appearing of some strong master-mind who should be not only an architect himself in the true and literal sense of a king workman, but should herald the birth of a new order of things, the reign of despot-builders, in fact, of individualism in the art of architecture. To many students Inigo Jones stands out as the man who made architecture finer, and possibly duller, by going himself to the fountain-head of the new Italianism and importing correct models. To view him thus is to estimate but the half of his power, and to misunderstand not his own work only, but the genius of design. We are brought round by a right consideration of this man to the great principle we are here attempting to enforce. True and creative architectural faculty, so far from being antagonistic to the employment of ancient form, generally finds its vehicle in the use of established methods. It is the fashion to admire the Banqueting House in Whitehall, so that it is common to hear this building favourably spoken of even by those to whom one does not generally attribute any powers of technical criticism. Probably we should only need to ply these illogical admirers with a few questions to discover the incompetency of their applause. Mr. Blomfield's own words upon this very design are worth quotation as bearing strongly upon our argument:

'Inigo Jones was absolutely steeped in Palladianism. He had studied profoundly the works of Palladio in Italy, comparing and noting the actual remains of Roman architecture, assimilating all that the great Italian masters had taught and practised. He returned to England, probably, so far as he was conscious of it, resolved to

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introduce Palladianism pure and simple, . . . but so masterful a genius is seldom conscious of his full intention. There were forces within him and around him stronger than he could be aware of. He could not escape the tradition of his country, and his work in its masculine austerity is as thoroughly English as the massive walls of Tewkesbury. The Banqueting House, for instance, is a deliberate design in the manner of Italian Renaissance architecture,' . . . yet it 'is unmistakeably English, the work of a man who had absorbed into his own intelligence all that he had to learn from the work of another country, and who by force of his own understanding and the tradition of his race was able to make that art his own. It is this which enables him to give to his work that mysterious quality of style which can be felt but never defined, without which, indeed, no work, however able and at first sight impressive, is ever likely to retain its place in the permanent recognition of mankind. It is this capacity which enables him to reach the abiding element which outlasts all fashion, to touch the bottom rock of tradition—to return, as it were, to the deepest sources of art—namely, to the instincts of his race, those deep-seated likes and dislikes which no individual genius, however gifted, can defy.'

Such words are good and true. They contain the truth which the common handbook scarcely touches. There is no need for us to believe that Inigo Jones himself realised all that he was doing for his art. The greatest of prophets have been rather mouthpieces than philosophers; great artists are more often the instruments than the directors of their own genius; yet we may fairly give this great man credit for a clear vision which saw that art was to be advanced by the union of strong and virile thought with pure and well-tried forms, and that liberty was to be won not by the casting away of laws, but by the adherence to a well-ordered statute book.

It is not our purpose to follow Mr. Blomfield through the stages of his subject. Inigo Jones is in a sense the climax up to which he works his drama, but if he should seem to some of his readers to let his hero too greatly outshine his rival and successor Wren, we can hardly accuse the author of having gone beyond lawful bounds in the expression of his personal convictions, nor of having strained his facts. That Wren suffered as well as gained by the universality of his genius, that he virtually began architecture as an amateur, that he was allowed to learn his architecture on the scaffolding of his own buildings, that his taste was uncertain and his work sometimes immature, are propositions which no student of Wren's work can deny. Mr. Blomfield has done the great Sir Christopher no wrong in appraising his genius rather with open eyes than

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with blind enthusiasm; and he readily admits that Wren 'maintained his individuality throughout,' and that we find in his later manner 'a singularly direct and unaffected 'method of expression free from pedantry and foolishness, 'and above all eminently English in its sober power.'

We need only say of the rest of the work that in dealing with the smaller contemporaries of Wren and Jones and with the architects of last century Mr. Blomfield preserves his judgement; and though we suspect him of personal likings which may not always be strictly canonical, there is no bias in his expressed opinions and no suggestion of private enthusiasm except such as one may glean from observing that there is more heart in some of the illustrations than in others.

Only on the last two pages do we join issue with his judgement. 'Tradition,' says Mr. Blomfield (though not in so many words) 'is dying, or perhaps is dead.' Why should we say so or think so? If Inigo Jones could go over to Rome and come back to this country with foreign ideas to be digested and worked out into truly British art (and all this he undoubtedly did), why should our modern efforts in similar directions be denied the attributes of genuine and national art? That some modern architects have imported crude and undigested ideas from other climes and earlier ages is lamentably true; but have all attempts at refreshment from without been sterile and insincere? and need they be so? We think not, and we think, further, that Mr. Blomfield is unnecessarily hard on the Gothic revival. The apparent break in tradition at the opening of the Renaissance was far greater than any apparent break in the present century, and we are convinced that it is only the difficulty of seeing the wood for the trees which prevents Mr. Blomfield from seeing that tradition which, to use his own expression, hangs by a thread. Tradition, we would remind Mr. Blomfield, is a difficult thing to catch at any given moment, it is only by reviewing a long period that it can be seen. A link does not look like a chain.

Our observations on the nature of design force us in conclusion to consider the nature of criticism. The value of design can only be said to exist under the judgement of those who are capable of estimating it on a basis which bears some relation to the conception of the producer. As a rule this is forgotten. Buildings in particular and architecture in general are discussed by boards of directors, clergymen, members of Parliament, and 'patrons' at large without

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any of the necessary equipment for the formation of judgement. This is not altogether the fault of the public, but is a part of the deceit which architecture habitually practises upon humanity. Apparently simple, it is in reality complex; apparently shallow, it is to those who study it deepest, bottomless. There are many arts and sciences upon which people hesitate to give opinions without previous study, even though the raw material of the art or science be a matter of everyday observation. In spite, for instance, of our familiarity with the heavenly bodies, it is uncommon to hear astronomical theories discussed in the club smoking-room, nor in spite of our still greater familiarity with our own human frames are we wont to argue physiology with the doctor. But architecture, says the man in the street, is another matter, and unless he shrinks from considering the art at all, he leaps to judgement unprepared, or perhaps criticises, on the strength of a month's cram, the art in which a true learner takes ten years to discover his own ignorance. Many men will pass judgement on a building whose criticism is of no more value than the opinion of a nursery governess on a doubtful passage in Pindar, yet so apparently transparent are the secrets of the art that you will never persuade them of their incapacity.

Architecture is very like language, and style in architecture is very like style in prose, yet there is many a self-constituted arbiter of propriety in building who has not yet gone so far in the study of his subject as to discern among the elements of the work he attempts to analyse what is inspiration, what is composition, what is grammar, and what is merely orthography.

Let him read the books which head this article, and he will be in a fair way to grasp not the whole knowledge of the art, but some of the issues with which he has to deal.

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ART. VIII.—*The Hall of Waltheof, or the Early Condition and Settlements of Hallamshire.* By SIDNEY OLDALL ADDY, M.A. London: 1893.

THE history of Hallamshire, or the district of which Sheffield forms the capital, first became known to the world through the labours of the Rev. Joseph Hunter. Before the appearance of his great work in 1819 the very name of the district was unknown outside the limits where it had so long been in customary use. All that the public knew about it, as he stated in his preface, was derived from temporary notices 'in Tours, Directories, and Magazins;' and these accounts were almost all taken from a poor sketch of the history of Sheffield in the 'Magna Britannia,' 'with 'the errors faithfully copied, but some of the information 'suppressed.' Mr. Hunter was a most learned antiquary and genealogist, one of those who are always 'listening after 'the memory of their ancestors.' His publication of the well-known 'Three Catalogues' made the Dodsworth Manuscripts at Oxford and the fine collection at Lincoln's Inn available for the purposes of literature. In the intervals of his historical work he found time to compile the excellent 'Hallamshire Glossary,' which is supplemented, but not superseded, by the 'Sheffield Glossary,' prepared by Mr. Addy for the English Dialect Society. Mr. Hunter, as every one knows, was a brilliant Shakespearian critic; and the readers of his glossary, and indeed of all his works, have reason to be thankful to him for the illustrations which are constantly supplied from the plays. If he was sometimes too bold and fanciful in the field of poetry, no such fault could be alleged against his local history. Nothing that bore on the antiquities of his subject was allowed to pass without the strictest consideration, especially if it had to do with the Tudor period, which he regarded as our 'Age 'of Pericles.' In all parts of an old country, he said, some traces of its former inhabitants are to be found; and these traces must be examined, however slight or insignificant they may seem to be. In the history of a district there must be portions addressed to local and even to individual interests—'topography that descends not to such *minutiæ* 'is wanting of its very nerves and sinews, and is a mere 'skeleton, or rather a phantom and a shadow.'

Fifty years after the appearance of his work a new and enlarged edition was published by the Rev. Alfred Gatty,

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D.D., Sub-Dean of York, and incumbent of one of the Hallamshire parishes. The title shows that the book is mainly concerned with the parish of Sheffield, a large district in itself, measuring about ten miles by three, and containing six townships and more than twenty-two thousand acres. But the historical and descriptive notices extend beyond the principal parish to all the 'out-parts' of Hallamshire, or, in other words, to the parishes of Ecclesfield, Hansworth, Treeton and Whiston, and the chapelry of Bradfield. Dr. Gatty has given us an interesting account of the materials that were placed in his hands. It is always to be remembered that Mr. Hunter took little interest in the developement of the trade of Sheffield. 'His mind 'seemed to have turned back into the silent past, of which 'he was a deep and devoted student.' The result was that Dr. Gatty had to describe the progress of the last half-century for himself, though for everything of an earlier date he had the advantage of the materials collected by the author for his second edition. Dr. Gatty's preface contains an interesting account of the matter. In the year 1861, Mr. W. Butcher, then Town Regent of Sheffield, and three other gentlemen of that neighbourhood, bought of Mr. Hunter's literary executors a copy of his history, 'richly 'annotated' in the margin by the author's own hand. On the title-page were two memoranda showing the space of time employed in collecting the marginal notes. The first was as follows: 'This large-paper copy I have had bound 'for the purpose of receiving any corrections or additional 'information that may present themselves,' signed by the author, and dated in 1826. The other was in the form of a postscript: 'And now I propose to prepare what it may 'require when a second edition is called for. October 1, '1859.'

Mr. Hunter pronounced the district to be poor in the remains of antiquity. He preferred to consider the subject from a more personal standpoint, taking the region as the seat and favourite residence of several noble families through whose traditions Hallamshire is connected with the general history of the kingdom. Dr. Gatty was more attracted by the developement of the local commerce, and the vigorous efforts that have turned a small settlement of cutlers into 'the capital of the steel trade of the world.' There is nothing very romantic about the cutlery showrooms or the forging of armour plates by the hydraulic press; and yet the visitor, exhausted by the din at 'John Brown's' or the

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'Cyclops Works,' ought to feel, as he looks from the moors upon the smoking, seething, Acheron below, that there is a flavour of antiquity, and even of legendary romance, about the steel trade set up so many ages back on the banks of the five little streams. The Sheffield knife, or whittle, is mentioned with respect by Chaucer—'a Shefield thwittle bare 'he in his hose'—and Spenser may have had the place in his mind when he described the visit to 'the poor man's 'nest':—

> 'Whereto approaching nigh they heard the sound
> Of many iron hammers beating rank,
> And answering their weary turns around,
> That seemed some blacksmith dwelt in that desert ground.'

Mr. Addy does not concern himself much with the 'state 'of splendour' found in the Tudor Age, or with the miracles of force that may be seen in the City of the Cyclops. His object is rather to look for the origins of the local history, a task in this case of peculiar difficulty. 'It is not easy,' as he says himself, 'to make either a beginning or an end 'of a subject, when the facts which are known to us are 'very few, and the time is very far off.' The first thing to do is to look about for old bones, 'a few scratchings on the 'soil,' earthworks, stoneworks, anything that will yield information about the primæval inhabitants. But it may happen in a place like Hallamshire, which seems to have lain for ages as an open desert, that very few antiquities of a tangible kind have descended to us. History is silent as to what may have happened before the Brigantian tribes arrived or the Romans traced their road across the moors. We are driven to the argument by analogy, to the comparison of 'survivals,' and the art of inferring past history from village customs, which has sometimes been used with such fatal facility. Mr. Addy has special advantages in dealing with the subject which he has chosen. He knows the district well, and is a recognised authority upon the local dialect; and he appears to be familiar with the 'Old Northern 'Tongue' and the treasures of Scandinavian literature.

We need not say much about those local discoveries which can easily be matched elsewhere. We are told that flint implements of the Neolithic type are often found in Bradfield, 'especially at the springs, or sources of the streams on 'the moors.' Some of the axes are stained with marks of metal, and in one case a hatchet was actually found in contact with Roman coins. Mr. Addy thinks that some of

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the implements may have been buried as a sacrifice to the Thunder-god; and we know that the peasantry have believed stone axes to be thunderbolts as firmly as they still hold stone arrow-heads to be elf-shots from a fairy bow. It is quite possible that a finely shaped axe might be used as a sacrificial offering by people who had never heard of such weapons being wielded in actual warfare. But all such speculations are very vague and uncertain; and we can only say, with General Pitt-Rivers, that a few flint implements and flakes are not sufficient to prove that the habitations belonged to the Later Stone Age or even to the Bronze Age. 'Flint flakes, and occasional stone implements, are so com-'mon as to be present in most soils, and the period at 'which the former ceased to be used for some purposes has 'yet to be determined.'

There is a natural disposition to carry back the supposed date of earthworks and fortified mounds into an age before the beginning of our history, when the fair bronze-using invaders were still struggling with the dark-skinned tribes. Canon Greenwell, one of the highest authorities on the subject, is quoted in support of the view that the entrenchments on the Yorkshire wolds were the work of a 'round-'headed' people, who intruded upon a 'long-headed' race already settled in the country. Professor Rolleston described these round-headed men as belonging to the 'Cimbric' type, meaning, no doubt, that their appearance was like those of the Danes now living in the 'Cimbric Peninsula.' But it must always be remembered that camps and earthworks of widely distant periods look very much the same when their outlines are worn down by time. The actual excavation of Offa's Dyke and the Wansdyke has proved that some of the works supposed to be prehistoric belonged in reality to post-Roman times; and, on the other hand, it sometimes happens that a fortification ascribed to a comparatively late period is shown by the touch of the spade to belong to the Age of Bronze. Mr. Addy has given us an interesting account of an embankment at Bradfield, known as the 'Bar Dike,' where the position of the fosse shows that the works were intended to form a barrier towards the North, and there are remains of other entrenchments in the neighbourhood which seem to have belonged to the same system of defence. Mr. Addy adopts the idea that the fair-haired invaders were of the same race as the rude warriors who terrified Rome by their 'monstrous exodus,' and left the deserted spaces of their camps along the lines of the

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Rhine and Danube. The vast movement that threatened to overwhelm Europe is shown in Yorkshire on a very minute scale. The fame of the barbarian invaders is supposed to linger in such local names as Kimberworth and Barber Balk, and a few earthworks here and there denote the lines of their gradual conquests. 'A Cimbric people,' we are told, 'advancing inland from the sea,' would be compelled to throw up works of this kind to defend themselves from the assaults of the natives, 'and especially from the attacks 'of hill-tribes.' This, it is said, may be 'the explanation 'of Bar Dike;' but Mr. Addy is acquainted with the difficulties of his subject, and he allows that it would be very rash to deny positively that the work was done by the Romans.

There is not so much difficulty in estimating the relative antiquity of burial-mounds. As a general rule we may say with safety that a long barrow is older than a round barrow, and that any tumulus containing cremated bones and implements of bronze must date from a period long preceding the Roman invasion. Mr. Addy describes a remarkable discovery made at Crookes in the spring of 1887, when a rude hand-made urn was found in a hollow only a few inches below the surface, containing fragments of burnt bones, a small earthen vessel of the kind called an incense-cup, and a bronze dagger, broken and twisted, and without a handle. The remains were not covered by a tumulus, but had been buried at the top of a hill, which may have been regarded as a natural burial-mound. The urn had been protected from the damp by being enclosed in a larger vessel, in which it stood upside down. The main interest of the discovery lies in the fact that the dagger was inside the urn. Weapons of the same kind have not unfrequently been found in the soil near the vessels containing ashes and bones, or in places where the clay has retained the shadowy outlines of urns that have crumbled back into their original earth; but it is rare to find such objects deposited in the funeral urn itself. Canon Greenwell has told us how the cremation was usually effected in the North of England. The body having been consumed, the ashes were placed in a vessel baked at an open fire, or in a stone cist, or in a hollow scraped in the ground. Over the calcined bones a mound was raised, of earth or stone, according to the nature of the locality. 'While this was taking place the friends or relatives appear 'to have thrown in chippings of flint or quartz and frag-'ments of pottery, probably with some symbolical meaning.'

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We are reminded of the Pagan rite, unfit for a Christian burial, which was to be used at Ophelia's grave: 'Shards, 'flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.' With the ashes a number of knives, arrow-heads, and ornaments were deposited, besides the personal belongings which had been destroyed with the body. As to the burial of these 'lasting 'pieces and toys,' we may consult Sir Thomas Browne's remarks on Cynthia's beryl, and Childeric's rubies and golden bees, and all the rest of that barbarous magnificence which dignified the sepulchral obsequies; 'that they were ac- 'customed to burn or bury with them things wherein they 'excelled, delighted, or were dear unto them, either as fare- 'wells unto all pleasure, or vain apprehension that they 'might use them in the other world, is testified by all anti- 'quity.' Mr. Addy seems to be justified in attributing the custom of breaking the deposited ornaments or weapons to a Danish influence. The urns from Denmark described by Sir Thomas Browne contained not only bones, but many other substances, 'as knives, pieces of iron, brass, and wood, 'and one of Norway a brass gilded Jew's-harp.' We are told that broken poniards were found in urns lately dug up in Jutland; and, with regard to their condition, a very apposite quotation is made from Mr. du Chaillu's elaborate work upon the Viking Age:—

'Connected with the burning of the dead was the intentional damage done to objects which were exposed to the heat of the funeral pyre. Special care seems to have been taken to render swords and other weapons thoroughly useless. Swords are cut on the edges, bent, and twisted; shield-bosses are dented or flattened; and jewels and other objects are entirely ruined.'

In a moorland region, 'sprinkled with camps, entrench- 'ments, and barrows,' the explorer is sure to find all manner of archaic objects in flint or bronze beside the streams or under the edges of the rocks. Mr. Addy has pointed out that the stone of these South Yorkshire moors is specially adapted to the manufacture of mill-stones, and he gives an interesting account of the finding of broken querns, made of the 'day-stone,' or scattered boulders of mill-stone grit. The upper grindstone, turned by a handle, was placed upon a conical under-stone, 'so that as the wheat flowed through 'the aperture at the top it fell on the rough surface of the 'cone and was ground into flour.' We have a sketch from Homer of the handmaids in the Palace of Alcinous: 'Some 'grind the yellow corn on the mill-stone, and others weave 'webs and turn the yarn as they sit, as restless as the leaves

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'of the tall poplar tree.' Mr. Vigfússon added a reminiscence from his old home in the North, where he often heard the rhythmical quern-chant. Among the old Norsemen, he says, the bondwomen were employed at the mill, and the turning of the quern was then, as it still is in Iceland, 'accompanied by singing a song.' The quern was superseded in our own country by the manorial water-mills, to which the tenants owed suit and service. Mr. Addy informs us that windmills were established as early as the thirteenth century, and he describes an old road called 'Mule-us Lane,' which evidently led to an ancient mill-house on the hill-top. Mr. Hunter's investigation of the records of the Manor of Sheffield showed him that some of the tenants were known as 'hopper-frees,' being privileged to use the mill on easier terms than the rest, in consequence of their keeping the leats and weirs in repair. He compares their right to that of the 'hopper-free tenants' at Leeds, 'who had their corn 'grinded immediately upon the emptying of the hopper, 'though there were never so many attending whose corn 'was brought to the mill before theirs.'

Among many imposing remains of antiquity in this neighbourhood there are three which require particular notice. The first is the hill-fort called Carl's Wark, situated on the Hathersage Moors a little beyond the Hallamshire boundary. The next in importance is a ring of stones, of that kind which used to be known as Druidical circles; it is described in a 'Survey of Hallamshire,' drawn up in a very antiquated style, as 'a place where certeine stones are sett 'upon the ends, and having marks upon them, called 'the Seaven-stones, which ould and antient men say that 'the same is the meere betweene my Lord and the Lord 'of Hathersedge.' Both fort and circle are illustrated in aquatints from admirable drawings by Mr. Austin Winterbottom. The third of our selected sites appears in an etching by Mr. William Keeling, who has contributed a striking view of the 'Giants' Causey' and the poor remains of the Ridgeway, as well as a very interesting sketch of Stump John, or the 'Cockcrowing Stone.' We shall pay particular attention to his sketch of the Bailey Hill, with its adjoining Long Mound, which Mr. Addy takes to have been the place of the Bradfield village assembly.

The fort of Carl's Wark occupies a rocky summit, guarded on the north and east by precipitous cliffs, and on the other sides, where the natural defence is weaker, protected by rude walls of Cyclopean structure. They are built up, without

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mortar, of great boulders from six to nine feet long. 'These 'stones,' said a Sheffield antiquary, quoted in Mr. Bateman's 'Ten Years' Diggings,' 'are as large as strong gate-'stoops, some a ton apiece; no engines now in being could 'move such great stones.' Mr. Addy compares with the Carl's Wark the prehistoric walls of Tiryns, built up of just such gigantic blocks. Such masonry—'Pelasgic,' as Dr. Reber calls it, or 'Poseidonian,' to use Mr. Gladstone's epithet—appeared to later generations to be the work of giants of the race of the Cyclops. Mr. Addy dwells on the phrase, as becomes the historian of a 'City of the Cyclops.' The Carl of Carl's Wark was not Charles the Great or any meaner person of that name. We have a Charles's Work in Derbyshire, and a Charles's Clough in a rift of the Hallamshire moors; and it is plain that all these names were derived from Odin, the one-eyed god, the Cyclops who built the great walls—though the fame of his deeds, as Grimm has shown us, may have been afterwards transferred to 'the Frankish Charles.' Mr. Addy applies a fine passage from the 'Odyssey,' in the translation by Messrs. Butcher and Lang, to the wild hill-men who once infested the mountains of the Peak—a lawless and froward folk, who planted not aught, neither ploughed: 'These have neither gatherings 'for council nor oracles of law, but they dwell in hollow 'caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters 'the law to his children and his wives, and they reck not 'one of another.' The view of the country round the fort, as seen from 'the Duke's Drive,' is described as a vision of desolate grandeur. The Wark itself is compared to 'an 'immense blackened altar:' 'There are great stretches of yellow rush-beds lying on all sides below the hill, and these commingled with patches of heather make the moors look like a huge tiger-skin spreading out far before the eyes.'

The Seven Stones were once ten, for three flat slabs have been lying for ages along the rim of the stone-circle or 'peristalith.' The diameter of the ring is fifty-four feet; and Mr. Addy thinks that this would have been a convenient site for an open-air court. It is possible, he considers, that this was the site of such a court, or perhaps of a 'doom-ring,' such as has been pictured by Northern antiquaries. We may, however, observe that the stones have cup-like hollows at the top, with lines or channels marking their sides, caused, it may be, by the continual overflow from the brims of the cups. Mr. Baring-Gould conjectured that hollows of this kind were intended to supply drink for the dead, the corpse

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continuing to eat and drink in the barrow, and the relations supplying what was required from time to time:—

'All this tends to show that the Seven Stones are monuments erected in memory of the dead, like the monoliths in our modern churchyards. But, on the other hand, it is equally possible that they mark the seat of justice, the place of judicature. The Court of the Hundred of Stone, in Somersetshire, says Mr. Gomme, is held very early in the morning at a standing stone on a hill within the hundred. In the stone is a hollow, into which it is customary on opening the court to pour a bottle of port wine. Here, surely, the wine poured into the stone is a libation, just as the rain which fell into the hollow cups was, if I may so call it, a natural libation.'

The whole description of the Seven Stones leads us to suppose that they originally formed the ring round a funeral-mound; they may have been at one time part of the substructure covered in with turf and mould, or they may have rather resembled the monument of which our Norwich philosopher spoke when he described the Northmen as placing large stones in circle about the urns or bodies that were interred, 'somewhat answerable unto the monument of 'Rollrich stones in England . . . where 'tis not improbable 'somewhat might be discovered.' We cannot know the various purposes to which such a monument may have been applied when the wind and weather have stripped the rocky structure of its covering. It may have been used as a court or a place of assembly; but what seems to us more important is that both in text and drawing there is some appearance of an inscription. Inquiry should be made as to the existence of Ogam characters on the vertical edges of the standing stones. Mr. Addy tells us of longitudinal and horizontal marks which may represent the peculiar cuts and notches of the Ogam alphabet. It is well known that the mystical Irish characters have been found in Yorkshire, notably on the shaft of a curious cross preserved at Hackness Church, near Scarborough. The inscription is not discussed in Mr. Brash's treatise on the Ogam stones, but will be found in an essay by the Rev. Daniel Haigh, entitled 'Cryptic Inscriptions on the Cross at Hackness in York-'shire.'

The author brings together several interesting passages about courts held near famous stones. He speaks of a Landin Stone, which formerly served as a boundary mark. According to Mr. Hunter it was properly known as the Landed Stone; but Mr. Addy regards the name as indicating a 'land-thing,' or popular assembly. He finds an instance

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from Grimm as to a court held at Werstad in 1274, 'at the 'Long Stone which is called Land-ding,' and we are quite ready to accept his views so far as his particular landmark is concerned. But he must be prepared for considerable opposition if he persists in annexing our London Stone as an illustration of his theory. The description in Stow's Survey still holds good, the great stone being pitched upright, 'fixed in the ground very deep, and fastened with bars of 'iron.' No one knows anything about it, except that it has been venerated since London became a concourse of traders. 'Can we,' says our author, 'connect this Landin Stone with 'the famous London Stone, in the City of London, at which 'proclamations were made and important legal business 'transacted? In other words, does London Stone mean 'assembly-stone, parliament-stone?' Landin, he explains, might be changed to Londin, and then to London, and so forth; but we only quote the remark to show how faint a suggestion may give the impulse to an imaginative flight.

Another illustration of the subject is taken from the Burley Stone in the parish of Ecclesfield. It is a stone pillar, something like a gatepost, fixed into a much larger pedestal. It is mentioned in an agreement made in the year 1161, between Richard de Lovetot and the monks of Ecclesfield, at which date it stood by the side of the road leading from Burley Hill to Ecclesfield Church. Mr. Addy thinks the names of the hill and the stone may refer to the 'byr-laws,' or by-laws, made there by the assembled men of the township; and he tells us that in Lancashire and Cheshire 'byr-'law-men are known as burley-men.' Many similar examples will be found collected in Mr. Gomme's works on 'Primitive 'Folk-moots' and 'Ethnology in Folk-lore.' We think that the time has come for confining our attention to something in the nature of evidence, and that the rustic traditions on the point should be completely disregarded. A short quotation will suffice to show what ought, as we think, to be avoided:—

'A farmer, who lives near, mentions a tradition that Druids came and worshipped at this stone. This association of the stone with Druids and with worship affords, at least, proof of the great estimation in which the stone has long been held, and it is not unimportant as suggesting stone-worship.'

It is easy to find other instances in which tumuli, or barrows, have been used as meeting-places for the open-air courts at which the sheriff or the owner of a liberty transacted the affairs of the district. An old Sussex record,

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quoted in Morgan's 'England under the Normans,' tells us that 'three hundreds seek unto Normancross;' and in Essex the burlesque Lawless Court was summoned by the crowing of a cock to a little mound known as the King's Hill. We may find several examples of a similar kind in a district with which most people are familiar. The court of the hundred of Knightlow in Warwickshire was held at the barrow called Knightlow Cross, on the high road between London and Coventry. Stratford-upon-Avon succeeded in getting a court of its own; but it was at one time within the jurisdiction of Barlichway, the court being held in a plot of ground 'inclosed with a hedge, and set upon the 'top of a tumulus.' In still earlier times the town did suit and service to the Bishop's Liberty of Pathlow, a name signifying 'Pate's grave,' applied to a mound of earth standing in the road from Warwick to Alcester; and it was to this court that Marian Hacket, the ale-wife of Wilmcote, would have had to answer for not using 'sealed quarts,' if the tinker Cristofero had carried his threats into practice.

The old wayside crosses were naturally used for religious service as well as for the popular assemblies. There is no need to follow Mr. Addy in his suggestions about 'cross-'worship,' but we may agree that the cross at one time preceded the church in poor and desolate neighbourhoods. The author cites certain Icelandic sayings which bear on the subject: 'He comes neither to cross nor church,' is a phrase that occurs more than once in the Sagas. The Hanson Cross on Bradfield Moor was turned into a milestone in 1753, and still records the distances from Sheffield and Penistone. The Parson Cross in Ecclesfield is said to have been one of the original roodstones at which the missionaries preached to the pagans of Northumbria. Another interesting relic of the same kind was dug up near the Cross Inn at Bradfield, and is now set up in the church. Its front is ornamented with five circles in shallow relief, making a cruciform pattern, appropriate enough to the sacred character of the monument; though the author, according to the prevalent fashion, takes the marks to be emblems of sun-worship, if not of a Scandinavian variety of cross-worship, 'illustrating 'the transition from heathenism to Christianity.' Banner-Cross, we are told, is another striking name, marking the site of an old cross of which the base was standing in Mr. Hunter's time. This name, it is suggested, might come from 'bæna-kross,' in the sense of the Cross of Prayer. The word 'bene' is used in the district to mean a prayer, as in

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the phrase 'What is good for a bootless bene?' and a note on the Halifax dialect, contributed by the Rev. John Watson to the Hallamshire Glossary, informs us that the nurses here said to the children, 'Clap bene,' meaning, 'Join your 'hands together to ask a blessing.' It is fair, says Mr. Addy, to guess that Banner-Cross may have had the meaning here suggested; but it should also be observed that Mr. Hunter gives the name of the place as Bannerfield in documents of the age of Elizabeth, and says that the name of Banner Cross was not known till the reign of her successor. The name, however, as he confesses, 'might tempt an anti-'quary to wild conjectures.' However this may be, it is certain that these old crosses were often decked up with garlands, 'like idols,' especially if they stood near a boundary. Mr. Addy tells us that the Gospel was read from their steps at the perambulations in Rogation Week, and that such parochial assemblies were themselves commonly known as 'crosses.' This, as he suggests, may explain the meaning of such place-names as Gospel Oak or Gospel Thornes, the latter word occurring at Bolsover in Derbyshire. A very curious extract from Plot's 'History of Staffordshire' is cited in illustration of the subject:—

'I cannot but note an odd custom at Stanlake, where the parson, in the procession about Holy Thursday, reads a Gospel at a barrel's head in the cellar of the Chequer Inn, where some say there was formerly a hermitage; others that there was anciently a cross, at which they read a Gospel in former times, over which now the house, and particularly the cellar, being built, they are forced to perform it in manner as above.'

The Bailey Hill and Long Mound at Bradfield are artificial structures of earth, piled up on the edge of a declivity near the church. The Bailey Hill, we are told, is of a conical shape, about 500 feet in circumference at the base; the slope of the sides is remarkably steep, and the top of the cone is truncated, so as to make a platform of 39 feet in diameter. The Long Mound is crescent-shaped. Its length at the top of the ridge is 310 feet, and its greatest height is 45 feet. The mounds are protected by deep ditches and banks, on which, as we may suppose, were palisades and barriers in ancient times, making the fortress as strong as a New Zealand 'pah.' In some parts, however, the area was so well protected by nature that the addition of artificial works became unnecessary. 'Bailey Hill,' said Mr. Hunter, 'is a Saxon camp as fair and perfect as when first constructed, 'save that the keep is overgrown with bushes.' It seems from

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all accounts to be very like the tall earth-fort, or 'castle,' at Thetford. Mr. Hunter, with his usual caution, refused to guess at the date of the work; but he thought it clear that the fortress was constructed with great care as a regular military post, 'one of the frontier barriers, it is 'probable, of the kingdom of Northumbria.' His friend Mr. Watson maintained that Castle Hill, in the same neighbourhood, was used as an outlying fort in communication with the mounds at Bradfield. Mr. Hunter visited both localities in 1826, and declared that the indications of artificial work at Castle Hill were very slight; but Mr. Addy cites one of his later manuscript notes, in which he seemed to attach importance to the place being called a *castellum*. 'This, connected with the obvious traces of a trench 'and fosse, shows that heretofore it hath been a fortification, 'but when, by whom, or for what purpose it was erected, 'is uncertain.' The word 'castle,' as Mr. Addy has pointed out, commonly denotes any ancient bulwark, and the 'New English Dictionary' tells us that the word, as used in proper names, 'is applied to ancient British or Roman earthworks.' In commencing his speculations on the history of these remarkable mounds, Mr. Addy warns his readers, fairly enough, of the 'strong distinction' between proved facts and ingenious theories. We should be content if the speculations are conducted on the right lines, and we may be sure, at any rate, of finding materials that will prove useful on some later occasion. The enthusiasm of the antiquary may render the annals of a parish as interesting as the chronicle of a nation. 'In the history of a nation,' says Mr. Addy, 'we see things, as it were, through a tele-'scope; in local history we see them through a microscope.' We may find objects in the field of the smaller instrument as valuable as any that fill the area of a larger scope; but we must remember that the more delicate the process, the greater is the danger of a mistake. We prefer Mr. Hunter's opinion, but we quite acknowledge the charm of the fancies that make the Bailey Hill into a toot-hill, or specular mount, from which the prehistoric governor of the village inspected his people at their labours, or to which he summoned them for their parliaments, or moots. The Bailey Hill, says Mr. Addy, was a toot-hill, or look-out hill; but when he comes to closer details he finds that it was also the howe, or burial-mound, near the chieftain's house. We read in one of the Sagas of a giant sitting on the mound by his hall, and plaiting golden leashes for his hounds; and

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elsewhere we are told of a good yeoman who was wont, like the men of old, 'to sit for long hours together out on the 'howe not far from his homestead,' and here he was to be found by all who sought him, and he could see all that was going on about the farm. 'I think,' says our author, 'we 'are fairly justified in concluding that the time was when 'the same thing was done by the Norsemen who settled at 'Bradfield.' In another passage he refers to the Tynwald Court in the Isle of Man, where the Commons stood outside the circle, and to the saying of Jacob Grimm that the open-air courts were annular, because men naturally form a circle when they are listening to a speaker in the field; 'the 'truncated summit of Bailey Hill would have given ample 'room for the chieftain and elders sitting about him, and 'forming, as one might say, a sort of local board.'

Some of the traditions about Church matters appear to be very untrustworthy, though we must do Mr. Addy the justice of saying that he never mentions a legend without giving his authority. We quite agree with his opinion that the official servants of the village were often paid in land, and that in this fact lies the explanation of such names as Smith's-acre and Hayward's-ham. But we should require strong evidence to convince us that the clergyman was an officer of the little community in the same way as the tenants of the forge and bakehouse, or that 'the place of 'the priest' passed as appurtenant to a piece of arable in the fields. We should be equally unwilling to believe that human sacrifices were performed in this country to secure the stability of churches or other buildings. We know the legends of Vortigern and his bloodstained tower, of the little girl immured in the wall of Copenhagen, and of St. Oran going into the grave to hallow Columba's monastery. Dr. Tyler collected a great number of instances showing that savages practise the hideous rites 'of which Europe has 'scarcely kept up more than the dim memory.' He tells us of the substitutes by which in many cases a heathen sacrifice is symbolical—'empty coffins walled up in Germany,' a lamb buried under the altar of a Danish church, 'and the 'churchyard in like manner hanselled by burying a live 'horse first.' Mr. Baring-Gould is quoted as an authority for the statement that when the parish church of Holworthy, in Devon, was repaired a few years ago, a skeleton was found embedded in the wall; a mass of mortar closed the mouth, and the stones were huddled together, as though hastily heaped upon the body. At Brownsover, in Warwick-

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shire, two bodies were found under the church walls; but in this case the church was built upon a primitive earthwork, and the interments were of the Danish type. At Hope, in Derbyshire, about fourteen miles from Sheffield, were massive gravestones, adorned with crosses, weapons carved in relief, and the crest of the bugle-horn; 'and so 'fresh and perfect is the work that the squaring lines, by 'which the mason guided himself in making out the design, 'may still be seen.' We are told that such fragments are not uncommonly found in the walls of churches built on or near the sites of ancient houses. It is possible that in some of these cases the builders so far 'paid deference to a 'heathen rite' as to prepare gravestones, as if a human victim were to be buried. Mr. Addy gives us a recent instance from Hallamshire of a miniature stone coffin being built into the wall of a church. It had no lid or covering, and was filled with earth, without any traces of bones. The cavity was four inches deep, and nearly seven inches broad at the widest part. Its position, we are told, shows either that a child was built in alive, 'or else that an empty 'coffin was laid in by way of symbol of the ancient sacrifice.' Mr. Baring-Gould has noted, in his volume on 'Strange 'Survivals,' that objects like ninepins are found under walls in Holland, which are in reality 'the rude imitations of 'babes in swaddling bands;' and we have heard that rough figures of this shape, known popularly as 'devil's dolls,' may often be seen in the Dutch churchyards. It seems probable that the Treeton example bore some reference to the ancient superstition, and that it should be classed for purposes of folk-lore with the practice of building a wall over a real coffin, described in the 'Deutsche Mythologie.'

Another interesting group of legends is connected with the holy wells. The belief in their efficacy was so strong not many years ago that, when a new spring of 'holy 'water' was discovered, the people of Sheffield rushed by thousands to the place, 'carrying off in cans and stone 'bottles what they could not drink upon the spot.' The story, we may add, rests on the authority of Mr. Zimmermann's 'Sketches of the Neighbourhood of Sheffield.' The book before us contains admirable drawings of the Wishing Well, near Whiteley Wood, and of St. Anthony's Well, between Crookes and Clough Field. St. Anthony does not often figure as a guardian of springs and streams, though it will be remembered that he gave his name to various seaside places in Cornwall, as well as to the Falls of St.

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Anthony on the Mississippi. He was, as all travellers in Italy know, the patron of swineherds and pigs.

Mr. Addy tells us that it was usual to vow one of the pigs of a farrow or litter to the saint, and that 'the youngest' has been popularly known as Anthony, or the Tantony Pig. We suppose that the worst of the 'vairth o' pigs' would naturally be taken as the youngest, the saint, as usual, coming off badly when it came to the performance of the vow. These offerings appear to have been commuted at some early time, since the Churchwardens' accounts at Ecclesfield about the year 1535 mention various payments of 'Sant Antony moneye.' The holy well, as shown in the drawing, has been divided by a wall, as in the similar case of St. Anne's Well, at Syston, in Gloucestershire. The water in the stone troughs on one side is available as pot-water for domestic use; but if a patient wants the full virtue of the chalybeate, he must drink on the other side of the wall. Not far from the Hallamshire boundary are springs called Hebrin Well and Sparken Well, which Mr. Addy connects with Old Norse names for the witch and the sorceress; and he mentions another, near the Tofts in the Rivelin Valley, which is called 'Matty Well,' either from some mythological being, or perhaps more probably from having been dedicated to St. Matthew.

As regards the ordinary forms of sorcery and witchcraft, the neighbourhood of Sheffield is not behind the rest of the world. 'The practice,' we are told, 'of attempting to tor-'ture or destroy a person by sticking pins into an image is 'still in use.' At Curbar, in Derbyshire, a few years ago, a girl was deserted by her lover.

> 'To win him back she was advised, probably by a wise woman, to get a live frog, and, having stuck its body full of pins, to bury it in the ground. She did so; and in a short time her faithless swain was seized with such excruciating pains that he crawled back to beg her pardon and renew his love. Thereupon she dug up the frog and removed the pins, when the man's pains ceased; and the pair were shortly afterwards married!'

We have lately read, in the 'Letters of Two Friends,' how an old Suffolk witch could blight her neighbours on the other side of a thick wall; and it is common in the Western Counties to attribute any unexplained illness to witchcraft. At a meeting of the Devonshire Association, held a few weeks ago, Dr. Ackerley, who practised for some years near Dartmoor, described the recovery of a patient from a violent indigestion, caused by a surfeit of pork and onions. The

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merit of the cure was attributed to the prompt action of her brother, who went off to the White Witch, and procured a waxen image of the 'overlooker.' Like Sister Helen in Rossetti's gruesome poem, they stuck pins into the waxen man and exposed it to the flame of the fire; and, as the wax melted, the pain was transferred to the eye-biter, 'and the 'evil influence was destroyed.'

Mr. Addy is especially successful in dealing with the local place-names, and more particularly with those that show traces of Scandinavian influence, or of a connexion with the Teutonic mythology. We cannot expect an interpretation of all the names in a district. The titles of mountains and streams are in many cases too ancient to be explained, being derived, it may be, from forgotten languages, and obscured by lapse of time before the Romans first came to the island. Others, again, have been altered out of all recognition by carelessness, or for the sake of ease in diction, and still more often through some freak of the popular etymology. Mr. Addy's provisional explanations seem to accord with the rules of phonology, and with the evidence accepted in similar cases elsewhere. He finds a flavour of 'Danish 'influence' in the local dialect, and especially in the field-names, which leads him to believe that the old northern tongue was at one time prevalent in Hallamshire; and he has Mr. Sweet's authority for the statement that for many centuries 'Danish and English were spoken side by side.' The place-name 'Eccles,' which occurs in many parts of England, is connected by the author with a German word, 'häckel,' meaning a witch, so that Ecclesfield might denote a hill dedicated to the 'witches' sabbath.' We are referred to the old German phrase 'na Hekelvelde faren;' but Grimm seems to have thought that this relates to Mount Hekla, the Cloak Mountain, which was held to be a rendezvous for the witches. The Scotch, again, talk of sending a man to 'John Haclebirnie's house,' and here we have a reminiscence of Odin, wandering about the earth, and muffled up in a cloudy cloak. Some think that Eccles marks the site of a Roman 'ecclesia;' others refer the name to Egil, the divine archer of the Northern mythology. Some, again, talk of 'Æcel' being an Anglian proper name; but it is evident that the subject requires further investigation. Mr. Addy seems to be on the right track in noticing that both Eccles Close and Ickles Hall are close to old Roman ruins; and with this fact we may compare the similar cases of Icklington and Ickle Street on the Ryknild

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Way. Elias Ashmole, as quoted in the book before us, remembered a piper of Leicester 'who did know which 'houses were fairy ground.' Mr. Addy tells us in the same way how Haggas Croft, called the birthplace of Robin Hood, was probably consecrated to some wood-sprite or sylvan god. 'I am acquainted,' he says, 'with at least four places 'which are known as Machon Bank,' the word being 'taken 'as equivalent to Maykin, Malkin, a little maid, an Elle-maid, 'or nymph.' He finds other mythological allusions in place-names, such as Good Croft and Deadman's Lane, the first, perhaps, referring to a waste corner left for the Fairies, and the other to the popular superstition that a right of way is created by the passage of a funeral. Jenkin Lane, we are told, refers to Little John, who is as mythical as his master, Robin Hood. We are forbidden henceforth to believe that Little John lies buried in the shadow of Hathersage Church, for Grimm mentions a noisy Poltergeist, called Chimken, 'and he, no doubt, is the same being as our Jenkin.' Peter and Parkin may be the names of sprites, and not of persons who once owned the land; but we think it somewhat rash to connect either of them with Perkun, the Slavonian Thunder-god. 'Neepsend' is, apparently, the home of a river spirit related to that Nipen who was the terror of a fair maiden in Miss Martineau's 'Feats on the Fjord.' The place lies near the banks of the Don, which was itself a sacred river, requiring an annual sacrifice. Mr. Hunter preserved a local rhyme, pointing back, it is suggested, to a time when human victims were deliberately slain:—

> 'The shelving slimy River Dun,
> Each year a daughter or a son.'

All visitors to Sheffield know the 'wild beauty' of Endcliffe Park, preserved with such scrupulous care for the recreation of 'Jack Wheelswarf the Grinder.' The place was once known as Elcliffe, and it is a matter of local patriotism to connect the woods and streams with an abode of the elves. Mr. Addy tells us that the old English 'el-mawes' were elf-maidens, belonging to the tribes of the elf-folk. 'The Elle-people live on the Elle-moors; the 'appearance of the man is that of an old man with a low-'crowned hat on his head; the Elle-woman is of a fair 'and attractive countenance, but behind she is hollow like 'a dough trough.' We wish that we had space to discuss more of these etymological 'diversions,' but we must pass to the consideration of other kinds of place-names. Near

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the Bailey Hill at Bradford is a field called Copman Holes, which points to the use of the Danish 'copman' in the place of our English 'chapman.' The same form appears in the name of the palace at Copmanthorpe. Some of the old deeds, however, describe the field as 'Cogman's Holes.' Mr. Addy shows us that a 'cog' was the name for a small trading craft, and he refers us to the 'New English Dictionary' for a definition of 'cog-ware.' This was a kind of cloth, of which the export was regulated by an Act of Parliament passed in 1389. The 'cog-men' were the people who handled the 'cog-ware,' either as traders, or as sailors, in the 'cogs.' The local name, therefore, seems to belong to the same class as the Tinker's Lane, the Salter's Way, and the Pedlar's Hagg, not forgetting the 'Mumper's Dingle' of George Borrow's romance—a class of words preserving the memory of the wayfarers, or 'farantly men,' who led their tired jades along the 'pack-and-prime' roads, or 'trudged 'with their fardles a-footback.'

Among the Scandinavian instances we may notice the word 'storth,' which is unknown in the oldest English, but in Old Norse means either a plantation, or a field reclaimed from the forest. 'Duxter Wood,' near Ecclesfield, was formerly called 'Dukstorth.' Mr. Addy points out that in dissyllables a stress on the first part of the word will always weaken and change the termination, and an instance might be cited from another part of the country, where the picturesque title of 'Le Dun Stone' was gradually changed into 'Dunster' Field. The suffix 'thwaite' is chosen as one of the words that denote 'a Danish colonisation;' in Cumberland, where it appears most frequently, it is thought to indicate the existence of a Norwegian settlement. In Hallamshire we have Hebblethwaite and Butterthwaite—names of such obscurity as to defy any ordinary interpreter. The first may refer to an Old Norsk name for the homestead, and the other to 'booths' of merchants, or the shifting homes of nomads. Professor Vigfússon held that a thwaite was a place of small extent cut off from a larger tract as a piece of wood might be chopped with a 'whittle,' the term being very often applied to 'an outlying cottage with its paddock.' Another Sheffield word may remind us of the German schneider, a 'snaithing,' or 'sneathing,' being used for an intake or slice of ground from the waste.

The word 'balk' was explained by Mr. Hunter as meaning, in its primary sense, the timbers in a roof, or beams lying about in a 'raff-yard.' It was, perhaps, more com-

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monly applied to the strips of turf used as roadways in the open arable fields. 'It is used,' he said, 'for long and 'narrow courses of earth, marking the separations of pro-'perties: thus what is called in some places the Roman 'Rig, an ancient road long disused, is elsewhere called 'Scotland-balk and Barber-balk.' Mr. Addy, however, shows that the phrase 'Roman Rig' is of modern invention; and he has taken the pains to ascertain by personal inspection that the Barber Balk and the neighbouring Ridgeway are quite distinct from the Scotland Balk, which he considers to be part of a main Roman road to the North.

The records of the Manor of Sheffield contain many curious entries as to tenures and field-names. The manor itself appears to have been held by the service of rendering two white greyhounds, and certain other lands, it is said, were held of the lord by a rent of two white hares, to be brought in at the Feast of St. John; but this may be only a variation of the story of the 'leporarii,' or hounds used in hunting the hare. The tenants also used to pay 'hag-rents' for the privilege of pasturing their sheep on certain 'hags 'of hollin.' Mr. Addy was at one time disposed to identify the hollin with the holm oak or ilex; but he was afterwards convinced by Sir Herbert Maxwell that the foliage of the holm oak is too harsh and dry for the shepherd's purpose, 'whereas the leaves of an old holly are as succulent 'as those of the young plant.' It was chiefly about Bradfield that these holly-rents were taken, before Mr. Copley, the ironmaster, stubbed up the hollins of Loxley. 'I can 'hardly imagine,' says our author, 'a more striking picture 'of old country life—I might almost say of patriarchal life '—than that of the shepherds feeding their sheep in winter 'on the evergreen trees.' The place, we are told, is now a complete blank, a space of fields divided by straight stone walls, with a bare summit atop; but the people have a rude ballad which reminds them of its former history:—

'If Mr. Copley had never been born,
Or in his cradle had died,
Loxley Chace had never been torn,
Nor many a brave wood beside.'

Mr. Hunter was equally pleased at catching glimpses of the simple manners of our forefathers. He shows us how certain ancient depositions explain the meaning of the 'Fridley-rents,' paid by the commoners of Hawksworth to the lord of the great Manor of Sheffield. The residents in the Frith of Hawksworth used to meet yearly at Holmes

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Bank Cross, 'and took notice what cattle everyone had, and 'nicked down the number of their cattle upon a stick, and 'then cast up what proportion every inhabitant should pay 'to the Freed-lay, payable unto the Lord of the Manor of 'Sheffield, and so they apportioned their Frid-lay or Frith-'lay.' Frith, it may be observed, is an old name for a common, which in some counties is known as a 'firth,' and in Kent as a 'fright.'

Some of the street-names in Sheffield afford useful illustrations of the early history of the borough. The Fargate, we are told, is the sow-gate, or road by which the swine were driven, the 'sow-mouth' being the passage from which the herd proceeded. 'There is a place at Norton, near Sheffield, 'called Cow-mouth, which means the entrance through which 'the cows went into the pastures.' Jehu Lane, opposite to the swine-market, is believed by Mr. Addy to have been a Ghetto or Jewry; but the evidence on this point seems to be doubtful. He quotes certain old leases about a place called Campo Lane, lying at the 'overend' of a camper-field. The 'New English Dictionary' gives 'campo' as a piece of obsolete slang meaning a playground. Mr. Addy shows that the term was more seriously used at Sheffield, where it meant the football field; and Tusser is cited as saying that the 'campers' sport' was useful to a meadow, since it made the grass 'grow more fine,' and as bidding the prudent farmer 'to get campers a ball, to play therewithal.' The name 'Shude Hill' indicates the existence of a windmill, since a 'shude' means a husk, and a shude-hill is the same as a 'shealing-hill,' meaning 'the eminence near a mill 'where the kernels were separated by the wind from the 'husks.' Mr. Addy notices also that at Sheffield, where the townsmen had an oven, the public bakehouse on Bakers' Hill was close to the spot where the corn was winnowed. There is a Rotten Row, or Ratten Row, at Sheffield, on the site of the ancient Bread-booths, and some writers have maintained that the word refers to the red colour, the houses being built of brick. This derivation would certainly not explain the London use of the name; and Mr. Addy points out that, if it is the true meaning of the term, 'it is 'strange that the word has not been preserved in the 'dialect.' The Haymarket at Sheffield was formerly known as the Bullstake, and there are still certain traditions as to the mode in which the bull-baits were conducted. Another local expression leads the author to think that there was some custom of bull-running, such as prevailed at Tutbury,

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where 'a parcel of fidlers' pursued a bull with a greasy tail. The week before Christmas is always known as 'bull-week,' when every one works overtime to earn money enough for the holidays. When the stress is over the men say that they have 'getten t'bull by t'tail,' a phrase not improbably derived from the Tutbury Minstrels' Court. Mr. Hunter, however, thought that 'the bull-week may be the great week, 'as the bull-trout is the large trout.'

One of the most interesting passages in Mr. Hunter's Glossary shows how rapidly the local dialects have changed. Compare Thoresby's list of Yorkshire words with any of the later glossaries, and how many, he asks, will be found to have quite disappeared? 'Ray names only six words, 'of which he says that they may be heard at Sheffield 'and in its neighbourhood; not one of them now remains.' Four of these words were 'carsick,' or 'cawsink,' for a kennel; 'chaundler,' for a candlestick; a 'napkin,' in the sense of a handkerchief; and a 'neckabout,' for a woman's neck-linen. The others were 'freelege,' a privilege or immunity, which may be merely a mistaken spelling, and 'insense,' meaning to 'inform,' which is perhaps not quite obsolete. Among others which seem likely to be forgotten we may mention 'tharff-cake,' used to signify a loaf made of oatmeal and treacle. Wiclif has 'the first day of tharff-loaves,' in the text referring to the first day of the Feast of Unleavened Bread. A 'brat' is now a pinafore, 'though in Chaucer's 'time it was used for a part of the apparel of grown per-'sons;' its meaning may, perhaps, be preserved by the famous rhyme of 'St. Bride and her brat, and St. Colm and 'his cat.' A 'dick,' we are told, is a leather apron with a bib, 'nearly the same as the barm-skins of the men.' 'Foot-'ale' is money paid by a new workman for his first footing. The word, says Mr. Hunter, may be classed with bride-ales, church-ales, clerk-ales, give-ales, lamb-ales, leet-ales, Mid-summer-ales, Scot-ales, and Whitsun-ales, the foot-ale being now 'the only survivor of the whole brotherhood.'

Mr. Addy's work takes its principal title from a passage in Domesday Book relating to the original possessions of Earl Waltheof, 'the innocent and murdered martyr of free-'dom,' and the lands retained by his widow, the Countess Judith, who was regarded by the English as 'a most im-'pious Jezebel.' The great Manor of Hallun, which at one time comprised Sheffield and Attercliffe, as well as the out-parts of Hallamshire, was held of the Countess by Roger de Busli. It had belonged to the Earl before the rebellion of

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1074, and the commissioners add the note that 'Waltheof 'had a hall there.' We find a similar memorandum in the description of Laughton-in-le-Morthen, where the same Roger de Busli held a great manor with many dependent districts. Before the rebellion it had belonged to Edwin, the brother of Morcar, and the Survey contains a statement that 'Earl Edwin had a hall there.' Whether the word 'aula' referred to an actual court-house in which the courts of the earldom were held, or whether it merely indicated the seat of the viceregal jurisdiction, is not very easy to determine. There was a castle at Laughton, which may have occupied the site of Earl Edwin's hall, but there seem to be very few signs of any great building having belonged to Earl Waltheof. Mr. Addy tells us that the 'aula' of Domesday Book represents the Norseman's hall, 'a word always ap-'plied to a king's or an earl's palace, and not to a private 'dwelling.' We should remember that Waltheof was the son of Siward, the brave Earl of Northumbria who makes such a fine figure in the last scene of 'Macbeth.' We will assume that the old Dane had a great hall which gave its name to Hallamshire. Wherever it may have stood, there is little doubt that it would have been destroyed when the Conqueror ravaged the district, for Mr. Hunter mentions a tradition that he destroyed the whole vill of Hallam in an access of fury, and quotes a charter of the monks of St. Wandville which mentions the hedges of Ecclesfield 'as they 'were before the burning.'

When Mr. Hunter was looking for the site of Waltheof's hall, his first impulse was to take the Norman castle of Sheffield as representing 'the Saxon *aula* of the Manor of 'Hallam.' If this were the correct view, it would be easy to understand why the town of Sheffield enjoyed a superiority over the rest of Hallamshire during the century which followed the Conquest. But a closer examination of the Domesday Survey soon convinced him that the 'aula,' whatever it may have been, was in that part of Hallamshire which lay outside the manors of Attercliffe and Sheffield, though it was said that they all formed one district in the time of Edward the Confessor. He was forced to accept the guidance of a popular legend, knowing full well, however, that tradition is often 'nothing more than an hypothesis.' Rumour directed his inquiries to an old mansion called Haugh Park, lying close to the stream of the Rivelin. 'In 'a tone unusually loud she has long called our attention to 'the sloping banks of that rivulet, however now deserted. . .

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'In a tone equally loud she speaks of the utter ruin of the 'place as an act of signal vengeance by the incensed Norman 'Conqueror.' He is represented as having left not one stone upon another, and to have swept away the whole Manor of Hallam 'with the besom of destruction.'

There is a paved Roman road, known as the Long Causey, the Giants' Causey, and the Bath-gate, which seems to have connected the military station at Brough with the 'seething 'springs' at Buxton. The existence of the causeway explains the form of such local names as Stretton and Streetfield. A landmark known as Stanage Pole is set up near some rocks adjoining the roadway, and Stanynton, or 'Stan-'nington,' as it is now called, was a farm or hamlet near the Rivelin, which evidently took its title from the Roman pavement. In the year 1761 a labourer of this place found a pair of copper plates, which the Society of Antiquaries pronounced to be 'the most curious thing of the kind which 'had ever been discovered in England.' These objects were 'manumission plates,' copied from a diploma set up at Rome behind the Temple of Augustus, by which the Emperor Hadrian granted a discharge to certain veterans entitling them to a reward for their services, in money or land. The soldiers discharged on this occasion belonged to various auxiliary forces of Spaniards, Dalmatians, Nervians, and others, all serving in Britain under Platorius Nepos in A.D. 124. The diploma gave them all the rights of a Roman citizen, including the right of lawful marriage with their British wives, 'or, if they were not married, with such wives 'as they might afterwards take, provided that each should 'take only one at a time.' Mr. Hunter regarded these soldiers as being the first to introduce into this part of Yorkshire 'some of the arts of social life which they had 'learned in their intercourse with the Romans.' The discovery is said to have been made in a small inclosure called King's Park, or Penny Piece, forming part of a farm known as 'The Lawns,' from having formerly been 'a laund for 'the deer.' The habitation selected by the discharged veterans was likely, in Mr. Hunter's opinion, to become 'the 'metropolis of the neighbourhood,' which in later times would naturally become the principal manor and the site of Waltheof's hall. Mr. Addy considers that some confusion has arisen about Haugh Park. An old Survey calls it the Hawe Park, and states that it consisted in 1637 of about seventy-four acres lying open to Rivelin Firth. But Mr. Addy brings forward several pieces of evidence tending to

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show that 'Hall Park' was the original name. He has also ascertained, by a plan made in the last century, and now preserved in the Duke of Norfolk's office, that there was an old homestead at Stannington described as the Manor House. The reference list states that the farmer was in possession of 'three Bays six Lengths of building, and two 'Bays four Lengths at the Manor.' A 'bay,' we are informed, is a division of a building from fifteen to twenty feet in breadth, and Dr. Murray states, in the 'New English Dic-'tionary,' that 'when the word is applied to a house it ap-'pears to be the space lying under one gable, or included 'between two party-walls.' Mr. Addy describes it as the space between any two pairs of 'crucks,' and the 'crucks,' according to his 'Sheffield Glossary,' are the great oak timbers which form the arches in old-fashioned barns. The book before us contains a very full description of the ancient methods of building with the trunks of forest trees, 'the roofs 'and walls being made water-tight by wattle and daub.'

The manor-house in question was surrounded by a circular moat, like the 'Manor-house of Mercy' described in Piers Plowman's vision :—

> 'Thanne shaltow come to a Court as clere as the Sonne,
> The mote is of mercy the Manere about.'

We do not know the degree of antiquity ascribed to the Stannington manor-house; but we shall be safe in assuming that it was built long after the Norman period. Mr. Addy seems to think that an older hall once occupied the site of the manor-house: 'It is more likely,' we are told, 'that the 'hall of Waltheof stood here than at Hallam Head;' but the whole thing seems to rest on the talk of some unnamed villagers. In connexion with the same subject we are informed that a 'castle,' according to a local tradition, once stood near the manor-house; but we have already learned that a 'castle' is only a name for a prehistoric earthwork. The field selected as the site of the castle is near an eminence called Goodyfield Rock, shown in Mr. Winterbottom's fine sketch of a view from Bole Hill, which forms the frontispiece to the book. This spot, it is suggested, would be a very likely place for a Roman villa, since it is near the foot of the hill and is well protected from the winds. 'It is pos-'sible,' says Mr. Addy, 'though not likely, that the *aula* 'of the Domesday Book, instead of referring to a great 'wooden palace built either by German or Scandinavian 'settlers, may refer to a Roman villa used or occupied by

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'them.' It is, however, well known that the Teutonic invaders of Britain allowed the Roman buildings to fall into absolute decay, being apparently of opinion that there was some dangerous witchcraft about them. Mr. William Morris drew his picture of a great hall, in his 'Tale of the House 'of the Wolfings,' from the ideal descriptions in Norse Sagas that may themselves have been copied from the palaces of Priam and Alcinous:—

'As for the roof of the Wolfings, it was a great hall and goodly, after the fashion of their folk and their day; not built of stone and lime, but framed of the goodliest trees of the wild wood, squared with the adze, and between the framing filled with clay and wattled with reeds. . . . As for the timber of the roof itself and its framing, so exceeding great and high it was that the tale tells how that none might see the fashion of it from the hall-floor unless he were to raise aloft a blazing faggot on a long pole: since no lack of timber there was among the Men of the Mark.'

If such a hall had been wanted in Hallamshire, 'there 'was timber enough to build it.' Harrison declared in his old Survey that about Hawe Park was an abundance of very stately trees, and quoted travellers who acknowledged that 'they had not seen such timber in Christendom.' We shall close our account of an extremely interesting book with an extract from Mr. Addy's own reflections on the present appearance of the beautiful valley. All the trees are gone, and the visitor sees nothing but green fields in a network of stone walls: 'Our eyes fall, indeed, upon a lovely 'scene, but imagination alone can bring back the great 'deer-park, with its huge oaks and pines, the *villa* built 'by the Roman, or the timbered hall of the Norseman.' Looking towards the slope where the historian thought that he had found the site of Waltheof's court, a visitor would suppose, except for a few old inclosures, that the whole country side was a waste newly cleared of its heather and stones: 'You would not think it was the place which the 'Roman chose for his *villa* or the great Northumbrian earl 'for his hall.'

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ART. IX.—*Pierre le Grand, d'après des documents nouveaux.* Par K. WALESZEWSKI. Paris: 1897.

THE ability which M. Waleszewski brought to bear on the Memoirs of Catherine II., her lovers, friends, and collaborators, led us to augur well of any notice of Peter the Great from the same diligent collector of documents and from the same facile pen; but we are not surprised to find that the present volume, like its predecessors, has been placed upon the Index in Russia.

His new book, though in one volume, is practically in three parts: the *training*, the *man*, and the *work*. M. Waleszewski starts by saying that, being incompetent in military matters, and ignorant of what is called the art of war, he will not be foolish enough to attempt any criticism of those campaigns which, lasting from 1700 to 1721, resulted in such loss of prestige and territory for Sweden as changed the position of Russia in Europe. Yet even when that great struggle has been discounted, the task of the Tzar's biographer remains a gigantic one. What Peter did at Pultava was flaunted in the eyes of the world. Yet that victory was only the outward, and very visible, sign of a work inside his own country far more astounding. It is of that work which M. Waleszewski invites us to judge.

No character is to be met with in history that at all resembles this son of Nathalie Naryschkine. There is nothing that approximates either to his position, or to the amazing versatility of a reigning sovereign who was at once autocrat and artisan, politician and pilot, lawgiver and dentist, ship's-carpenter and provost-marshal, bombardier and judge, pioneer and despot, soldier and Tzar. There is no such figure to be found, not even if we search the annals of sovereigns —that is to say, of the men and of the women who, thanks to their station, have been able to act all their caprices, and to leave the stamp of their personality on a prostrate world.

Here, in England, we hymned, during the summer of last year, the peaceful victories of the greatest constitutional sovereign that ever lived. But Victoria, Queen and Empress, influences her era by following, not by coercing, the wills of her people. In the splendid solitude of a throne, and often in deep sorrow, our Sovereign Lady has tasted the joys of self-control, and earned the gratitude of a free

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and civilised nation, whose aspirations she fosters, and whose family life she would have kept pure. Peter's great antagonist, Charles XII., created nothing. In that last war of the Gods and of the Titans he lost much, and when he fell fighting, in 1718, he left, as the poet says, only a name, to point a moral or to adorn a tale. Peter-Alexeivitch has been compared to Napoleon; but 'the Corsican with 'flat hair' never was, like Henri IV., a typical Frenchman; he never, so to speak, embodied France. He led Frenchmen across the world, conquering and to conquer, but he led them at last to defeat, and half of his work has perished with him. The Code and the Concordat still remain, but the thrones and dominions, the principalities and the powers that he called into being (as if by the stroke of an enchanter's wand) have left not a wreck behind. Peter was not only a Russian, but a personification of the Russia which sprang, like Minerva, from his brain. He has been called 'the father of his country;' he was even its Prometheus. He modelled a colossal form, and he was able to steal fire enough from heaven to quicken all those giant limbs, and to give to the Russias a local habitation and a self-conscious, self-reliant soul. He has even been credited with bequeathing to her a '*Testament*' which is no less her charter than her *Apologia*, and which is supposed to serve as a compass for her future course. The '*Testament*' is purely apocryphal. Peter, though he left a written notice of his wars with Sweden, never wrote a will, and death sealed his lips ere he could even express a wish; but the current belief that he did trace a plan for his successors does but attest the degree to which he still influences the minds of the living. For the Russians Peter, though departed, is never really dead. In a square near the fast-flowing Neva stands his equestrian statue. It is the work of Falconet, and it looks dramatic enough as the solitary hero sits his rearing charger. But the populace believe that the spirit of *Piotr Véliki* animates the bronze. They say that of winter nights the horse and its rider slip noiselessly down from their pedestal of Finland granite, and continue, across St. Petersburg, a snow-muffled and mysterious ride. Just so, in the spirit, does their legendary *batiouchka* (little father) take his course over all the Russias; for after so many years he it is who still gives unity to the Empire, and to 121,000,000 of men.

Like Mahomet, Peter has left such an impress upon his children that it is hard for us to imagine, still more to

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realise, what Muscovy was like before the son of Nathalie Naryschkine took up the glass of time and turned it in bands of steel. To begin with, time itself was not reckoned in Russia as in civilised countries. The years, which were held to begin in September, dated from the beginning of the world, so that the birth of Peter happened in the year 7180 (A.D. 1672). It fell in that month of May when even in Central Russia the spring sap is at work, and the infant boy was taken to be baptised in the church of St. Alexis-the-Miracle-Worker, as if in anticipation of the wonderful changes he was to live to effect. At that moment no *knias* (Great-prince), or Tzar of Russia, had ever seen the sea. The Muscovites were an inland people, whose women, kept secluded in the *terem* of their houses, did not walk unveiled, lest witches looking on them should unfit them for the sacred office of maternity. The rich had wonderful jewels, but few men, and still fewer women, knew how to read or write; the Church constituted a state within the State, trade hardly existed, or existed only by means of caravans that, moving from fair to fair, ran great risks from robbers. The public finances were a wilderness of waste and deficit, and the nobles, who governed by factions, and by the help of the black clergy, were a standing menace to the crown.

The last Tzar had not been an energetic ruler, though Mr. Schuyler is, we think, rather harsh in his judgement of him when he says of Alexis that he 'was one of the 'worst sovereigns of Russia.' He was more enlightened than many, and when a widower he married a beautiful girl called Nathalie Naryschkine. She was the ward of a rich and important *boïar*, and was brought up by his wife, a Miss Hamilton, in a coterie of Scotch refugees. Thanks to this happy accident, Nathalie's education had not been confined within the four walls of a *terem*. She was accustomed to appear at table, and to hear conversation in several languages, and to consort with persons whose creed and practice were not those of the Orthodox Church. She was therefore superior in many ways to the other beauties who were aspirants for the place of Alexis's second wife. Did this circumstance influence her infant's character, and whisper to Peter, even before his birth into a semi-Asiatic kingdom, secrets of a society freer, wider, and wiser than that of all the Russias? Or, in speculating, as we must do, on the extraordinary character of this man, ought every hypothetical idea of heredity to be set aside? Was this Peter, with the gleaming eyes, the muscular frame, and the commanding stature only a

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changeling—the son of a German doctor, substituted on one May morning, in guilty haste, for that little baby girl to which Nathalie Naryschkine had been unwise enough to give birth a twelvemonth after her wedding? To us, able after two centuries to judge of the man and of the work, it seems impossible to doubt of Peter's descent. He seems to be the typical Russian—the man who, like his country, had no limits, who was uncultivated but great, and full of surprises. The sovereign who could evoke order out of chaos, a capital out of a morass, and a navy out of a forest primeval, might well startle the world and offend the long-haired bigots of Moscow. In order to revenge themselves on his strenuous apostolate of Western manners, they called him a German—always a term of reproach on Russian lips—and encouraged the tongues of rumour to busy themselves about his birth. The strange part of the story is that this great Tzar was not himself by any means certain that in his veins there ran any drop of the blood of Mihaïl Romanof, the founder of the dynasty which he was supposed to represent. What is certain is that Alexis died about two years after his son's birth, and that the friends of his mother fell into disgrace. Nathalie, in this way, found herself banished, with her infant, to the Peobrajenskoïe village, and there lived, almost in sight of Moscow, but in no small danger from the faction that hated the widowed Tzarina and her proud old guardian, the *boïar* Artamon Matvëief. Alexis was succeeded by his eldest son, Feodor, but the reign of that young man was so short that it could not do anything for the tranquillity of the Russias. Feodor died, and then came the problem. On whom should the crown devolve?

For nearly a century every succession had meant, not an inheritance but a revolution, and sometimes a sanguinary one. It might be an article of faith that in Holy Russia the monarchy is hereditary, but practically it was nothing of the sort. It had become the apple of discord, so that in the Kremlin, as in any Indian or Persian palace, the births, lives and deaths that succeeded each other did not at all resemble each other. Privy conspiracy and murder were resorted to without hesitation, as without remorse, till elections came to be as much tampered with as those that ultimately led to the dismemberment of Poland. Alexis was only lifted into the throne by a party; Feodor had been the nominee of those who hated the Naryschkines, and now Russia hesitated to acknowledge a son of Alexis, a certain Ivan, who at fifteen years of age was one part idiotic, and

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three parts blind. Peter, his half-brother, was only ten years old, and certainly it would have appeared rash to bet upon his chances of empire. He became, however, the nominee of Joachim, the Patriarch of Moscow, who, when he came out from the death-bed of Feodor, advised the electors so hastily convened in the 'red staircase' to accept for their sovereign the little half-brother of the Tzar whom the Almighty had just taken to Himself. After a few minutes' debate the Russias, Great, Little, and White, awoke to discover that they had a new Tzar, that he was only ten years old, and that his name was Peter-Alexeivitch. His nomination was naturally the signal for the return to favour, and to office, of the Naryschkine faction—but not for long. The troops were not with them, but with the Regent Sophia-Alexeievna, a half-sister to the Tzar, so power gravitated into her hands, and the triumph of Nathalie could only be short-lived. Sophia-Alexeievna was a woman of great resources; she was never frank, except in her expressions of devotion to a lover, but to strong passions and to some shrewdness she added a great love of power, and, though she fell when the Streltzy were annihilated, it must be owned that with her began that 'monstrous 'regimen of women' which, for nearly a century, dominated Russia. She had as her henchman Vassili Galitzine, and she could command the devotion of that Pretorian Guard, the Streltzy, who behaved like the Janissaries of her half-barbarous Court.

One of the few episodes of Russian history with which all European readers are familiar is the fate of these Streltzy, their repeated revolts, their dismemberment, and their butchery by Peter the Great. Pages could be written about the incidents, pages that might be supposed to refer to the intrigues of some Indian Ranee or Begum, among the rival aspirants to thrones like those of Delhi or of Oude; but pass we to the crisis of 1689.

Ten leagues out of Moscow stands the monastery of the Troïtza (Trinity), one of those strange isolated and fortified little towns never to be met with but in Holy Russia. Full of the grace of a day that is fled, they astonish the Western visitor. They are girt about with walls once intended to withstand the raids of Tartar hordes, but the soldiers of the Troïtza are all monks. Prayer and praise are made there continually, and myriads of lamps burn before time-honoured shrines. It is a world of ecclesiastical art. Its churches may be counted by tens, its glittering *icónes* by scores; it has

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manuscripts, and a treasure-house of jewels. Its long-haired servitors may be reckoned by hundreds, and its pilgrims never fail, while it is by thousands that you must count its silent congregation, the dead who sleep in its vast cemetery, since pious Russians love to lie within sound of the bells, and under the sign of the Cross. The Superior of such a *Lavra* has the retinue of a prince, and a carriage drawn by many black horses. In the seventeenth century he could enjoy unquestioned a semi-royal authority. It was the Archimandrite Vincent who on one silent and luminous night in August was roused to receive a visitor. He had to open to the young Tzar, who, half-clad, and under cover of the night, had slipped out of the forest, and come to crave protection from the Streltzy, and from the persecution of the Regent Sophia. He had been told, either rightly or wrongly, that in the Kremlin his life could no longer be secure; so Peter had fled, and left the Streltzy rejoiced over such an easy victory.

Moscow, however, lost more on that day than has ever been made up to her; for from that day dated Peter's dislike to the capital. Having succeeded to Novgorod and to Kiev as the seat of both temporal and spiritual government, Moscow was regarded by orthodox Russians as the queen and the mother of all provinces and towns. Moscow was, and is, worthy of the most enthusiastic love. There runs the river which the Kremlin crowns. There stands the church of Vassili, many-domed, and with such a labyrinth of chapels that a stranger losing his way amongst them may happen not to find it again for many days. There rises the Cathedral of the Assumption, where to this day the Tzars are crowned, and whose walls are as libraries of the history of Muscovite heroes and saints. There is the belfry and the broken bell of that Ivan whom the Russians call the *gruesome*, or the *menacing*; and there, in a pendicle outside the church, which its founder's corpse has never been permitted to enter, lies that same John the Terrible, fixed, for as long as the world endures, between the wife and the son whom he murdered. There are the relics of the saints, and the glittering *icônes*, and the picture of that wonder-working *Bogie-Matra Iverska*, by whose grace Moscow endures. There, too, is the Great Gate of the Saviour, which no foot of heathen foe has ever passed to enter the Kremlin. Fire has always spared its frowning portal and its little votive lamp, and near it is the Kitai-gorod, with gates and walls all vermilion and green and gold; while outside this impreg-

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nable and inviolate Kremlin are the huts where the poor men lie, and the faubourgs full of monasteries and merchants' houses, and those rows that are dens of merchandise, if sometimes also dens of thieves. The one man in all the Russias who could not love this place, with its chambers of imagery, its incense, its bells, and its long-haired monks, was Peter-Alexeivitch. He alleged as his reason that, as a child and as a youth, he had suffered there too bitterly, assuredly never more than when he made this rather ignominious flight to the *Lavra*. He was terrified, and certainly displayed no signs of the qualities we are afterwards to find in him. He sought for such shelter as the monks could secure, contracted a sort of chorea which afflicted him as long as he lived, and, when the time for action was over, and countless opponents had been beheaded, he went back to the company of associates who were apt to be foreigners. Whether it was to please his enemies or himself that Peter led a foolish and vicious life, no one now can say; but when we remember the half-Scottish education of his mother, we cannot wonder that her son was drawn to consort with clever strangers like Patrick Gordon, and James Bruce, or with the Genevese Lefort. He was, unfortunately, also addicted to the company of dwarfs and buffoons; and, whether to please his enemies or himself, undeniably spent six good years of his early manhood in orgies of noise, license, and restlessness.

At length he began to shake himself out of the life of the faubourg. He travelled, went to Archangel, and there for the first time saw the sea. This excited him to build a flotilla—on a freshwater lake, it is true—and also to form new projects. To friends and foes he must have seemed more eccentric than practical when he adopted the Dutch flag, and signed himself 'Skipper Peter, captain of the Holy 'Prophet.' No one therefore paid much attention when he planned to discover a North-east passage to India and China, but when he spoke of showing himself to the great Powers of the West, it was hinted to him that he ought, in the first place, to win his spurs. The Tzar, determined to be equal to the occasion, besieged Azov, the key of the Black Sea. His first military effort was neither well equipped nor successful, but in this, the seventh year of his curious juvenile improvisations, Peter learned, as only clever people do, by experience. He mastered the truth that he had personally much to learn ere Victory would ever be persuaded to range herself on his side. There is a proverb which says that she who wishes for a golden gown will get its sleeve. Peter was

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a man who got more than a sleeve; for this Tzar, who had not a ship, lived to see his navies float on the Black Sea, the Caspian, and the Baltic, and the commander who had not one drill-sergeant for his *sotniks*, lived to conquer Finland and Poland and Sweden, and to disturb both Prussia and Austria by battles which proved that this raw recruit in all the arts of civilisation was determined to be reckoned with as a new element in the balance of European power.

Such a passage from one intellectual world to another was only possible to the strong will and the hard worker. 'Bombardier Peter,' unconscious of ridicule, and indifferent to appearances, went on his self-appointed way. He began a new fleet, and used his sword, his stick, and even his fists on his workmen, while he collected artisans and handicraftsmen who were blest with more education than the Muscovites for whom he planned so illustrious a future. Azov fell at length, and Peter had leisure to give to new projects which will show us this Tzar in contact with other princes, and with the civilisation of the West.

Six hundred years before a Grand-Duke (*kniaz*) of Kiew paid a visit to the Emperor Henry IV.; since that event Russian rulers had been unknown persons in Europe. Even now Peter, feeling the gulf fixed between himself and his great neighbours, refused to give an official character to his grand tour. He was to be addressed neither as Prince, nor Tzar of Muscovy, but only as Peter Mihaïlof, or son of that Michael Romanof whose dynasty was represented in his person, and of his gigantic embassy he was ostensibly but one of the members. Two hundred and fifty persons composed it. Lefort, high placed in its ranks, wore a Tartar dress; most of the officers wore long beards and longer caftans; all were jewelled, and none were cleanly, while the young Prince of Imeretia wore a magnificent Persian costume. They might easily have passed for a band of strolling players, and all who heard of their plans were convinced that Peter-Alexeivitch journeyed westwards for his amusement only.

One of the points which M. Waleszewski has done well in clearing up is the episode of Saardam. He has separated the truth from a good deal of fiction, so time-honoured that Voltaire boldly stated that Peter spent two years in the shipbuilding yards of that little town. How he came to go there is explained by the fact that for his constructions and flotillas he had already collected, and employed in Russia, a good many travelling *compagnons* and second-rate carpenters and wheel-

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wrights. Some of these men belonged to Saardam, and knowing the place and its trade, through their reports, he pushed on thither from Amsterdam, and settled into the house of a blacksmith named Kist. So far so good, but it is by no means certain that the cottage to which pilgrimages are now made ever held the hard-working Tzar, and it is an ascertained fact that the days spent in Saardam were exactly eight in number. No doubt he pressed a great deal into that week. He cooked his own food, bought a little yawl, put a new mast into her, and sailed her. He made love to the maid of the inn, looked at the shops and forges and rope walks, and at the fifty wharves where merchant vessels were built. During these peregrinations, we gather from the journal of Mynheer Noomen, a draper of Saardam (as preserved in the library of Utrecht), that he had stones thrown at him by the street boys. Their sense of the fitness of things was doubtless outraged by Peter's red suit, a carnavalesque dress that, in their opinion, sat ill on what Noomen describes as 'a 'man with a tall figure, a shaking head, and a trembling in 'his right arm; and a big wart on his face.'

If Saardam were, as the poet Joukowsky terms it, the cradle of Russia, it was so for one week only. He soon saw that, though Saardam may have bred many carpenters, it was a delusion and a snare for a ruler in search of a universal education for himself and his people. He required to graduate in a higher school, and to take life more largely as well as more seriously; so to Amsterdam he betook himself. There the Burgomaster Witzen welcomed him, and showed him the docks and yards of the East India Company. Dutch galleons lay there, full of apes and peacocks, and of the strangely scented merchandise of the under-world. Everything was grist to his mill; every invention and every appliance delighted him. The ear was never tired of hearing, or the eye of seeing, was it picture gallery or hospital, factory or workshop; so there, in the old Doelen inn, he lived happy, for once, beyond his wildest dreams. One does not know how the other two hundred and forty-nine less intelligent members of 'the Russian Embassy' amused themselves; but Peter, as in Saardam, cooked his own victuals, waded in water up to his knees, and called himself '*Peterbas*,' while he learned to handle the compass, the saw and the plane. He took lessons even in drawing and engraving. Cohorn was his master for fortification; but Cohorn, in spite of his entreaties, refused to accompany Peter to Russia, perhaps because he had noticed that his august pupil, who was also

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studying with a dentist, had a mania for drawing the teeth of his companions.

In all this, as in his lessons in chemistry and architecture, there was, of course, quite as much fever as method; but there was also that pathetic 'I thirst!' of eager souls too long debarred from the occupations and the knowledge after which they yearn, and there was ever present in Peter, underlying caprices and incongruities, a passion to grasp and to bequeath a complete civilisation for Russia. We shall see how this passion haunted him, and to what extremes it drove him when, in bad health and middle life, he had to fear that his reforms might perish with him.

Peter remained in Holland for four months, and left it only to pursue his studies on the banks of the Thames (1698). The States-General, in a minute, notes that the Russian embassy, as it was called, had cost them 100,000 florins, and the draper of Saardam says 'thus was the State, 'and our little town, discharged of this visitation, so cele-'brated, so numerous, so distinguished, and so very costly."

The Tzar travelled to England in semi-royal state, William III., whom he had known in Utrecht, sending a yacht to fetch him. In London he stayed three months. He worked as hard as possible, sat to Kneller for his portrait, and tramped the clammy streets of Deptford with an axe on his shoulder, like any of his mates. M. Waleszewski says that when in the company of the King and Queen he was less awkward than on his first visits to royal persons, but no one could go near his bedroom without disgust and dismay; and Bishop Burnet, in his 'Memoirs,' almost excuses himself for discussing a stranger whose manners he felt (as the street boys of Saardam had felt) to be beneath the dignity of history. The rest of his tour was uneventful. He was admitted to audience by the Emperor Leopold, and did not go to Venice, and so returned home, indignant at the insubordinate conduct of the Streltzy during an absence all consecrated to the future of a country which he now re-entered rich in the cargo of impressions that he had been able to collect, alike from gentle and from simple. Europe had made merry over his freaks and his feats, but he laughs best who laughs last, and the Giant of Muscovy had gained in this his singular *Wanderjahr* the knowledge which is power.

Every fact, every faculty, and almost every feeling carries its consequences, and from henceforward Peter's new position, and new potentialities, had to be confronted abroad by the glory and the arms of Charles XII., and at home by the

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party of reaction and of the *status quo*. Wars play the great rôle in the next section of the Tzar's life. M. Waleszewski's book hardly occupies itself with them. Narva and Pultava were all so fresh in the minds and imaginations of men when Voltaire wrote, that one can understand his devoting his attention to those amazing campaigns. But M. Waleszewski is a man of a different age. He has seen the reforms of Alexander II., and the reactionary tendencies of Alexander III., and the present industrial life of the Russias, therefore to his mind the theme of absorbing interest—may we say of supreme utility?—is what Peter the Great did, not in the outside world, but for the inner life, for the reformation of Muscovy.

One exploit has not, we think, received from M. Waleszewski as much notice as it deserved. We mean the expedition into Finland. It is not only that Viborg kept Peter and Apraxin long before the walls of her castle, or because any loss of territory was a blow to the Swedish hero, but because this war was a prelude to that complete and permanent possession of Finland which was to come later, and which the rise of St. Petersburg renders absolutely essential. The moral conquest of the Finns is not even yet complete, but such is the geographical position of their little country that we could imagine Russia deprived of Riga, which Peter gave to her, or of Warsaw, which Catherine II. gave to her, or even of the Crimea, but never of Finland. The new capital, that triumph of courage and of art over nature, climate, and malaria, lies close to the Finnish frontier. The Neva is swollen by the waters of Finnish rivers that are poured into Lake Ladoga from a lake system the most wonderful in the world. The quays and buildings of the city, like its one stone bridge, and like the monstrous Isakzy-Sabor, are built of Finland granite. Viborg is now within four hours' reach by train, and the Grand Duchy forms, so to speak, an antechamber to the capital. It was, of course, as de Custine said, a curious notion to plant the metropolis on the extreme limit of an empire, and that in a district where warmth and fertility must be unknown. The islands may be smiling and pretty during a brief summer, but the wilderness came up to the very gates. Poisonous marshes and leaden skies were all that its founders could see, but Peter persevered. He feared neither the fever of the morass nor the rising flood of the Neva when it rose in its fury and submerged all the quays, laying a wilderness of mud banks, canals, and wooden houses under ten feet of water.

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It must have been for Peter that the Russian proverb was invented, 'Desire is stronger than impossibility,' for when the masons died, the engineers died, and the troops died, he treated it as a detail. They told him that the wolves of the forest had eaten off the heads of his sentries, but it mattered not to him; he laid the first bricks of a house himself, planned fresh bastions and casemates, and ironically called this place, with the vast grey horizons and the angry stream, his 'paradise.' M. Waleszewski says:—

'In spite of all these considerations, I incline to think that Peter was well inspired. That he should be averse to continuing in Moscow who does not understand it? In an environment distinctly hostile, and, even to the present day, obstinately reactionary, his work could only enjoy a precarious and ever-threatened existence; it must have ever been at the mercy of one of those popular risings before which the sovereign power, seated in the Kremlin, had so often shown itself defenceless. In throwing Muscovy outside of its past, and beyond its old frontiers, Peter must logically have willed to exteriorise even the seat of his government. . . . This Ingria does appear to me to have offered, for such a design, advantages outweighing all the drawbacks I have enumerated. It was, at that time, a virgin soil, thinly populated, and that by a Finnish race which, as possessing no historical consistency and no cohesion, would, in consequence, be easily assimilated. Everywhere else, on the shores of the Baltic, in Esthonia, in Carelia, and in Courland, though the Swedes might be driven out, the Germans remained. Solidly established, this German element had, thanks to the proximity of German culture, a great strength for resistance. After nearly two centuries of Russian sway Riga continues to this day a German town. In St. Petersburg Russia has grown elegant and cosmopolitan, yet the city is absolutely Russian, and the Finnish element in its environs does not count for anything.'

Progress in St. Petersburg was rapid if unequal, and everything in it expressed a tendency to new and liberal thoughts. Already, in the middle of the eighteenth century, Schlözer found that Divine service was celebrated in the town in fourteen different languages. To this day in Moscow the Orthodox ritual is omnipresent, and the simple appearance of a foreigner in any of its churches is not extremely welcome: so much so that a whisper of *istrania* (a stranger) will immediately begin to pass from mouth to mouth. Modern Russia could only be born and bred on the Finnish frontier. Peter's choice, perhaps, is best understood at Peterhof. If you leave his little humble house by the lake, and the palace and its fountains, and climb to the most northern terrace, you can see the stately ships going down, and far to your left you can descry the forts of Cronstadt,

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lowlying but menacing, among the tossing waters at the Neva's mouth.

The life in the new city, besides its countless physical drawbacks, laboured under other disqualifications. No '*fiat* '*lux*' could suddenly create there a brilliant and distinguished society; Peter dealt blows with his *doubina*, and if by *oukase* he summoned ladies to its balls, Catherine Slavronska was hardly the woman to hold up the glass of fashion to a delighted and delightful Court. When Peter went to Paris in 1717 he left the Tzarina behind, well aware that he could not show her at a Court where the *régime* of Mme. de Maintenon was in full force, and where vice wore a decorous dress. Time did not mellow his Tzarina, and, what was worse, her observance of propriety fell off as her familiarity with empire increased. Before the Tzar's death she gave him rivals, and even took a lover *en titre*, which, wonderful to relate, her husband forgave her. The courtiers who surrounded this strange couple were without any ideal of honour, duty, or self-respect, and the new civilisation which sat ill upon them was a thing all shreds and patches in the first generation, and even in the next it presented strange exaggerations and still stranger lacunes. Perhaps Peter was unaware of the incongruity of the results he had produced: perhaps not; at all events he laboured on. The old-fashioned costumes and the long beards were forbidden, and the *terem* was abolished; but the fusion between the old prejudices and the new manners was difficult and unsatisfactory. It was a difficult problem how to make the higher schools succeed. The Church, which had originally brought from Constantinople its ideas of laws, polity and morality, had fostered a very chimerical view of life, and though Peter might pencil on the margin of a report 'Make an academy,' the school, when started, bore witness to a low type of intellectual developement. Primary schools also appeared, but were not always welcomed as an addition by a village commune. One village saw the building arise with grief and consternation. No one used it. At last a trembling petition was sent up to ask why 'people who had 'always done their duty were to be punished in this way?' Learning had few devotees, but some maps were made, and explorations begun in the eastern parts of an Empire only too little known to its rulers.

The number of matters to which Peter's genius, at once so original and so arbitrary, applied itself is bewildering. Picture galleries were to be created, and archives collected

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and stored. There must be a museum, an academy of the Fine Arts, a theatre, and, to the Tzar's praise be it told, many hospitals. But, like all new institutions, the reforms of Peter brought suffering. The levies of troops were enormous. Peter succeeded best, of course, in material creations, in making a new fortress, or a city, where a wilderness had been, or in forming regiments out of the 200,000 armed men, not one of whom had, at his accession, earned any right to the name of soldier. By the close of his reign he could review forty regiments of infantry and thirty-three regiments of dragoons, without counting the irregular troops, like the Cossacks, &c. In giving to his country the army of Pultava he forged a marvellous weapon, one by which the actual grandeur of the Empire has been secured, but it was not done without loss. Not to speak of the defeat of Narva, and of his reverses on the Pruth, the commissariat was often very scanty.

The nobility were disaffected. Taken down from their original independence, they were obliged to rank only by the number of their official *tschines*, or grades of employment under the Tzar. A bureaucracy arose which, through the same grades, acquired a new position in society, while at the extreme end of the social scale were the beggars whom Peter forbade to beg, and the highway-robbers whom he tried to suppress. The abominable severity of the law in this case defeated its own object; robbery was winked at, and even a man of birth, like Prince Oubtomski, was not ashamed, or afraid, to practise it, and finally to be caught red-handed.

The laws were in a chaotic state when Peter attempted their reform. The first Russian code dated, by a fine irony, from the time of John the Terrible, but, like its successor, the Swod of 1650, it was obsolete. Peter broached the idea of a fresh codification, but he could not get the Senate to work it out, so that later, and after trying to adapt the Swedish criminal law to the requirements of his native land, he had to fall back on the code of 1650, adding to it the laws about recruiting, in which he treated military service as being one, and the greatest, of the taxes due to the State. It was reserved to his descendant, Alexander I., and to his minister Speransky, to give a new code to Russia; but, enlightened as might be their efforts, the old arbitrary spirit was not extinct, and a peasant was shrewd enough to ask Speransky one day, with feigned simplicity, 'if *oukases* come 'out to-day and to-morrow, and on all the to-morrows, what

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'is the use of the *Swod*?' The *oukases* have not yet ceased to roll like a tide over all laws in a land where 'everything 'is forbidden except what has been distinctly permitted.'

Such were a few, but only a few, of the many and strenuous efforts made by Peter the Great for the reformation of his country. M. Waleszewski is right to dwell on them as he does, for Mr. Schuyler's book is not as well known in Europe as it deserves, and Voltaire passed many of his reforms over. Was it because France was not educated enough to care to hear of them? It was certainly not because of any lack of materials out of which to construct a civil as well as a military history of his hero. We know this, for by an odd chance all the books, papers, and memoranda supplied to him from Russia (1759) while he was at work on his Life of Peter the Great, are now again in St. Petersburg. Catherine II., after the death 'of the 'illustrious man and writer who loved me,' bought all Voltaire's papers from his niece, Mde. Denis (1778), and we are surprised that M. Waleszewski does not speak of having tapped that great reservoir of original documents, which not only exist, but which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, exist unedited, and in precisely the same condition as when Count Schouvaloff sent them to Ferney.

We have left till the last the greatest of the herculean tasks of Peter. The question of questions was all along, how would the clergy bring themselves to adopt, or condone, so many changes? Their attitude was by no means a passive one, but that of Peter towards them was complicated, to a strange degree, by the character of his son, and by the peculiarity of his own connubial ties.

In the life of Peter the Great, as in that of Napoleon, we find two marriages. We do not find an authorised divorce from the first wife, and in the second alliance of the Tzar we do not meet with an Imperial bride. What Peter was he owed to his own sword and to his own brain, and not to any Kingly, Imperial, and Apostolic father-in-law. When he took a second wife he mated with a Livonian servant. She came out of a pastor's kitchen, and was a woman uncultivated, unchaste, and unlovely. But not unloved. Peter took, or bought, Catherine Slavronska from Menchikoff because he liked her; he kept her because she suited him, and he married and crowned her because he loved her. His affection for her, without passion and without parade, lasted as long as his life; he assisted her family, and he even pardoned her infidelities, as he had

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condoned her stormy past. What may have been the secret of her influence? Eudoxia, his first wife, did not keep him in chains for half a year, and his treatment of her was savage. Mistresses Peter had had—noble ladies and artisans' wives, servant wenches, and maids of honour—and with them all his proceedings had been summary, brutal, and parsimonious. How did Catherine succeed when others failed? Her secret must have been one of those subtle influences, or affinities, which, like the equally subtle antagonisms, create a force as powerful as it is inexplicable. No one can tell where Fancy is bred, or why one nature charms, soothes, satisfies, and holds another. Peter, with his great strength and abuse of it, with his untameable energy, and his maniacal fits of anger, was all his life a neurotic patient. In Catherine there must have been a something that acted like a soothing potion to his overstrung nerves. When his head ached his *Katerinouchka* would pillow it on her own shoulder, and let it rest there, while she would remain motionless for hours at a time, until her hero had slept off his *malaise*, or his debauch. She was a shrewd, homely woman, without beauty, but with a curious power and serenity of her own; and it is very consistent with her nature that she should have been sober as long as the Tzar lived, and while it was her duty to try to keep him sober, though, after his death, she would sometimes drink till nine in the morning. She was not too good for human nature's daily food. She had health which permitted her to share Peter's sports, and to rough it in his campaigns, and if, for a wonder, husband and wife were ever parted, she watched over his interests, shared his hopes, and wrote him letters so coarse that no one in the present century could read them aloud. She was popular, and, being delighted at her promotion, she could afford to be generous. Voltaire says 'that the strong and the happy do not commit crimes; 'it is only the weak who require to do so,' and there is a certain amount of truth in the cynical saying. She could act with decision and generosity, as when, in the campaign of Pruth, she took pity on horseless cavalry and shoeless infantry all dying of starvation, and, by the sale of her own jewels to the Jewish contractors, she restored plenty to the camp. She wrung many a pardon from her irritable lord and master, and we think M. Waleszewski is hardly fair to her when he assigns to her so considerable a part in the domestic tragedy of the Tzar. It was a tragedy so terrible that the great Æschylus himself could hardly, with his genius, have deepened

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its lines. Peter put away and finally tortured his first wife, Eudoxia Lapouschkine, and he deliberately brought about the death of her son, of the Tzarévitch, Alexis-Petrovitch, yet we think that Catherine's complicity in the last of these crimes ought to be measured not by her will, but simply by the fact of her existence. Alexis hated his father's reforms, and Catherine assisted them, while as Empress-mother and Regent she might be trusted not to let her husband's work be buried with him in the tomb.

In one of the rooms of the palace of Peterhof there hangs a picture which must give every guest, or visitor, a pang—Alexis, seated at a table, has a letter in front of him. His face is full of anxious bewilderment. What is the written page? Is it one of the three great *warnings* written by the Tzar to his son? Is it Alexis' renunciation of his birthright? Is it his sentence? Is it his own deplorable confession, or is it Euphrosyne's more treacherous betrayal of his regicide plot? The young man's face tells a tale of misery, of vague, limitless concern. It shows a nature timid, slothful, and nervous, even when things go well with it, and equally slothful and irresolute when things go ill. To say the truth, matters had never gone very well with the Tzarévitch. Parted from his mother before he even knew her, educated by incompetent tutors, and surrounded by flatterers and superstitious monks, he was terrified of a father whose right hand was always warring with his great neighbours, and whose left hand plucked at the roots of all the time-honoured abuses that the clergy taught Alexis to revere. When he came to man's estate this singularly uninteresting and incompetent young man was only loved by his boon companions, and by the reactionary party in Moscow, which made no secret of its ill will to his autocratic father. Alexis' confessors ruled him, prayed for the death of their tyrant, and taught the heir that Peter had profaned the Divine title of the 'White Tzar.' The Tzarévitch hated camps and combats. The monarch who suppressed the Streltzy, and formed in their stead the regiments of Peobrajensky and Seimenovsky for a household brigade, who had drilled and massed troops for so long, could not make a soldier of his eldest son. As Alexis preferred the church bells to the trumpet-call, he was not even at his father's side at Pultava, and the great victory did nothing to unite them. Peter wrote:—

'Victory is of the Lord, but we ought to strain all our powers to attain it. I called you to me in the field that you might see how I fear neither trouble nor danger for myself. But I am mortal, to-day

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or to-morrow I may perish, and be no more seen, and you ought by this time to be convinced that life has few joys to offer you if you do not follow my example. . . . You ought, young as you are, to love everything that procures greatness and well-being for your country. . . . How are you to lead or correct great generals if you do not thoroughly know their business? I do not ask you to war without just cause, but to love the art of war, and to form yourself in it. I do not ask from you efforts beyond your strength. You pretext your feeble health. That is a bad and sad excuse. . . . Here is what troubles me—I am a man who must die, and to whom am I to bequeath the fields that I have sown, and by God's help the harvest already stands high—to one who like the lazy servant in the Gospel hides the talent in the earth? Must I remind you of your bad dispositions towards myself, and of your contumacy? In vain I have scolded you, and beaten you—nothing has had any effect in altering you for the better. Things go rather from bad to worse. I think of all this with grief, and if you do not amend, be assured that I will lop you off like a member that is gangrened. Do not hug yourself in the thought that you are my only son; do not flatter yourself that I am only trying to frighten you—I shall do as I say. I, who have had no compassion on my own labour and sorrow, or on my own life, whenever the good of my country was concerned, how shall I take pity of a useless being like you? Rather the stranger who is deserving, than the son who is not worthy.'

This reads like the roar of an old lion in pain, and though possibly the Tzar was not at that moment aware of a plot for his deposition and for the ruin of his life's work (through the elevation of Alexis), still the preservation of that work was his ruling passion. Fatally close at hand, too, was the 'stranger' who might come to be preferred to the Tzarévitch. Catherine was by his side, and she was the mother of twin boys, Peter and Paul. To Alexis his mother's successor was in every way antipathetic; indeed all the events, like all the ties of this hapless young life, seemed to conspire against his peace, while in the High Church party, in Lapouschkine (his mother's brother), and in Gliéboff (his mother's lover), he was blessed with the worst possible advisers. The second marriage of the Tzar remained a difficulty in the way of any good understanding between the Court and the Kremlin, and, in truth, so long as Peter flaunted in their faces the woman whom he called his second wife, and who could not be one while his lawful consort Eudoxia lived, the Tzar need not hope for the sympathy of the guardians and exponents of canon law. To the Orthodox clergy Catherine Slavronska was an adventuress, living in splendid sin, and the true wife had all their partiality, while their hopes rested on her son Alexis Petrovitch. The question was

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what sort of marriage would the Tzarévitch make? Greatly to their disgust, he was sent to Germany to learn manners, and to wed a German wife. Charlotte of Wolfenbüttel did not please him, and he wrote home pathetic lamentations at being asked to unite himself with a Lutheran. But the Tzar was peremptory. Alexis must perforce wed this sister of the Empress of Austria, or, as it was called then, of the Roman Empire. Strange to say, the Tzarévitch inspired, or his misfortunes inspired, a very high-minded and excellent young woman with a deep regard for himself. That affection never was returned. Indifferent to his bride, Alexis got himself entangled with a Finnish girl called Euphrosyne, and after giving birth to two children, his wife's health sank under insults, neglect, and the poisonous climate of St. Petersburg. She died at the age of twenty-one. No fairer or purer spirit ever won a crown of martyrdom, and if Alexis forgot her in the charms of Euphrosyne, by Peter and by his Catherine the Tzarévna was wept as is a daughter. In fact, the Tzar's brow never wore a darker frown than when he had to judge between the delicate high-born mother of the Tzars-to-be and that abominable Finnish girl whose presence in her house had broken Charlotte's gentle heart. Their Majesties had her corpse conveyed to the new arsenal, to that fortress of Peter and Paul which he had newly built on the Yenisaari island in the Neva, intending to make of it the *cor cordis* of his new capital. Charlotte's was the first grave. Had she lived she might have protected her faithless Alexis from the fate that was nearing him now, and that by rapid strides. He had a presentiment of its approach. He renounced his birthright, and declared that he would become a monk. Peter, seeing all the disingenuousness of this step, bade him reconsider his conduct, and prepare for amendment or punishment. Alexis fled. Again fate was unkind to him. Not only was his Tzarévna dead and silent, but Euphrosyne accompanied him, and he fell in with a sister of the Tzar's, who, not content with telling him that Eudoxia still lived, brought about a meeting between Alexis and the mother he had never known. This was what was required to complete his ruin. Eudoxia and Gliéboff were not likely to tutor him into fidelity to the *régime* of the Tzar; their interference could only stir the jealous fears of Catherine, and sting her husband to madness. Alexis conspiring wildly, and always letting his left hand know what his right hand did, caused great trouble in Austria—so much trouble that

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he was at last asked to leave the country, and to reside for the future in Naples.

Peter threatened a European war if the royal fugitive was not given up to him, and the authorities, not esteeming him to be worth such a war, handed him over to the creatures of the Tzar. Matters might perhaps even then have been smoothed over had it not been for the treasonable joy with which Alexis was received by his partisans in Moscow. All the way from the castle of St. Elmo to the Kremlin had his mind alternated between conceited hopes of popularity and the most craven terrors. The last prevailed, in spite of an ovation in the Kremlin, and they were, alas, only too soon justified. The confinement, the trial, the torture, the confession, and the death of the Tzarévitch Alexis-Petrovitch are the blackest pages in Russian history, and they were all the work—often the personal work—of Peter the Great. This royal judge determined to know the whole of Alexis' and Eudoxia's secret, the extent of a conspiracy spun out of their distorted and astounding dreams. It was horrible, but it was not astonishing, that the High Court of Justice (127 members) should pronounce the son of the Tzar guilty of perjury, of the concealment of long-planned designs against the life of the sovereign, of having prayed for his father's death, of having proposed the invasion of his native country by Prince Eugene, while he had placed his personal hopes on an insurrection in Moscow, through the fanaticism of a populace that the clergy had done too much to excite. Could all these schemes have turned into realities, Petersburg would have been laid in ruins, and the cherished work of a lifetime swept away by the heir. This had been at best a very weak and disjointed conspiracy, well worthy of Alexis's supine poltroonery, of Eudoxia's revenge, and of Euphrosyne's treachery, but it had really existed. To stamp it out the Tzarévitch was taken to St. Petersburg, and there the Tzar steeped his own hands in the blood of his firstborn. Alexis closed his eyes on June 26, 1718. The facts about his sufferings are almost too brutal for repetition, and the facts about his death will never be distinctly known. As Queen Christina of Sweden said about the death of Monaldeschi, 'he who says does not know, and he who 'knows does not say.' A great many editions of the tale were current. Some said that the Tzarévitch died of his tortures, some declared that pain and terror brought on an apoplectic seizure; but while some averred that poison was given to him after he became too weak to mention

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any more names, others were convinced that the creatures of Euphrosyne smothered him in his cell, lest their and her infinite treachery to both Tzar and Tzarévitch should ever be disclosed. He passed away on one of those summer evenings of the North when the daylight only pales, and when darkness never really falls. The next day was the anniversary of Pultava, for which reason the arsenal and its church rang with salvoes of artillery. The 29th was the birthday of the Tzar. On that account the funeral was delayed till the 30th, when it took place in the presence of the whole Court. Alexis sleeps beside his Charlotte. They were the first guests in that new asylum for the dead of the House of Romanof. But their ghosts are not laid. All the emperors lie there, murdered and murderers, in rows of marble tombs, and so long as, in the great struggle between progress and reaction, leader after leader may succumb, those plaintive victims will seem to issue from the graves that opened for them too early. The life of the sovereign is never secure in Russia. Formerly it was the reactionary, the Old Russian, party which struck at any emperor, or minister, accused of pushing reforms too far. Now it is the progressists who attack crowned heads; but whichever way the battle turns, murder and the fear of murder have never departed from the house of the Tzars who hold the heritage and wear the 'crown of '*Piotr-Véliki.*'

Of all the persons inculpated in 1718, Euphrosyne and Eudoxia alone escaped with their lives. The brother and the lover of the latter died in tortures so terrible that a Nero might have learnt something from them. Catherine may have been jealous of her predecessor, but the life of the former Tzarina was saved, and she lived on in a convent on Lake Ladoga, till her grandson (the child of Alexis and of Charlotte) came to the throne by the name of Peter II. Then she reappeared in the Kremlin, but for a short time only. All the springs of life were broken, and she wore out the last years of her life in the *Novodévitchy Monastir.* It lies at some distance from the city, occupying a little promontory where the Moskva curves beneath the base of that Sparrow Hill from which Napoleon reconnoitred the capital. Its high white walls descend to the stream, about its domes there is always a babble of bells, and it seems a fitting asylum for great sorrows. The Regent Sophia lived there; thither, too, in our own days, came the last Tzarina of Georgia, Maria Eristov; but assuredly this *Monastir* holds no sadder memory than that of Eu-

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doxia Lapouschkine, sometime Empress of all the Russias. Historians may forget her sorrows, but in the songs and ballads of the poor they have earned for her a sort of piteous immortality.

The worst advisers of the hapless Alexis had been the black clergy of Moscow, and it now remained for them to realise that, if Peter had not spared his first-born, he was likely to make but short work of their pretensions. It would help them nothing now that they took all the saints and holy patrons of Russia to witness that Peter was a German by birth, and a murderer who had the morals of a Turk, since he lived with a strange woman, and ate meat on Wednesdays and Fridays, besides filling his Senate (1711) and his regiments with infidel Lutherans. They themselves, left without beards, were, as they declared, groaning under the tyranny of foreigners. The hand of the Tzar certainly struck them hard and spared not. The Bishop of Rostov, quite one of the most guilty of the accomplices denounced by the craven Alexis, was impaled; Moscow was stuck all round with heads of clerics and laics implicated in the same disloyal intrigues, and more sweeping reforms became possible as St. Petersburg rose above the waters. The Patriarchate of Moscow was suppressed, and a shudder ran through the Orthodox party, who felt themselves to be as sheep without a shepherd. But the Tzar said that this was not to be the case. He was their leader as well as their master. He found some tools among the ranks of the clergy, and, through Prokopovitch, Dimitri and Iavorski, he let it be known that he meant to arrange ecclesiastical matters as he had done military ones, while he hoped for the best results.

'The breach he had to mount when he attacked the old Muscovite Church was a formidable one. By the late conspiracy he had learned that its defenders would not stop at regicide, but here was a fortress that he could not leave untouched. Luckily before anyone could lay a finger on the ecclesiastical body, it seemed already nodding to its fall. Priests and monks, white clergy and black, constituted within its sanctuary a world apart; a world numerically strong, rich also, and powerful, but debased. Its possessions were immense. The monasteries owned 900,000 serfs, the convent of St. Sergius could reckon 92,000 souls, besides fisheries, mills, meadows, and limitless forests. Its archimandrites wore diamond buckles in their shoes. Life was rich and easy everywhere, and in many places it was "scandalously luxurious."'

Revolting to such confraternities must have appeared the *Règlements* of Peter the Great, and the very Presbyterian institution of the Holy Synod which, in 1721, was sum-

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moned to lift Russia, and its Orthodox Church, out of the slough from which its moral future had to emerge. Episcopal schools and examinations were soon demanded of the diocesans, and though the clergy of Russia may still leave a great deal to be desired, though ignorance and drunkenness are but too common among the village *popes*, and though the Holy Synod (presided over by a delegate of the Government) may not have developed much spiritual life in Orthodox congregations, still Peter can claim that other churches have been glad to copy his plan, and that his remodelled Church has ceased to be, what it was during the lifetime of his son Alexis, the enemy of the State.

Thus the great opposition was overcome, the great struggle was ended. But the life of the Tzar was also drawing to a close, and he who was so callous to the fate of his Tzarévitch had to close the eyes of the son of Catherine, the little Peter Petrovitch, on whom so many hopes had been built.

As M. Waleszewski's book has been extremely well translated into English by Lady Mary Loyd, we have not made many extracts, but we will give his account of the death of his hero:—

'He continued to pay away his strength without stint, treating his doctors as asses, and sending them off with blows of his *doubina*; all he suffered did not prevent him from going to visit the works on his Ladoga Canal. He passed nights of extreme cold under canvas, riding into frozen morasses, and once that inspection over he went on to the forges of Olonetz, and to the factory of Starnaïa Roussa, doing the work of a common labourer in both. Finally he persisted (the month was November) in returning to Petersburg by sea. Near the little town of Lahta he saw a bark stranded and its sailors in danger. He rushes to it and wades in water up to his waist. The crew is saved, but he returns to the capital with a fever. . . . He had saved a few seamen, but he had put the great vessel of the State in danger—and who was to replace him at her helm? No one knew. He had arranged nothing, and before dying he showed himself incapable of the great and supreme act of will and of conscience which was rightfully expected of him. After seeing a sailor at the ropes there is nothing now before us but a common moribund man. . . . His death, though that of an orthodox believer, was not that of a Tzar. Between January 22 and 28, 1725, he confessed and received the sacrament three times, gave some signs of repentance, ordered the prison doors to be opened, and after receiving the last Sacraments, with signs of compunction, said several times, "*I believe, and I hope.*" . . . On the 27th, at two in the afternoon, he asked for writing materials, but got no farther than "hand over everything ——." A little later he called his daughter Anne, and showing signs of dictating to her his last wishes, she ran to him, but he could not speak one word. While he was in his death

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struggle, Catherine, who had shed floods of tears beside his pillow, slipped away now and again to concert in the next room with Menchikof and Tolstoï and Boutourline the ways and means of the *coup d'état* which should deliver over the country to them. Next day, July 28, at six in the morning, Peter expired.'

He does not seem to have been regretted, and when Voltaire asked for materials to write his life, the chamberlain of the Empress Elizabeth sent him a number of papers relative to the demise of the Tzar.* The probabilities of his death through disease, murder, or brandy are there discussed with the greatest cynicism. Russia has since paid a debt of warmer gratitude to her great reformer, and she looks on him as her true founder. During the next quarter of a century the rulers of the empire were essentially his pupils,† and that at a time when, as Mr. Schuyler expresses it, 'webs of 'intrigue crossed each other at every point.'

Since Piotr-Véliki yielded his strong soul to God, and his body to the vault where Charlotte and Alexis had preceded him, many sovereigns have worn his crown, and now rest beside him in those strange rows of tombs in the Petro-Polovsky fortress. Some of those rulers were women, capable, licentious, masterful, and cruel. Of the Tzars some have been mad, and some only bad; some were what Alexander I. called 'happy accidents,' some were men of progress and emancipation, and some said to their subjects, 'Gentlemen, no dreams!' Some were repulsive to behold; one was beautiful with the beauty of a Greek god; and now all sleep in the equality of death. In their reigns new questions and problems have arisen such as might well puzzle and terrify autocrats—problems which testify to the consolidation of Peter's work, and to the importance of Russia in Europe, but which, none the less, will have to be met. They have succeeded each other, and too many of them still exist, but the great elastic Empire has righted herself, like a strong ship that will not be pooped, and the Russia that Peter loved is moving on lines that her *batiouchka* would have approved.

In the country to-day we find a great increase of population. Siberia is being colonised and developed; Turkestan is being irrigated, mines are worked, and the oil of Baku not only acts as fuel for the Trans-Caspian railway, but is

* Portfolios I. and II.

† In the first volume of a very able book Mr. Nisbet Bain has just treated of the pupils of Peter the Great.

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sold to light every little shop in the towns of the French Riviera. Food is more abundant. The wines of the Crimea are on every table as far north as the cataracts of Finland. The environs of Moscow bristle with the tall chimneys of her cotton mills, and in her counting-houses vast sums of money change hands every day before one o'clock. The woollen stuffs of Lodz (Poland) compete with those of Bradford, and the silks of Bokhara are in demand, and Russia will soon grow all the cotton she requires. The potentialities of Russia, with her advancing civilisation, promise her victories in all the markets of the world.

The dangers she has to fear are not, like her advantages, actual ones. It has been whispered that, some day, her Baltic provinces may be held to form part of that 'German's Father-'land' which embarrasses its neighbours so much. But Russians laugh at this notion. 'We should like,' they reply, 'to see the German *Geist* try its effect on a good Russian 'snow wreath,' and the general impression seems to be that for a second time the snow would have the best of it. Two great contingent dangers for the Empire do, however, remain; contingent on friction with British power in India, and on the genesis at home of a huge industrial democracy.

What will the Tzar do with it in the day that *peuple le veut, Dieu le veut*? Such a *metastasis* may not come in the reign of Nicholas-Alexandrovitch, but come it must. In the meantime whatever of good or ill the future may have in store for this young Emperor, it is pleasant to reflect that by the side of Nicholas-Alexandrovitch there sits no Eudoxia Lapouschkine, and no Catherine Slavronska. There is only a pale princess, with the blood-royal of England in her veins, a sweet seriousness in her eyes, and her mother's virtues in her heart. In the midst of his many perils, and of his many more perplexities, the Tzar can see his Tzarina all 'the 'while, softly speak, and sweetly smile.'

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ART. X.—*The Border Elliots and the Family of Minto.* By the Hon. GEORGE F. S. ELLIOT. Privately printed. Edinburgh: 1897.

THE love of local and family history is widely diffused in Scotland, and the predilection for this department of study is not confined to the classes who are attached to antiquity by possession or descent. The production of works on these subjects, often of a very beautiful and costly character, proceeds from various sources. Some are due to the unaided generosity of living representatives or connexions of great families, identified with the glories and misfortunes of their country in the past; they remain for the most part in the repositories to which they have been presented by the liberality or affection of the donors, a few copies slowly finding their way, by death or dispersion, into general circulation. Others, again, owe their existence to the organised resources of the literary and antiquarian clubs, and obtain at once a wider circle of possessors and a more rapid transmission from hand to hand. A third variety is launched upon the reading world by open subscription, or at the risk of authors and publishers. These several methods of production naturally offer in their results a great variety of character in respect to material, form, quality, documentary and pictorial illustration, and literary merit, some attaining a very high standard of bibliographical purity and distinction, while others are of a humbler type, yet it cannot be justly said that any one class is uniformly superior to the others. There are admirable examples in all, though the category of works printed by speculative agency for the general market naturally includes the greatest number of superficial publications.

The dissemination of books, such as are here referred to, constitutes a considerable and increasing element in the literary recreation of the Scottish people, and is shared by men of all conditions and sentiments; and while every individual will find in the characters and incidents of bygone days something that claims his personal and often his impassioned sympathies, there is on all sides a growing inclination to contemplate the controversies which agitated and divided our ancestors in a spirit of philosophic curiosity and indulgence. In a field of research so variegated and extensive it is not surprising that a large share of attention has been bestowed on the region of the Southern Border, which offers

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peculiar features alike attractive to the historian and the poet. In that country the clan system, so powerful for common action and mutual defence, was distinctly preserved to a later period than elsewhere in the Lowlands, and was harmonised in practice with feudal tenures and obligations. In conjunction with the maintenance of the family sept and feudal duty, the royal authority was recognised in principle, and fitfully exerted through special officers. The position of the territory brought its inhabitants into habitual contact with a cruel enemy, and the relations of the tribes on either side of the international boundary were regulated by customary laws of great antiquity. Side by side with an almost normal state of hostilities with England, there prevailed the practice of private war between the clans, and deadly feuds between families and individuals, pregnant with pathetic and tragical incidents. Subsequently to the Union of the Crowns and the dissolution of the feudal system, a pacific and pastoral race in the same seats embraced with unanimity and enthusiasm the tenets of Calvinistic piety and the institutions of the Genevan Church, and thus became the victims of religious intolerance fruitful of sufferings and martyrdoms still dear to the popular memory. It is obvious that in all these conditions of the past there lay abundant materials for imaginative and historical manipulation in an age of cultivated leisure. That age came when the Georgian peace was firmly established in the Lowlands, and then the claims of Border tradition and scenery to public recognition were discovered, and at first more by the poet than the archæologist. Hamilton of Bangour, and Craufurd, were not Borderers, but they adopted Border themes for their verse in the fashion of an artificial age. Armstrong, Mickle, and Thomson were born on the Scottish Marches, and introduced something of the natural charms of Teviotdale even in the Arcadia of Twickenham. Leyden assumed a manlier strain, identifying his inspiration directly with the scenes and manners of his early life. It is superfluous to describe the transcendent services of Scott, who united the learning of an antiquary with all the powers of animated narrative and song, and in his introduction to the 'Minstrelsy' presented the first comprehensive delineation of Border life, which later writers may expand and illustrate, but which they can never entirely supersede. Wordsworth then passed from Rydal to Yarrow, and invested the desolate and fabled vale with a deeper spiritual beauty than it had received from the touch of its native poets. After these great masters had

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diffused an interest in the Border country among all classes of our own people, and it may almost be said among educated readers throughout the world, the sentimental, ideal, and picturesque aspects of the subject were still portrayed by a number of writers of inferior fame, but of well-deserved local celebrity. The names of the Ettrick Shepherd, of William Laidlaw, of Thomas Pringle, of Henry Scott Riddell, of Professor Shairp, of Professor Veitch, are present in this connexion to the memory of every student of the provincial poetry of Scotland; while Mr. James Brown (under the name of J. B. Selkirk) has become a new interpreter of the subtle charm that is still attached to Yarrow, and Andrew Lang, in 'Twilight on the Tweed,' has lifted the grace and sadness of the scene to the highest level of poetical expression.

While the poets multiplied their exercises on this attractive theme, and conferred upon the legends and the landscape of the Border a glory which the facts of history and the features of nature do not always reveal to a critical observer, the industrious inquirer was not inactive. Chalmers in his 'Caledonia,' Ridpath in his 'Border History,' Morton in the 'Monastic Annals of Teviotdale,' led the way in the disinterment of the authentic materials of local history, economical, militant, and ecclesiastic. Jeffrey's 'History of Roxburghshire,' however imperfect and inaccurate, was in its time a valuable contribution. The family records of Lothian, Buccleuch, and Annandale, with the local histories of Chambers, Craig-Brown, and Armstrong, embody a vast amount of antiquarian research, presented with all the splendour of contemporary illustration. These weightier works have been accompanied or followed by a crowd of minor publications, such as the 'Annals of Hawick,' 'Hawick and the Border,' 'Upper Teviotdale and the Scotts of Buccleuch,' 'Border Memories,' 'A Short Border History,' 'Byeways of the Scottish Border,' 'Border Raids and Reivers,' and a multitude of others of various complexions and pretensions, but all pointing to the popularity of the subject matter and to the local affections of the writers. The antiquaries of Northumberland* and Cumberland have meanwhile not been behind their Scottish neighbours in diligence, and the relics of the past on either side of the

* See the magnificent 'History of Northumberland' (of which vol. iv. has recently been published), issued, under the direction of the Northumberland County History Committee, by John Crawford Hodgson. London and Newcastle: 1897.

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Cheviot are traced in their minutest particulars by a society common to both, entitled the 'Berwickshire Naturalists' Club,' which, to judge by its Transactions, mixes a good deal of conviviality with research, and is more concerned with primitive inscriptions, British and Roman camps, mediæval castles, and pre-Reformation churches, than with zoology. It might seem that a subject which has been laboured with so much assiduity would leave no scope for further exploration. Such, however, is not the case. There is no finality in these investigations. The volume placed at the head of this article proves that new sources of information are ever being disclosed, and that there are departments of historical relation and discussion susceptible of additional treatment.

'The Border Elliots and the Family of Minto' is the title of a work presented partly to private and partly to public circulation by the Hon. George F. S. Elliot, who is, by family connexion, general culture, and specific study, fully qualified to do justice to a subject adopted by him as a labour of love. In such a work by such an author the external features of the book are not without importance, and we note with satisfaction that this one is cast in the form most congenial to local and family history, a dignified quarto, well printed, on good paper, enriched with views and portraits, plans and maps, suitable to the text, but without ostentation —such a volume as reflects credit on author and publisher alike.

According to local tradition, committed to writing in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the clan of Elwald or Elliot was brought from Forfarshire to the Scottish Border, by the Angus branch of the great house of Douglas, in the fourteenth century to defend their lands against English aggression. The name itself, of which no less than eighty orthographic variations are recorded, was by the same accounts derived from the locality of Alyth in the province referred to. This story is candidly discussed and cautiously repudiated by our author, who leans to the opinion that the Christian name of Elwald or Elwold, of which examples occur both in England and Scotland at a remote date, was adopted as a family designation when surnames came into use in the Border districts. As a surname it appears in documents belonging to the Borders throughout the fifteenth century from 1425 downwards, and in such connexion as to justify the belief that the parties concerned bearing the name already belonged to the proprietary class; but the

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Elliots are noted as a clan embodied for the purposes of war for the first time in 1493, and as the inheritors of lands transmitted by legal process in 1497. They may be regarded as a recognised landed race, though of secondary importance, at the end of the fifteenth century when the chiefship was already vested in the possessor of Redheugh on the Hermitage Water, a follower or feudal dependent of Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, Lord of Liddesdale. 'Master 'Ellot' fell at Flodden in 1513, no doubt at the head of his 'surname' and beside his overlord, who perished on the same occasion.

Whether by deliberate migration and settlement, or by the accidental acquisition of property, the Elliots now found themselves planted in the advanced guard of the Scottish territory. The basin of the Liddell and its affluents forms a small area about twenty miles in length from east to west, and ten miles in width from north to south, not very difficult of access from any side, for the passes are not precipitous. It offered few impediments to military operations, except such as belong to morass and forest, and in the sixteenth century the forest was already on the wane. This open valley was occupied by two principal clans, the Elliots and Armstrongs, who habitually acted together, and who held the subordinate septs of the Nixons and Croziers in friendly subjection. The main defence or refuge of the country was the castle of Hermitage, of which the keep still stands in impressive solitude and strength, and there the Laird of Redheugh was almost an hereditary captain. Redheuch and Lariston, which gave a territorial designation to the chief, were in perilous proximity to the enemy, the former four, the latter two and a half, miles from the frontier of England. Mangerton, the principal seat of the Armstrongs, was even nearer to the March. The destinies of the Elliots were governed by the dreadful situation in which their lines had fallen. Exposed in time of war to irresistible pressure on the side of England, exposed in time of peace to be ceaselessly harassed by predatory incursions, attached to the precarious fortunes of a feudal superior, liable to be vexed at intervals by the disciplinary visits of the royal warden or of the sovereign in person, it is difficult to conceive how the elementary processes of industry, the uses of property, or the continuity of family existence, could be maintained; yet they were in some measure maintained, and a succession of seven Roberts of Redheugh, in the direct male line, bears witness to a sustained exercise of

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courage and policy worthy of a brighter stage and a more prosperous issue.

It is not possible within the limits of this notice to follow our author through all the tangled actions, relations, and intrigues of the Border clans in the long agony of the sixteenth century, during which the revengeful passions of Henry VIII. and the milder malice of Elizabeth wrought such havoc among the people of Southern Scotland. The Elliots had often to bend before the storm, and to make passing concessions to the intimidations or seductions by which they were encompassed. In 1531, Redheugh attended the Earl of Bothwell to Northumberland when Bothwell, an embittered traitor and partisan of the banished Douglases, offered his allegiance to England and promised to set the crown of Scotland on King Henry's head. In the year immediately following, a portion, at least, of the Elliot clan were involved in slippery transactions with the English wardens. At a later time Martin Elliot of Braidley, an illiterate leader, of extraordinary courage and address, acting as head of the clan, courted the support or neutrality of the English Borderers while engaged in a feud with Scott of Buccleuch, for such was the infatuation of private animosities in the darkest hours of national danger. Yet so inveterate were the fluctuations and inconsistencies of the men and of the time, that these very same Elliots, between the years 1540 and 1550, forsook their own lands, found an asylum with Buccleuch, stood by him almost alone when the fortunes of Scotland had sunk to the lowest ebb, and defied all compromise with the common enemy. On another occasion when the clan went against Buccleuch, the chief opposed his own kinsmen and joined their adversary, influenced, it is believed, by his marriage with Mary Scott, a daughter of the house of Branxholme, a marriage in which we are fain to believe, but which still awaits documentary verification. In the matter of submission to England the record of the Scotts is cleaner than the record of the Elliots, but it must be remembered that the possessions of the Scotts were remoter from the frontier, and that Buccleuch was supported by a larger following and more powerful alliances in the interior of the kingdom. The Elliots were, at the bottom, faithful Scotsmen; their occasional lapses may be condoned, for they were always ready to revert to the national cause. By the English authorities of the period they are frequently denounced as irreconcileable opponents. In fact, the connivances of the Scottish Borderers with the

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English were never sincere; they yielded to terror or temptation, but they inspired no confidence, and probably cherished a resolution to abandon and betray a forced alliance on every favourable opportunity. This was the experience of Sir Ralph Evers on the field of Ancrum, and of Lord Wharton on the banks of the Nith. In the last years of Elizabeth the Scots gradually regained the upper hand on the Middle and Western Marches under the superior direction of Buccleuch; but in the retaliatory incursions on English territory no spear was more forward than that of Elliot of Hartsgarth, a brother of Redheugh. When the end came and the auguries of a better era dawned upon the apprehensions of statesmen in either kingdom, the Elliots, all unconscious of the salutary change, accompanied the migration of their sovereign by running a destructive foray against his new subjects.

We have already stated that Mr. Elliot does not treat his subject in the narrow spirit of a genealogist, but is always ready to connect the annals of his family with the higher incidents of the country and the time. The Elliots and their fortunes are the staple of his argument, but it is still attended by a recital of whatever in public policy and events affected their destinies for good or ill. The Union of the Crowns and the subsequent pacification of the Borders threatened the welfare and even the existence of the clan, and accordingly the attention of our author has been peculiarly attracted by these transactions, which almost constitute an unwritten chapter in the history of Scotland, for we shall look in vain in our 'standard' historians for any comprehensive or coherent account of the measures by which, in little more than half a century, the populous abodes of men of valour and of spoil, bristling with towers and lances, were converted into a wilderness of Covenanting shepherds. To this subject Mr. Elliot has devoted two chapters—XI. and XIII.—of his work, and these chapters deserve the study of all readers of national history, and furnish an affecting picture of an ancient social system doomed by inexorable necessity to suffer and expire. While James was pursuing his peaceful progress along the eastern side of his new dominions, his Scottish subjects were carrying fire and sword across the middle and western boundaries. It became a manifest and pressing duty to put an end to disorders incompatible with the security of the reconciled and united realms. The Borders, according to the King's pedantic dictum, had become the 'middle shires,' and he

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resolved to make this conceit into a reality by the use of unsparing severity. Mr. Elliot has supplied us with a careful analysis of the expedients adopted or allowed for this purpose. The main instrument of the policy of James was the creation of a joint commission, comprising five English and five Scottish officers, endowed with ample powers for the suppression of feuds and for the punishment, expulsion, and disarmament of offenders. The Grahams of the Debateable Land, as aliens to either country, were sentenced to general transportation as soldiers to Holland or as settlers in Ireland. The same undiscriminating oppression was not exerted against the other clans, but Courts were held in all the Border towns by which large numbers of notorious criminals were tried and executed. A special force of cavalry was committed to the command of Sir William Cranstoun, who arrested malefactors and put them to death without trial at his own arbitrary discretion. The population were stripped of their armour and weapons and were debarred from the possession of horses fit for war, while their fortified houses were deprived of their external defences and iron doors. The practice of the Scottish Commissioners appears to have been chiefly directed by George Home, Earl of Dunbar, who possessed the entire confidence of the King, an authoritative position in England, and a principal share of the government of Scotland, along with the Chancellor Seton. This statesman, a Borderer by birth, being a son of Home of Manderston, proceeded with such sanguinary energy in the settlement of the Border that, in two justiciary courts held by him, he is reported to have sentenced one hundred and forty persons to be executed. Similar proceedings were prolonged for years, and it is not without some concern that we find the name of William Elliot, of Hartsgarth and Lariston, among the victims of the law, who had been one of the boldest riders on the Scottish side while Scotland was still a separate kingdom. No exact computation can be formed of the number of persons hanged and drowned in the cause of order between the years 1603 and 1611, when Dunbar ceased to live and to exterminate. Mr. Elliot holds that they may be counted in thousands, and that even more were, in one form or another, subjected to expatriation. To the direct exercise of unrelenting justice, prosecuted in the shape of execution and banishment, may be added several contemporary agencies, which all conspired to produce the depopulation of the Marches.

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Mr. Elliot makes especial mention of two—enlistment for military service abroad and emigration.

In the year 1604 Sir Walter Scott, of Buccleuch, afterwards raised to the peerage as Lord Scott, levied a company of two hundred men for service in Holland, where they were permanently employed by the States-General. Other gentlemen of the Borders followed his example, and the royal authority having been granted to this effect, a widespread system of recruitment was established for the supply of soldiers to foreign Powers in amity with the British Crown. In 1627 the first Earl of Buccleuch followed the example of his father, and supplied the Dutch Government with a new force of the same character, which he commanded in person with honour and emolument. In the same year Robert Elliot of Redheugh was co-operating with the Earl of Nithsdale in a similar transaction on a more extensive scale. The demand for Scottish recruits was not confined to Holland and Denmark. After the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War in Germany, Sweden (where Border names still survive) and the Protestant cause were supported by numerous drafts of Scottish auxiliaries, and though the greater part of these were of Highland and east-country origin, Border names are not wanting. The whole force of Scotsmen acting with Gustavus was at one period estimated at ten thousand, and the immense losses incurred in all these stipendiary bands by battle, hardship, or disease must have been repaired by a process of incessant enlistment and exportation.

While criminals and supernumeraries were eliminated from the Border lands by the means stated above, a more legitimate and useful avenue for the discharge of the superfluous population was afforded by the plantation of Ulster, to which many families repaired under the encouragement of their landlords, with goods and cattle. There the Scottish settlers appear in the creditable light of industrious husbandmen. The descendants of Border immigrants are still plentiful in that loyal country, as is proved by the prevalence of Border names. To the influence of foreign enlistment and compulsory or voluntary emigration, justly insisted on by Mr. Elliot, may be added, in our opinion, the considerable consumption of human life in the wars of the Great Rebellion. In accordance with the spirit of the Solemn League and Covenant of 1643, Scotland supplied a large auxiliary force to the Parliamentary cause in England, paid by the richer country, but nourished by a constant

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drain of Scottish blood proceeding from the Border counties in common with the rest of the Lowlands. The difficulty experienced by local proprietors in providing recruits for this purpose is illustrated by Mr. Craig Brown in his 'History of Selkirkshire.' While the poor Scottish commons were wasted in England by the sword of the Cavaliers, numbers of them fell under the claymores of Montrose during his brief campaign. Auldearn and Kilsyth were long remembered in the Border districts. Mention is made of a single family in Roxburghshire of which seven members were sacrificed in the last victory of the loyal clans. Such losses might be in part consoled, but could never be repaired, by the eventual triumph of the Covenant at Philiphaugh. The depletion of the Border people, accelerated by so many co-operating causes, was consummated when the Covenanting leaders embraced their ruinous resolution to resist the veteran Puritan army of Cromwell on behalf of a treacherous sovereign, whom they would not renounce and whom they could not honour. Who can estimate the number of Scotsmen blindly conducted to death by incompetent leaders in the massacres of Preston, Dunbar, and Worcester, or distinguish the proportion of Border lives cast away in these inglorious undertakings?

The severities perpetrated in the 'middle shires' by Government agency for the cause of law and order are repugnant to the scruples and humanity of the present age; it is only fair, therefore, to produce on behalf of the Scottish authorities of the time an example, selected from others, to prove the necessity under which they acted. In the year 1611, eight years after the Union of the Crowns, it was still possible for Sir W. Fenwick to address the following report to the English Commissioners:—

'Robert Ellett of Readhugh, his brother William, with many more of their name and friends, all Scotchmen; Lancelot Armstrong of Whithaugh (called the young Larde), Alexr. Armestrong of the Roane, his brother, with many of their friends being Scotchmen, in all about the number of three score and ten persons, fifty on horseback and the rest footmen, all furnished with long pieces, pistolets, or lances, came to Lionel Robson's house in Leapelish, six miles within English ground, and there cut down his dwelling-house with axes, and they killed the said Lionel and a woman, and hurt others.'

The participators in this cruel outrage, which coincides with the death of the Earl of Dunbar, apparently went unpunished, and if, as is stated, they were acting under provocation, and were sufferers as well as offenders on the same

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occasion, it proves all the more that the most strenuous efforts were indispensable to establish security in these distracted provinces. As for Robert Elliot, his stormy career was so darkened in its close by the disgrace and misfortune that we are induced to regard him rather with pity than with reprobation. In the year 1592 the Lordship of Liddesdale became vacant by the forfeiture of Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, and was conferred in 1594 on Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch. By this change the Elliots became feudal dependents of the new overlord, but without the loss of those proprietary rights in their lands which they had held for generations. During many years the Elliots remained in the undisturbed enjoyment of such rights, but about the year 1608 the first Lord Scott appears to have laid claim to all the proprietary interests vested in the Elliots, and to have meditated their eviction from these ancient possessions. These designs were prosecuted by his son, the first Earl of Buccleuch, who seems to have used his powers as a great landlord and a Commissioner of the Borders to procure decrees of removal against Elliot from the courts of law in Edinburgh, and to cause him to be declared rebel and 'put to the horn.' The pretensions of Buccleuch were ungenerous, though probably not unprovoked, and they excited such deep resentment on the part of Elliot that a conspiracy for the assassination of Buccleuch was planned between the laird and a humble dependent named 'Gib the Tutor,' who was also 'Gib the Traitor,' for he betrayed his chief. The design was imparted at the same time to two other members of the clan. These murderous projects were detected, Elliot was arrested, and committed to the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, where he was indicted for the conspiracy against the life of Buccleuch, and also for the more ignominious offence of stealing the cattle of Mr. Heron of Chipchase. Elliot was now not only in peril of his lands, but of his life, and was reduced to such misery that his second wife, Lady Jean Stewart, a daughter of the forfeited Earl of Bothwell, had to sell her clothes to support her husband in gaol. Buccleuch at the same time had got possession of some of the Liddesdale lands, and was endeavouring to substitute tenants of the name of Scott for tenants of the name of Elliot, which naturally provoked new acts of intimidation and violence. In this extremity the narrative of our author leaves his ruined chief, and the reader is prepared to learn that the seventh Robert of Redheugh perished by the rope which terminated the career of

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his predatory uncle, William of Hartsgarth. But nothing of the sort occurs. Moved by the distress and the confessions of Elliot, Buccleuch relented, and interceded with the council for the life of the man who conspired to take his own. The King was probably memorialised and granted a pardon, for Elliot had still influential relatives in the family of his first wife, a sister of Sir John Murray of Cockpool, afterwards created Earl of Annandale, and much in favour with James and Charles. At any rate, he was soon at large, and probably returned to his desolate inheritance, which he contrived to retain, and which was transmitted to his daughter. The theft of Heron's cattle was avenged by the death of an obscure clansman, an example of partial justice only too familiar to the country and the time. The intercession of Buccleuch, though partly anticipated, only came to the certain knowledge of our author after his book had gone to the press.

Under the Commonwealth and during the reign of Charles II. the criminal instincts of a small residuum of the Border people were kept alive among the 'moss troopers' of those days, who mixed the sordid art of making counterfeit money with sheep stealing and highway robbery. The mass of the farming and labouring population had fallen under the civilising, though intolerant, influences of the Presbyterian clergy.

The gradual decay of the Border Elliots in Liddesdale in the midst of so many public calamities is traced by Mr. Elliot in the following passage, which leaves a melancholy impression, alleviated, however, by the dawning restoration of the race in the adjacent bounds of Teviotdale, where they had already spread, and where they were destined to prosper under the peaceful influences of the succeeding age:—

'During the sixteenth century the Elliots had, as the preceding pages show, played a prominent part in Border history. Neither more nor less lawless than their neighbours on both sides, they led the life characteristic of most natives of border lands, where plundering the enemy is held an honourable calling. In the political strifes, whether internal or external, from which Scotland was seldom free, their aid was eagerly sought by the contending parties, and, though not always particular as to which side they took, they had the name of being more hostile to the English than any other clan. They produced the most remarkable man that figures in the Border annals of this period—namely, Martin Elliot of Braidley, whose influence both Queen Elizabeth and the Regent Murray sought to make use of for their objects, and who later successfully withstood Bothwell. And, generally, if sharing the evil reputation that attached to the Borderers

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in the eyes of more peaceful citizens, they showed at least that they belonged to a race endowed with courage, determination, and endurance.

'The time had now come when these qualities were ineffectual to resist the change which altered circumstances and advancing civilisation rendered inevitable; and the once powerful clanship began rapidly to decline. Some of their leading men had been executed, some banished, and their numbers had been reduced, but other causes must have been at work to account for the change that came over them. Whether it was that they were unable to adapt themselves to the new and more peaceful conditions of life under which they were now compelled to live, or that the best and most energetic among them went to seek their fortunes as soldiers abroad, or as settlers in Ireland, it appears that from this time the families which remained in Liddesdale ceased to flourish, and one by one properties which for many generations had been held by different branches of the Elliots passed into other hands. Scot of Satchels, deploring their fallen fortunes, says in his doggerel verse:

'"For the Elliots, brave an' worthy men,
Have been as much oppressed as any name I ken;
For in my own time I have known so much odds,
No Elliot enjoyed any hermitage but Dunlibire, Fanash, and Stobs.
. . . . . .
Stobs and Dunlibyre is of the ancient kind;
Cobshaw, Brugh, Prickinhaugh, and Gorrumberrie's gone;
Yet there's more Elliots by other stile that supplies their room."

'It is quite true, as Satchel says, that as the old Elliot families disappeared, new ones sprang up, but the latter were settled in other parts of Roxburghshire, and at the present time, though Elliots are still plentiful in Liddesdale, there is but one small property there owned by any one of that name.'

An anecdote may here be inserted illustrative of the fidelity of clan affection and local attachments on the Borders. About the middle of the last century Sir Gilbert Elliot of Stobs, father of that abstemious hero Lord Heathfield, rescued the last landless representative of Lariston from a position of obscurity and indigence in London, and brought him to Roxburghshire, where the lad received some kind of education and maintenance, though still in a humble station. It is related that on some occasion when Sir Gilbert was mounting his horse he was assisted by his kinsman, whereupon Sir Gilbert remarked: 'Better is he that holds the stirrup 'than he that rides.' The young man afterwards enlisted in the Artillery of the East India Company, obtained a commission, came home as a colonel in 1786, and died a major-general in 1803, having repurchased the farm of

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Lariston, which had long been the object of his ambition. Lariston was bequeathed to a certain George Scott, believed to be a natural son of the general. He became insolvent, the land was once more severed from the name, and became in 1844 the property of Mr. James Jardine, in whose family it still remains. Redheugh is possessed by a Mr. Robert Elliot, qualified by our author as 'of Buenos Ayres,' and as not belonging to the old family. The pedigree of Mr. Robert Elliot of Buenos Ayres may, however, still be worthy of further 'expiscation.'

We now pass on to the second part of Mr. Elliot's work, 'The Family of Minto.'

Nothing is more remarkable in the social history of Scotland than the survival and prosperity of several of the great Border families after all the shocks and perils of international war in the sixteenth century, of civil disorder in the first half of the seventeenth, and of religious persecution and political change in the reigns of the two last kings of the House of Stuart. When the Revolution settlement was effected we find the chiefs of the principal clans preserved in the enjoyment of high honours and commensurate though unequal fortunes. The Earl of Home was still conspicuous on the Eastern Border with a diminished but competent estate, and supported by landed kinsmen of his own lineage. The Kers of Cessford had become Earls of Roxburgh, with a dukedom within measurable distance. The Kers of Fernihurst had expanded into the Earls of Lothian, enriched by the patrimony of the Church and the bounty of the Crown, and shortly to attain the rank of a marquisate. The rise of the Scotts of Buccleuch had been even more surprising: guided by the firm hand of a dexterous and attractive woman, they had emerged from the entanglements of foreign service, domestic war, rebellion, attainder, and a double female succession, with confirmed dignities and increased resources—a happy destiny, justified by the virtues and services of after days. The Johnstones were scarcely behind in the race of advancement. The Laird of Lochwood had become the Earl of Hartfell, if not yet of Annandale, and the path of political intrigue and profitable preferment was laid open to the shifty successor of many a hardy rider with 'jack and spear.' The Maxwells, on the western extremity of the Marches, despite many dreadful strokes of evil fortune, continued to exist, and even to flourish, under the Earl of Nithsdale, who maintained an unshaken and inoffensive fidelity to the old

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religion and the exiled race till the rebellion of 1715 summoned him to action and temporary ruin.

Meanwhile, the Elliots remained in a condition of comparative depression, possessing no extensive or consolidated territory, and protected by no influential or ennobled leader. Redheugh and Lariston were still vested in the decaying line of the old genealogical chiefs; but the family of Stobs, descended from the same stock, had superseded the elder branch in estate and popular estimation, and in this offset lay concealed the source of two British peerages, Minto and Heathfield, which eventually identified the name of Elliot with imperial interests and national glory. Gilbert Elliot, of Horslie Hill and Stobs, an undoubted scion of Redheugh, bore the airy designation of 'Gibbie wi' the gowden garters,' which seems to denote a fantastic character; yet he was a man of sense and action and a mighty hunter in the Cheviots. He became the husband of Margaret Scott, daughter of Walter Scott of Harden, and Mary Scott, the 'Flower of Yarrow,' and she bore the 'to-name' of 'Maggie Fendy,' in recognition, no doubt, of a provident and 'managing' disposition. They were the parents of six sons, the fourth of whom, Gavin, took to wife Margaret Hay, daughter of Andrew Hay of Haystoun in Peeblesshire, a writer to the Signet, and sister to Alexander Hay, an advocate in Edinburgh who occupied the respectable station of principal clerk of session. Gavin Elliot obtained as his provision a portion of the lands of Grange and the farm of Midlem Mill on the water of Aill. Of this marriage there were two sons, Robert and Gilbert, the former of whom succeeded to the slender paternal property, while the latter was despatched to study law, probably in the office of his maternal relatives. Gilbert Elliot soon exchanged the business of a writer for that of a politician. Warmly attached to the Presbyterian form of religion and to the principles of civil liberty, he was found to be a fitting instrument in measures taken for the relief of the victims of arbitrary power. First engaged in the cause of the Rev. William Veitch, a minister of the Gospel irregularly subjected to a capital sentence, and subsequently in the contrivance of the escape of the Earl of Argyle while lying under a similar condemnation, Elliot was successful in both undertakings, and risked his own life in both. In these transactions he acquired the confidence of the leaders of the popular party in England and Scotland alike, with them he took refuge in Holland, and had an active part in

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the counsels of those who planned the calamitous expedition of Argyle in 1685. He appeared in arms in that undertaking, and shared its dangers and defeats to the last. Escaping after the final dispersion of the force to the Continent, by means which he has left unrecorded, he was sentenced to death as a rebel in the same year, but obtained a remission of his sentence in 1687, when James II. had embraced a policy of dispensations and indulgence. Restored to Edinburgh, he resumed the profession of the law, but sought to exchange the calling of a writer for that of an advocate, which was more congenial to his ambition. His first application for admission to the Bar was rejected by the examining authority on the ground that he 'was not 'sufficiently qualified'—a decision in which we may probably discern the repugnance of a Jacobite Bench to a Whig candidate. A second application in July 1688 was more successful, and on November 22 of that year, seventeen days after the landing of the Prince of Orange, Elliot was admitted to plead in the court which had condemned him to death three years before, and in which he was destined to take his judicial seat seventeen years later. Then came an altered world. The election of William and Mary to the vacant throne of Scotland transferred the Whigs from the Tolbooth to the council chamber. The first office conferred on Elliot was that of Clerk to the Privy Council—a body which did not at once discard the repulsive practices of the previous reigns, and in 1690 the new secretary may have seen the boot of Mitchell and the thumbscrew of Carstares fastened on the stubborn limbs of a Tory martyr, Neville Payne. Promotions rapidly ensued. Elliot was knighted in 1692, he became a baronet in 1700, and was commissioner for Roxburghshire in Parliament in 1703. In the Union debates he held a middle course, such as a good Whig and a good Scotsman might then assume. He voted for a federal, as against an incorporating, treaty with England. Having acquired a lucrative practice, he invested his savings in the purchase of land in his native district, and was first known by the territorial designation of Headshaw, which he subsequently exchanged for Minto on the acquisition of that estate. The same place gave him his judicial title when in the year 1705 he was advanced to the Bench by Queen Anne—not by King William, as Burton erroneously states. For thirteen years Lord Minto continued to exercise his judicial functions with unabated application, and when, in 1718, he was gathered to his fathers, he died lamented

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by his own party and scarcely censured by the other. As a politician, we may confidently award him the merit of consistency and courage in a high degree. Of his judicial capacity and conduct we have no account which is absolutely impartial. He did not entirely escape the shafts of Jacobite malice, but the general silence of adversaries, and the whole complexion of his character and career, seem to warrant the attestation of Wodrow, that he was a magistrate of 'unshaken probity and integrity.'

Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto accomplished the first duties of a Scottish cadet when he laid the foundation of a landed estate and left a son to inherit it. Gilbert succeeded his father in his profession, his property, and his judicial honours. Born in 1692, the basis of his scholastic and legal education must have been laid in Scotland, probably in Edinburgh, under his father's superintendence. In 1712, when about eighteen years of age, he was sent to Utrecht for the study of civil law, apparently without any 'dominie' or 'governor,' but armed against evil courses by a code of rules framed by his father, in which theology and thrift are leading features. We regret that Mr. Elliot has not given us the whole original text of this manual of morals, the only extant composition of the old adherent of Argyle and King William. What measure of attention an obedient son devoted to the 'Institutions of Calvin' we are not informed, but the Institutions of Stair were certainly not neglected; for in 1715 Mr. Gilbert Elliot was admitted to practice as an advocate at the age of twenty-three. He succeeded his father in 1718, became member of Parliament for Roxburghshire in 1722, and was made a judge in the Court of Session in 1726, when only thirty-four years of age, an example of early promotion which denotes an uncommon degree of merit or of favour, probably in his case of both. In 1733 Lord Minto became a judge on the criminal side of the Court, and in 1763 was placed at the head of that bench as Lord Justice Clerk. In the long course of his judicial career, extending to forty years, he appears to have enjoyed an amount of useful felicity and an immunity from personal suffering rarely accorded to humanity. During the period of his residence abroad he had acquired a correct knowledge of two foreign languages, at least—Italian and French—with which he associated a taste for music and poetry. Some Italian verses, in the manner of Guarini or Metastasio, are a curious relic of the Scottish *dilettante*. His love of the native Muse is attested by a subscription to

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the publication of 'Hardyknute' in 1719, a ballad then strangely and blindly accepted as a genuine work of the 'Gothic' ages, while under the scrutiny of modern criticism it reveals the most evident marks of recent fabrication. To literary culture the Lord Justice Clerk united a passionate attachment to country pursuits, such as forestry, gardening, and agricultural improvement. To him the library at Minto owes its origin, a library cherished and extended by the intelligence of four generations, while the larches and silver firs with which he adorned his glen have attained a stature which the Southern Alps and the woods of Alsace may envy, but can scarcely rival. These pleasant retreats were once, and once only, disturbed by public violence. In 1745 the Highland army on its southward march detached emissaries to levy contributions on the Whig estate. A daughter of the house was prudently deputed to receive and satisfy their moderate demands, a duty which she fulfilled with composure and address. The obnoxious judge took refuge in the adjacent rocks. Lord Minto had no ambition to be recognised as an author. We possess, however, a pamphlet which is known to be the anonymous production of his pen, and which proves him to have been an agreeable writer, an enterprising citizen, and a judicious projector. It is entitled 'Proposals for carrying on certain Works in the City of Edinburgh,' and is virtually the report of a mixed commission embodied for the purpose of promoting the amelioration and embellishment of the Scottish capital. All the measures suggested were subsequently adopted and all were justified by success.

Lord Minto married, in 1718, into a family of equal station and congenial politics. His wife was Miss Helen Stewart, a daughter of Sir Robert Stewart of Allanbank, and niece of Sir James Stewart, Lord Advocate under King William, who had suffered with Sir Gilbert Elliot the first all the hardships of a Dutch exile and all the dangers of an English revolution. From this family nevertheless sprang in the next generation that Sir James Steuart of Coltness, who was an ardent Jacobite, and a confessor in the cause, who became the forerunner of Adam Smith, and is qualified, perhaps, by the partiality of a countryman, as the 'Father' of Political Economy in Britain.' Lady Elliot possessed the devoted attachment of her husband, participated in all his tastes and pursuits, and held a distinguished position in the society of Edinburgh in her time. The last years of the Lord Justice Clerk were gladdened by the conspicuous success

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of his eldest son Gilbert in Parliament and by the glorious services of his third son John at sea. A life traversed, on the whole, with much quiet amenity and public esteem had a painless termination. In the full enjoyment of all his faculties the Lord Justice Clerk passed away on April 16, 1766, at the age of seventy-three.

The two judges who successively adopted the designation of Minto were not absolutely unknown in English political life. The first had been a conspirator for freedom in contact with Shaftesbury and his confederates; the second had been elected to the British Parliament, and must have passed a portion of three sessions in London. They were, however, emphatically Scotsmen, and Scotsmen strongly localised, identified by their interests, attachments and alliances closely with the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk. The third Gilbert was the first of the family who liberated himself from the narrow trammels of provincial connexion and worked his way to an active and influential, if not a leading, part in national affairs. His early training was that of a Scottish gentleman destined for the profession of the law. He was put to local schools, he had an accomplished tutor at home, he attended classes at the University of Edinburgh, and was transferred in due course to Leyden to qualify as a civilian. In 1743, when twenty-one years of age, he passed his 'trials,' and was admitted to practice as an advocate. It was, however, considered expedient that he should gain some knowledge of the world before being confined to the drudgery of the Bar, and his father sanctioned an excursion to London and the Continent. Mr. Elliot saw something of polite company at the Hague and at the Court of Frederic II., not yet the Great, but already deeply engaged in the hazards and the triumphs of his first Silesian campaign. We meet with him in London and in Edinburgh in the first half of the year 1745, after he had acquired a wider experience of men, and had formed friendships which were to prove beneficial to him in after life. The following letter, addressed to Mr. William Mure of Caldwell from Edinburgh, gives a lively though flippant description of society in the Scottish capital just three months before the arrival of the Pretender, as it appeared to a young 'spark' fresh from his Continental travels:—

'Before I received your letter I had resolved to inform you by this post of my being arrived in Scotland. I left London without any sort of premeditation, took post-horses, and so found myself in Edinburgh

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before I had time to reflect that my travels were at an end. Next morning I provided myself in a huge cocked hat, Parliament House gown, and a bob wig of a very formal cut, and so made my appearance at the Bar. I continue to be the strangest fellow in the world; I believe nobody can make anything of me. I yawn all the morning at the fore bar, and after dinner I submit myself with great patience to the critical observation of aunts, cousins, and grandmothers. Sometimes I dress like a fop, sometimes like a man of business. I don't avoid going to taverns, and yet I don't get drunk. I love the town tolerably well; there is one fine street, and the houses are extremely high. The gentry are a very sensible set of people, and some of them in their youth seem to have known the world; but by being too long in a place their notions are contracted, and their faces are become solemn. The Faculty of Advocates is a very learned and very worthy body. As for the ladies, they are unexceptionable, innocent, beautiful, and of an easy conversation. The staple vices of the place are censoriousness and hypocrisy. Pray come to town that I may give a loose to my words and ideas; the mask sits as yet but awkwardly upon me. There is here no allowance for levity, none for dissipation. I am not a bit surprised I do not find here that unconstrained noble way of thinking and talking which one every day meets with among young fellows of plentiful fortunes and good spirits who are constantly moving in a more enlarged circle of company. Whim and heroism must gradually subside, and the high schemes of youth give place to the gainful arts of a narrower situation. By Jove, I wrote like a philosopher. Nature never meant me for a lawyer; I have neither the sorts of parts, memory or application; and yet I'm not discouraged. The same powerful habit that makes men tumblers and rope-dancers may very probably mould me into a lawyer. There's a period for you, Willy! If it be in my power, I shall see you in the country; but to make any stay I can't propose. My reasons I'll tell you when you come to town. My Lord Provost (Archibald Stewart, Gilbert's uncle) is expected tomorrow with all his family. Jack Stuart writes me that poor Ker is very miserable at London; tired of Renalar (Ranelagh) and Foxhall (Vauxhall), the days too long for routs. I have as yet touched no money, and I have pleaded no causes. Come to town and you shall hear me speak, and see me get drunk for the first time. My service to your mother and the young ladies.'

It is not to be inferred from the affectations of the preceding letter that Gilbert Elliot had any real contempt for the society of his countrymen or any indifference to the advancement or emoluments which the Scottish Bar might supply in the absence of more congenial employments. The occupation of Edinburgh by the Chevalier occurred during the recess of the Court of Session, and for some months Elliot vanishes from our sight; but as soon as the Highland storm had passed away, and society and business were restored to their normal tenor, we find him connecting him-

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self with all that was intellectual and respectable in the capital. He became a member of the 'Select Society' and of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the two favourite scenes on which the literary and legal youth of the period exercised their wits; and though he had no genuine inclination for the Scottish forum, he attained the reputation of an able pleader, and seems to have been employed in appeal cases to the House of Lords when only twenty-seven years of age, which may arouse the astonishment and envy of those who now pace the floor of the Parliament House. Towards the end of the year 1746 he took the step which determined his destiny, and became eventually instrumental to the rise of his family. He gained the affections of a young lady who was endowed with a perplexing name and an independent fortune. She was the only daughter of Hugh Dalrymple, second son of Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, who was the fifth son of the first Viscount Stair. Her father, Hugh Dalrymple, on succeeding to certain estates in Forfarshire and Fife, assumed the names of Murray Kynnynmond, in addition to his own. Mr. Hugh Dalrymple Murray Kynnynmond having died in 1741, his daughter Agnes inherited the properties referred to in her own right, and as proprietrix of the estate of Melgund, in Forfarshire, held the name of Murray, which she subsequently retained in married life, either alone or in conjunction with the name of Elliot.

This marriage gave Mr. Elliot a moderate income, and the means of realising, what he most desired, access to a parliamentary career. For several years between 1746 and 1753 the lives of the young couple were distributed between Minto, Edinburgh, Lochgelly and London. In London Mr. Elliot was engaged on appeal business before the House of Lords, but his attendance at the debates in the Commons was assiduous, he enjoyed the diversion of the theatre, then in its highest glory, while in his social intercourse he was careful to cultivate the society of those whose intimacy would do him honour, and whose countenance would be useful to his wife. Among his most influential friends may be noted Archibald, Duke of Argyle, whom he visited both at Inveraray and at Whitton, while he enjoyed the special favour of the Countess of Dalkeith, the Duke's niece, and that of Lady Betty Mackenzie, wife of Lord Bute's brother, connexions which probably initiated or confirmed those relations with Lord Bute which had so much influence on his subsequent fortunes. In December 1753 a vacancy in

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the representation of Selkirkshire occurred, and to that vacancy Elliot succeeded without opposition, backed, no doubt, by the Buccleuch interest, and aided by the general esteem in which his own family was held.

Gilbert Elliot sat in Parliament for Selkirkshire twelve years without a contest. He then succeeded to an undisputed seat for Roxburghshire for the same period. During these twenty-four years he was in office for more than twenty, about four years as a Lord of the Admiralty, about eight years as Treasurer of the Chambers, a sinecure, and about eight years as Treasurer of the Navy. He served under seven administrations; he possessed the confidence of three first ministers—Mr. Pitt, Lord Bute, and Lord North—and the personal favour of one sovereign, George III. The offices held by Elliot were not conspicuous, but they were safe, and two of them were lucrative, the emoluments attached to both being certainly not less than 2,500*l.* per annum—a sum perhaps equivalent to 4,000*l.* at the present time. Such posts were, in fact, a kind of retaining fee for Parliamentary services which the minister or sovereign might expect and which George III. did actually exact. An official career prolonged in positions of profitable mediocrity in the midst of so many vicissitudes in the higher regions of Government could not pass without the appearance and imputation of pliability, and we may allow that the defensive genius of 'Maggie Fendy' must have lived again in the political prudence of her descendant. Nevertheless when the conduct of Elliot is scrutinised in the light cast upon it by the author of the present volume, it becomes apparent that there was no sacrifice of personal honour, and little suppression of independent opinion, in this tenacity to place. In the official changes which ensued with perplexing repetition after the termination of the Seven Years' War, through which Elliot piloted his fortunes with success, there were few questions of principle involved. It was, for the most part, a conflict of personal interests and ambitions, of secret intrigue, of backstairs counsels, and of royal partialities. During such transactions a subordinate administrative officer might keep his place and do his duty without degradation. The parliamentary customs of the time were far more tolerant of independence in debate on the part of official members, and more indulgent in regard to 'open 'questions,' than they are in the present age. On a careful review of the case presented by our author, we observe only one political crisis in which the course taken by Elliot is

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obnoxious to serious question, and only one official act in which we lament his participation. When Pitt and Bute parted in 1762, Elliot adhered to Bute; when the warrant for Byng's execution was laid on the table of the Board of Admiralty, Elliot affixed his signature to that warrant. Elliot owed his first appointment to Pitt. He had followed Pitt in his first dismissal from power in 1757, he had been honoured by the personal friendship of the 'great commoner,' his natural sympathies were with the domineering genius and lofty aspirations of his patron. We have no reason to suppose that Elliot was a scrupulous votary of peace or a partisan of the policy of surrender. The hesitations of the King may have been conscientious, the submissions of Bute may have been consistent with the timidity of his nature, as well as subservient to the wishes of the sovereign, but Elliot was a man of more masculine stamp. We can hardly doubt that in forsaking Pitt he in some measure forsook his convictions; that in following Bute he in some measure followed his interests and affections. There are, however, several considerations which may greatly qualify our condemnation of the course which he pursued. When Pitt seceded from Government in 1762, the war was still carried on. It was not prosecuted with the daring extension counselled by the fallen minister, but there was no certain anticipation of the ensuing peace, far less of the concessions which that peace involved. Lord Bute had claims almost more cogent than those of Pitt on Elliot's adherence. They entertained a mutual attachment with a warmth rare between men in any position, and very rare between politicians. Bute was the relative of Elliot's dearest associates in private life, he was supported by almost all the Scotch members in the House of Commons, he was the object of public animosity of the basest nature, which extended to all his countrymen—it might almost be said that a Scotchman who deserted Bute at that conjuncture deserted Scotland. We do not affirm that the emoluments of an official station, the possible favour of the sovereign, and the support of the Buccleuch interest in the county which he represented, were indifferent to Elliot in his decision; but that decision might be founded in generous motives, and we believe that such motives were predominant.

It is a great misfortune to be associated, by the accidents of official position, with an incident which leaves a stain on the national record. That misfortune occurred to Elliot. He was a member of the Board of Admiralty, presided over

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by Lord Temple, during the transactions immediately preceding the execution of Admiral Byng, and it was his unhappy destiny to be unwillingly connected with that event. This is the more painful because we have unquestionable evidence that his opinion was opposed to the sentence, and we may be sure that his feelings were all for mercy. The Board had scruples as to the legality of the verdict, and solicited the opinion of the judges. In that reference Elliot took a part. He did more. As a member of the House of Commons he interceded on behalf of the condemned officer in debate. In signing the warrant for execution in common with Lord Temple, Dr. Hay, and Mr. Orby Hunter, it is probable that he regarded his co-operation as a mere formality, consequent on the delivery of a sentence in which he had no responsibility—a sentence pronounced by a competent tribunal, approved by the highest judicial authority, and allowed to take effect by the decision of the sovereign. His action was shared by honourable and humane men, yet we may deplore that he did not adhere to the example of his colleague, Vice-Admiral the Hon. John Forbes (of the Granard family), who protested 'that when 'a man is called upon to sign his name to an act which is 'to give authority to the shedding of blood, he ought to be 'guided by his own conscience, and not by the opinions of 'other men,' and firmly declined to have any part in the execution of a sentence which he believed to be unjust and cruel.

In questions of colonial policy Elliot was not able to ascend to the higher views asserted by Lord Chatham and adopted later by the leaders of the Liberal party. He supported the Stamp Act, and affirmed the right of the Parliament of Great Britain to tax the colonies—a theory probably accepted by most of the constitutional lawyers of the period, but one which was pregnant with future difficulty and disaster. It is contended that in asserting these views Elliot was prompted not by any love of arbitrary principles in government, but by an overweening estimate of the prerogatives of Parliament, and especially of the House of Commons, the unique and sovereign exponent of public liberty for all. Such may have been the case, but Elliot remains open to the reproach of a want of forecast, of a defective estimate of the forces bursting into activity in the British world beyond the sea. The sweep of his political vision was confined, and in general it is probable that the long use of official life, and the practice of cabinets

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and courts, had chilled the generous instincts which inspired him in the outset of his career. He continued to assert that he was a Whig, but he spoke and acted very like a Tory. What part he would have taken as the breach widened and deepened between the colonies and the mother country we cannot tell. His health failed in 1775 and 1776. He died in the dawn of the American rebellion. But had his life been prolonged it is not improbable that he would have continued, with increased honours and in a higher station, to follow Lord North and the King on their fatal road to defeat and ruin. Whatever judgment we may form as to the merits of Elliot as a statesman, there cannot be two opinions respecting his qualifications as a public speaker. He was without question an able, useful, and acceptable debater in the House of Commons. His success was immediate, and his ascendency was sustained. The reports of his early and repeated triumphs transmitted to his father by friends, relatives and fellow-countrymen, of which our author has produced several interesting examples, might be suspected of partiality, but the testimony of Walpole is conclusive, for Walpole cherished a constant animus against Elliot, as a follower of Bute and favourite of the King, and yet, in his memoirs of George II. and George III., the historian repeatedly mentions Elliot's performances with high commendation, and ranks him, along with James Oswald of Dunnikier, among those who possessed the highest or most useful gifts of parliamentary eloquence.

Sir Gilbert Elliot was more than a politician and an orator, he was a man of letters, and a lover of literary men. His ability in metaphysical disquisition is evinced in his correspondence with Hume, and is recognised in flattering terms by Dugald Stewart. Such was his reputation for purity of taste and correctness of style, that several distinguished writers submitted their works to his inspection and accepted his corrections. His genius was, however, rather critical than productive, and he published nothing of significance. He was the author of several poetical effusions which found their way into the fugitive collections of the time. Some specimens are given in Mr. Elliot's work, pastoral and elegiac. Sir Gilbert celebrates the charms and pains of a certain 'Aminta,' who assuredly never disturbed the tranquillity of Mrs. Murray. Yet one of these compositions was once in fashionable vogue, and still enjoys a sort of traditional reputation. It begins with the line 'My sheep I neglected, 'I broke my sheep-hook,' and continues in the vein

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of effeminate elegance which was then in favour. The 'Corydon' of to-day uses a very different dialect, but we must be tolerant of the conventionalities of the past, remembering that the language of Swinburne may soon be as obsolete as the language of Shenstone. Another piece has the merit of actuality, if not of inspiration, as it records the death of Colonel Gardiner at Prestonpans, 'killed at the door of his own house.' A third has a serious claim on our sympathy, for it describes in not unpleasing lines the placid death and amiable virtues of his father. The poems of Sir Gilbert Elliot, as far as we possess them here, betray no originality, but they may pass as the recreations of a man of business and debate.

In his domestic and social relations Sir Gilbert was worthy of the highest esteem. He was devoted to his wife, children, property, and people. He preserved his religion in the intimacy of Hume, and his virtue in the company of 'old Q.' When living at Minto he exercised a temperate hospitality which, it is alleged, was not quite in harmony with the jovial habits of his country neighbours, but which attracted many persons of learning and refinement to his house. Principal Robertson, Dr. Gregory, Dr. Somerville, Andrew Stuart (the genealogist of the Royal Race), John Home (the author of 'Douglas'), David Hume (philosopher and historian), were frequent guests under the roof which in another generation extended its welcome to Burke, Campbell, Leyden, and Scott. The correspondence between the Elliot family and Hume is the most interesting feature in these literary relaxations, and the frank, cordial, playful spirit in which they address and sometimes assail the illustrious sceptic is, perhaps, more due to the fact that he was a son of the house of Ninewells than to the fact that he was the author of the 'Essay on Human Nature.' That Sir Gilbert Elliot could be a wise counsellor as well as a pleasant correspondent is proved by letters which passed between him and his distinguished friend at a moment when the latter was in some danger of taking a step unworthy of a British subject, and especially of one who was an aspirant to diplomatic employment. Slightly intoxicated by the cajoleries of fashionable and cultivated society in Paris, and embittered by a delay in obtaining the office of Secretary of Embassy, to which he was subsequently promoted, Hume threatened to abandon his allegiance and nationality, to settle in France, and even to deprive his natal soil of the honour of receiving his remains. If he relented

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and resigned himself to spend indulgent years in the sober society of Edinburgh, and if he sleeps in a classic tomb on the Calton Hill and not in the caves of the Parisian Pantheon, it may have been due to the manly remonstrances of his friend:—

'Hume,' says Mr. Elliot, 'was hurt and disappointed in not having obtained the appointment of Secretary of Embassy for which he had applied, and after referring to this grievance he concludes one of his letters thus: "I have been accustomed to meet with nothing but insults and indignities from my native country. But if it continue so, *ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habebis.*"'

Elliot in his answer tells him how his application has been backed by his friends, and adds:—

'As to *ingrata patria ne ossa quidem habebis*, don't be at all uneasy. Notwithstanding all your errors, mistakes, and heresies in religion, morals, and government, I undertake that you shall, at least, have Christian burial, and perhaps we may find a niche for you in Westminster Abbey besides. Your Lockes, Newtons, and Bacons had no great matter to boast of during their lives, and yet they were the most orthodox of men. They required no god-father to answer for them, while, on the other hand, did not Lord Hertford spread his sevenfold shield over all your transgressions? Pray, what pretensions have you either in Church or State? for you well know you have offended both. But I know what is the matter with you—the French ladies, as well as the French philosophers, have contributed to render you vain, and when successful with the fair, and flattered by the learned, I know what sport you will make of all our grave admonitions. I long thought you would be content with a reversionary interest in fame, not to take full effect till after your death; but since you are corrupted with bad company, we must even assist you to grow rich and lazy like other men.'

Later, after seeing Hume in Paris, Elliot writes in a more serious tone:—

'Before I conclude, allow me in friendship also to tell you I think I see you on the brink of a precipice. One cannot too much clear their mind of all little prejudices, but partiality to one's country is not a prejudice. Love the French as much as you will. Many of the individuals are surely the proper objects of affection; but, above all, continue still an Englishman.'

And he goes on to enforce this exhortation by argument.

Hume, in his answer to this, asks what human motive or consideration can make him prefer living in England rather than in foreign countries. Not one Englishman in fifty would be sorry if he broke his neck; some, because he is not a Whig; some, because he is not a Christian; and all, because he is a Scotsman. 'Can you seriously talk of my

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'continuing an Englishman?' he asks. 'Am I, or are you, 'an Englishman?' and so on.

Elliot replies in a letter the healthy tone and sound English ring of which are a pleasant contrast to the morbid feelings and soured temper exhibited by his correspondent:—

'Notwithstanding all you say we are both Englishmen—that is, true British subjects entitled to every emolument and advantage that our happy constitution can bestow. Do not you speak and write and publish what you please? And though attacking favourite and popular opinions, are you not in the confidential friendship of Lord Hertford, and entrusted with the most important national concerns? Am not I a member of Parliament, as much at liberty to abuse ministers and administration as if I had been born at Wapping, or to support them if I think proper? Had it not been for the clamour of a Scot perhaps, indeed, I might have been in some more active, but not more honourable or lucrative, situation. This clamour, we all know, is merely artificial and occasional. It will in time give way to some other equally absurd and ill-founded, when you, if you will, may become a bishop, and I a minister. In the meantime let us make the best of our present circumstances, I as Treasurer of the Chamber, and you as the idol of whatever is fair and learned at Paris.'

The wholesome sentiments conveyed in the preceding passages are strikingly honourable to Elliot, who had himself been frustrated in his legitimate claims to higher honours by the malignant, though transitory, prejudices aroused against his country. He had on a former occasion pronounced himself disqualified for the office of Secretary for War, and in the opinion of the Duke of Grafton he was debarred from the leadership of the House of Commons 'because he was a Scot.'

During the years 1775 and 1776 the health of Sir Gilbert Elliot was in a declining state from a pulmonary complaint. This disorder reached an acute stage in 1777, and he was advised to try the benefit of the climate of the Riviera. He expired on his journey at Marseilles, surrounded by those who were dearest and most devoted to him. We possess his likeness in the form of a silhouette. The poet of 'Aminta' appears in the form of a firm, precise, old gentleman in a tie-wig, bearing a strong resemblance to the conventional portraits of Washington in his later years.

Lady Murray Elliot only survived her husband till the end of the year 1778. Her intense devotion to his character and memory is expressed in the form of an epitaph which is preserved among her papers, but which was probably not designed for actual use.

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'To the memory of the R^t. Honble. Sir G. E., Bart., Treasurer of the Navy, Keeper of the Signet in Scotland, who dyed at Marseilles in the year 1777, aged 55 years, in the course of whose life so many exalted virtues were displayed, and so few errors committed, that it is the duty of those who knew his exalted and perfect character to hold it up to succeeding generations for a model to imitate. Nature bestowed on him a capacity and genius for great and manly studies. Few ever went beyond him in general knowledge. A judgement decisive and correct, a taste refined and delicate, an imagination elevated, though so entirely regulated by reason that it was never known to mislead him. His temper was calm, mild, and cheerful. He could enjoy those pleasures which are unsullied by vice. From his earliest years to his latest day he was wholly governed by religious and moral principles in his thoughts as well as actions, and had all that passed in his mind in a single day of his whole existence been made visible, his train of thinking would have furnished volumes of instruction and delight to mankind. His soul was under one continued exertion of what was pleasing, laudable, and beneficial, so that those contemplations, which to other men are laborious, to him were inherent and amusing, and his conclusions were so just, and his discernment so accurate, that he never failed to act nobly and wisely, and to convince those with whom he conversed of the truth of his opinions.

It is a curious commentary on the attachment and the anguish of this admirable wife, so ardently expressed, that the grave of her husband remains unmarked by any memorial, as does his father's grave. These lapidary neglects were not unfrequent in Scotland then and in the succeeding generation. Not long since an American traveller and author remarked that neither the father nor the mother of Sir Walter Scott had a headstone to identify their graves. Many examples of the same kind might be adduced. The dead were not less loved; it was only the evil fashion of the times. The reproach is removed by the more careful piety and practice of the present age.

Sir Gilbert Elliot the third had two brothers and a sister, who are admitted to special notice in these family records—Andrew, called Governor Elliot; John, a distinguished sea officer; and Miss Jane, of whom more below.

Of Andrew, whose various fates are fully related in the family volume, we need not say much here. He was sent to Philadelphia when barely eighteen with the slender capital of 740*l.* to embark in trade. There he contracted two marriages, with some benefit in point of fortune, and seems to have thriven in business, which, however, he exchanged in 1761 for Government employment. Appointed to several offices connected with the customs and police in

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the province of New York, he transferred his residence to the Hudson River and named it Minto House. During the troubles preceding the American rebellion, and throughout the war, he stood fast by his allegiance and his duty, was rewarded in 1780 with the barren title of lieutenant-governor, and came home, after the peace of 1783, with impaired fortunes and unalterable loyalty. He purchased the farm of Greenwells, in his native county, applied himself to rural pursuits, and enjoyed his leisure in the congenial society of his brother 'Jack,' who had formed a pleasant home in the neighbouring domain of Mount Teviot. After an early and middle life of stress and strife, the inflexible governor was granted an evening of repose, and died in 1797, at the age of sixty-nine, at his brother's residence.

A more brilliant and prosperous career was accorded to John. Entered for the navy in 1745 at the age of thirteen, he was described by his captain two years later as 'one of the 'prettiest seamen' on board his ship, though his general education was miserably neglected. At twenty he was reported by his commanding officer 'as already qualified to com-'mand a fleet, and as having gained the esteem of everyone in 'his ship.' Seeing no immediate prospect of advancement, young Elliot joined the East India Company's service, and disappears from the family records for three years. In 1756 war was declared against France, and his brother Gilbert had been elected to Parliament. Interest was made for him at the Admiralty, and he obtained his commission as a lieutenant on board the 'Scarborough,' of twenty guns. Fortune now set in with 'a wind that followed fast.' Gilbert got a seat on the board. 'Jack' became commander and post-captain in 1757, and was appointed to the 'Hussar,' of twenty-eight guns, at the age of twenty-five. Occasions for distinction rapidly succeeded. The 'Hussar,' in company with the 'Dolphin,' another frigate, engaged the 'Alcyon,' a French man-of-war of fifty guns and 400 men, which, after an action of two hours, went down with her colours flying, and every soul perished, the English ships being unable to get out boats to save their drowning enemies. The 'Hussar' alone, shortly afterwards, was so fortunate as to fall in with and capture the 'Vengeance,' a French privateer of equal or greater force, which had been the scourge of British trade in the narrow seas, and which had recently taken the British privateer, 'Terrible,' after a desperate encounter, commanded by the famous Captain Death. For this service Captain Elliot was highly commended at the Admiralty,

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and in 1758 he was transferred to the 'Eolus,' a thirty-two-gun frigate recently launched. Then came his great opportunity. The 'Eolus' was attached to Sir Edward Hawke's squadron on the coast of France, but, having been blown off shore, and being short of provisions, Captain Elliot had put into Kinsale for supplies. There he met with two other frigates—the 'Pallas,' Captain Clements, and the 'Brilliant,' Captain Logie—of which, as senior officer, he was entitled to take command. The conjunction was quite fortuitous, but was most happy; for there Captain Elliot was informed by the Viceroy, the Duke of Bedford, of the capture of Carrickfergus by Thurot, who had under his orders a squadron of three frigates with troops on board, and who was threatening the adjacent port of Belfast. Elliot, zealously seconded by his brother officers, lost not a moment in proceeding to the scene of danger. We shall allow him to tell his own story of the action which ensued in his familiar letter to his brother at the Admiralty, a letter in which something appears of that 'neglect in his educa-'tion' adverted to above, but in which the candour and generosity of his character are abundantly transparent:—

'Isle of Man, 29th Feby., 1760.

'Dear Brother,—It is with the greatest pleasure I'm a-going to give you an account of my great success. I had been under sail ten times in order to get away from Kinsail, and the wind was always good enough to prevent me. On the very day I received information of Thurot being at Belfast, I was under sail, and obliged to anchor again; the "Brilliant" was almost unrigged, but Captain Loggie was so dilligent that he gote ready, and we sailed that evening (the 24th), which was the only opportunity that had offered for near a month, and indeed it was with the greatest difficulty we gote out, but I thought it better to risque the loss of a ship than not attempt it. I gote sight of the harbour where Thurot was on the 26th, but I could not possible get in, for it blowed so hard that we could not carry whole courses, but on the 28 he came out with his three ships, and we was fortunate to see him at day light in the morning coming towards us. He afterwards run for it, and we followed. About 9 o'clock I got up with the "Martial Bellile," and run him directly on board, which carried his Bowsprite away. The "Brilliant" and "Pallas" was just at hand, and I was no sooner clear than they both gave him a broad side, or two apiece, went on to the fresh ships, and left the "Martial" to me. I run him along side again, and after that boarded her a second time, and Forbes went on board and struck the coulers. The "La Blonde" fell on board me at the same time, however—to make shorte, we took them all in an hour and a half with very little loss, about six men killed and between twenty and thirty wounded. The Enimy lost their Commodore Thurot, and between two and three hundred killed and

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wounded. . . . Three finer frigates could not be found than I luckily found at Kinsail, and the other two behaved extraordinarily well, and my officers and men was cleverer and behaved better than I can express. I have appointed Forbes Capt. of the "Bell Isle," and hope it will be of service to him. . . . I have so bad a head each that I can write no more, so I must beg the favor of you sending this to my father in Scotland, or write to him, for I cannot. I have lost my voice giving orders, in so much that I cannot speak above my breath. Comps. to Mrs. Murray, etc.

'Ramsey Road, Isle of Man, '29th Feby.' 'Your affectionate brother, 'J. Elliot.

The triumph of Elliot was highly appreciated by the King, by Parliament, and by the country at large, though it was not unattended by the envy which waits upon merit and success. It was not overshadowed even by the contemporary exploits of Boscawen and of Hawke. Many years later Nelson himself, in a letter to Lord Minto, from the 'Victory,' in 1804, affirms that the action 'will stand the 'test with any of our modern victories.' During the remaining years of the war, which terminated in 1763, Elliot was constantly employed either in command of a frigate or line-of-battle ship, on convoy, or cruising duties, or on guard under the batteries of Gibraltar. After the peace his services were still in requisition for a time; but in 1765, at the age of thirty-three, we find him established for the winter at Caen, learning French. There he eats 'with the field officers and captains of a Regiment of 'French dragoons,' who received him cordially, 'because 'Eliott's* regiment had put two-thirds of theirs to death 'in the late war.' A brief visit to Paris was all that his 'phinances' would allow him to make on this occasion; yet in the following year he was elected member for Cockermouth, and in 1768 he stood a contest for Carlisle, in which he was not successful. In 1776 he received the appointment of General of the Mint in Scotland, with a salary of 300*l.* a year—a post which we may assume to have been a sinecure, but which need not scandalise us overmuch, when we reflect that it was only an old-fashioned way of bestowing a pension for distinguished services. During the American War Captain Elliot was continuously afloat for purposes the most diversified; but among these we can only signalise the leading part which he took in Rodney's victory over Admiral Vergara, and his brilliant assault on the

* John Augustus Eliott, afterwards the defender of Gibraltar and Lord Heathfield.

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'Triomphant' (French three-decker), when Admiral Kempenfelt with twelve sail cut off a convoy in the presence of a French fleet of nineteen ships of the line. His last public employment was as governor and commander-in-chief at Newfoundland, which he relinquished in 1789. The subsequent years of his life were spent at Mount Teviot, much in the society of his brother Andrew, whose daughters, Lady Cathcart and Lady Carnegie, were his special favourites. He seems to have mingled some humour with his affection, for he promised his younger niece, Nancy, a thousand pounds on the day on which she married 'with *her own* consent.' Nancy qualified for the gift, and received her portrait, by Raeburn, into the bargain. Whatever fortune the Admiral had saved from the King's wages, or levied on the King's enemies, he applied to the purchase of lands in the counties of Roxburgh and Selkirk, and these, like a faithful kinsman, he bequeathed to his nephew and chief, Lord Minto. The portrait of the Admiral is preserved at Minto, and is characteristic of the open-hearted seaman. His honest face is lifted to the sky, which he had so often searched in storm and shine.

The perpetuation and the quality of Scottish song are greatly indebted to a line of ladies, extending from the seventeenth century to the present age, who wrote from natural impulse, for the amusement of their homes and relatives, or from a spontaneous interest in the history and manners of their country, not only without a view to gain or fame, but with a scorn of publicity, and sometimes with a curious passion for concealment and mystification. They wrote but little, yet that little is marked by a felicity which often leaves the compositions of professional poets far behind. The march of these amiable muses is opened by Lady Wardlaw of Pitrivie, and Lady Grizel Baillie of Mellerstain, the former chanting with masculine energy the measure of 'Hardyknute,' in honour of a legendary Scottish victory over the Dane, while the latter portrays the sorrows of a Border girl parted from her rustic lover in lines entitled 'An' were na my heart licht, I wad dee.' These early volunteers are succeeded, after an interval of some thirty years, by Miss Alison Rutherfurd, of Fairnilee, better known by her married name of Cockburn, and Miss Jane Elliot. Mrs. Cockburn laments some recent distresses in her native district of Selkirkshire, to the air of 'The 'Flowers of the Forest;' the daughter of Minto reunites the same melody to its proper theme, the ceaseless com-

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plaint of Scotland for the fatal day of Flodden. Lady Anne Lindsay and Lady Nairne next appear upon the scene, wrapped in mysterious weed—Lady Anne reluctant to confess, even at the close of a bold and blameless life, that she had committed the indiscretion of composing a song of exquisite pathos when a girl; Lady Nairne striving, by tricks and disguises, to hide the genius which had sounded all the chords of humour and emotion from the 'Laird of 'Cockpen' to the 'Land of the Leal.' To this band of gentle birth we wish it were possible to add a humble sister of woeful destiny, Jean Adam; but the authorship of 'There's nae Luck about the House' is not ascribed to her with absolute certainty. If it were, she might well offer her labour-hardened hand to the careless minstrel of 'Auld 'Robin Gray.' Last of all come two sisters, representatives of the house of Spottiswoode, in the Merse, known of old for loyalty and learning. But of Lady John Scott and Lady Hume Campbell, it may be remarked that they joined the faculties of poetical and musical composition with the gift of song, endowments never before united in the person of any one of their predecessors. It is, however, with Miss Jane Elliot, and in relation to her with Mrs. Cockburn, that we have here to do.

It is hardly necessary to state to our Scottish readers that there are two versions of the song called the 'Flowers 'of the Forest,' one beginning 'I've seen the smiling of 'fortune beguiling,' the other beginning 'I've heard them 'lilting at the ewe milking,' the former composed by Mrs. Cockburn, the latter by Miss Elliot. We have placed them in the sequence indicated by the ages of the respective authors, and the dates of publication. We cannot place them with confidence according to the dates of composition. The question of priority is not of much importance, and it is not discussed at any length in the volume before us. There is no question of plagiarism involved, scarcely any of imitation. The measure of both songs is suggested by the tune as well as by the surviving lines of the primitive ballad, accessible to both authors alike, contemporaries, and inhabitants of the same country.

Mrs. Cockburn was born in 1712 and died in 1794. She was married at the age of seventeen. We know from her printed correspondence and unpublished autobiography that she had a precocious genius. Her song was first published, as far as we can ascertain, in a collection entitled 'The 'Charmer,' Edinburgh, 1765, when Mrs. Cockburn was fifty-

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three years of age. According to family tradition, if we may believe the authors of the 'Songstresses of Scotland,' it belonged to a much earlier period in Mrs. Cockburn's life. These verses have no reference to Flodden Field; they are polished, melodious and admirably adapted to the air, but they have the conventional stamp of the eighteenth century, and might have been produced by Hamilton of Bangour, or Craufurd, or any of the 'ingenious' versifiers of the time, when best inspired.

Miss Jane Elliot was born in 1727, fifteen years after Mrs. Cockburn, and died in 1805. Her song, as far as we have been able to trace it, was first published in 1781 in Pinkerton's 'Tragic Ballads of Scotland,' a book full of audacious forgeries, and there it is presented as a genuine relic of the sixteenth century. According to tradition, this ballad was composed by Miss Elliot about the year 1755, in reply to a playful challenge on the part of her brother Gilbert to write a poem on the battle of Flodden, and to that subject her verses are alone devoted; her flowers of the forest are the flowers of Scottish chivalry reaped by the English sword; her words have a simplicity and sweetness redolent of the old Border strain, scarcely touched, but still a little touched, by the taste of Ramsay in his happiest mood. Indeed, Miss Elliot does not deny herself a stroke of modern archness and humour in the midst of her images of pensive desolation.

The priority of composition it is impossible to determine, but we are inclined with Professor Veitch to award it to the elder poet. The superiority of merit was adjudged to Miss Elliot by Sir Walter Scott nearly a century ago, and his sentence has been confirmed by the general voice. To both ladies belongs the merit of having redeemed from obscurity an authentic melody which can be traced by documentary evidence to the reign of James VI., a melody which has now been raised to the dignity of a national requiem, for no Scottish soldier is carried to his rest in the remotest grave to which the arts and arms of his countrymen have reached without the touching notes of the 'Flowers of the Forest.'

Our historian has dwelt with some curiosity on the life of a lady who had no pretensions to fame and no anticipations of immortality. He is justified by the honour she has unconsciously imparted to his name. The judgements of two learned civilians, the speeches of a dexterous and eloquent politician, will pass into oblivion, even the feats of an heroic seaman may be absorbed in the lustre of new exploits, while

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the blossoms which a woman's hand flung so lightly on the stream of popular memory float on for ever. The inspiration of an hour survives the labour of an age.

The death of Sir Gilbert Elliot the third marks a distinct stage in the making of Minto. The family was now 'set in 'the saddle' at home and in England: at home by the accumulation of a competent estate, sufficient to support the necessities of parliamentary and official employment, not sufficient to encourage inaction; in England by established reputation and private connexions. The road was thus thrown open to a wider field of exertion which was promptly occupied by Sir Gilbert Elliot the fourth. The author of the present volume takes leave of us here, referring his readers for further information to three publications edited by the late Countess of Minto, the life of the Right Hon. Hugh Elliot, envoy and governor, the Memoirs of Sir Gilbert Elliot, first Earl of Minto, and the life of the Earl while Governor-General of India. The Countess of Minto was herself an Elliot, by her mother. She signalised her devotion to the family by the works referred to above, and proved her love and knowledge of Border history, literature, and legend by a volume entitled 'Border Sketches,' inaccessible to the public, but coveted by the book-collector.

Sir Gilbert Elliot the fourth administered the government of India for seven years with consummate prudence and unvarying success. To him full justice has been done elsewhere. After his death the inheritance of public service fell on his son, the second Earl, who, after acting as envoy at Berlin, became First Lord of the Admiralty in Lord Melbourne's Government, from 1835 to 1841. He subsequently held the office of Lord Privy Seal in Lord John Russell's Cabinet, and was employed on a comprehensive diplomatic mission in Italy in 1847 and 1848. To the Italian cause he remained a devoted and persistent adherent. The First Lord of the Admiralty was a man of natural shrewdness, cool judgement, literary culture, and business faculty, but he did not succeed to the gift of eloquence possessed by his father and grandfather, so necessary to impart relief to a figure on the parliamentary scene.

Many of the recent family memorials published in Scotland have been done to order. It is far from our desire to depreciate the services of that genealogical laboratory which was directed with so much ability by the late Sir William Fraser. The compilations delegated to his superintendence were not framed in the spirit of an arid antiquary, but with

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a liberal admission of the beauty and romance of research, tempered by a careful reference to documentary sources. Nevertheless we may be permitted to find superior attractions in spontaneous authorship, and, with this advantage, we could forgive some manifestation of inherited affection and retrospective fondness. 'Liddesdale and the Debateable Land,' by Mr. Robert Bruce Armstrong, 'The Seton Family,' by Mr. George Seton, 'The House of Cockburn of that Ilk,' by Mr. Thomas Cockburn Hood, and the 'Border Elliots,' are recent examples of local and family history of the most sympathetic type. Mr. Elliot takes a warm interest in his forefathers and his country. Without these sentiments he would never have become the author of the work to which we have been devoting our attention. But in his rational pages there are no traces of that excessive ancestor-worship by which Scotsmen are apt to be affected, or of the aggressive and pedantic patriotism which characterises the new school of Northern nationalism.

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ART. XI.—*France.* By JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. In Two Vols. London and New York: 1898.

WHAT *was* the French Revolution? And what, in truth, has it done for France and the world? Was the famous 4th May, 1789, when the States-General met at Versailles, really the beginning of a new and better era of freedom, prosperity, and peace for a hitherto misgoverned and oppressed people; or was it but the first step in the downward course of a great nation, to be inevitably followed by alternations of tyranny and revolution, till at length, after the lapse of more than a century, many of the best friends of France find themselves forced to the melancholy conclusion that popular liberty is in that country incompatible with the stability of political institutions, or even with the permanent maintenance of public order?

No event in history ever so stirred human passions as that great conflagration. On the Continent it led to the remodelling of Europe. In England the views which men took of it decided their political sympathies and action, annihilated former party divisions, and consequently for some forty years proved the main factor in determining the lines upon which in foreign and domestic policy the nation was to be governed. Little wonder that at the time men could not judge calmly of the real meaning of the Revolution; but it is strange that the lapse of years has not brought about more unanimity as to the place which that event should take in history. Paine's famous charge against Burke that in his compassion for the sufferings of the *noblesse* he 'pitied the 'plumage but forgot the dying bird,' could not be made against modern statesmen or political writers. Whatever the cause, it is to the condition of the great masses of the people, not to the welfare of a limited and privileged class, that men's thoughts are now turned; and yet it is Burke's own view of the Revolution that seems nowadays again to be obtaining ascendency.

Burke, it must be remembered, wrote in 1790, before the perpetration of the great horrors of the Revolution. He was answered by Mackintosh, on behalf of Fox and the more reasonable friends of liberty in England, in the 'Vindiciæ Gallicæ;' but the rapid progress of events quickly rallied most of these men, including Mackintosh himself, to the faith of their great opponent. 'It is my intention,' writes Sir James Mackintosh, in January 1800, 'to profess

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'publicly and unequivocally that I abhor, abjure, and for 'ever renounce the French Revolution, with all its san- 'guinary history, its abominable principles, and for ever 'execrable leaders. I hope I shall be able to wipe off the 'disgrace of having been once betrayed into an approbation 'of that conspiracy against God and man, the greatest 'scourge of the world, and the chief stain upon human 'annals.' *

Yet in this same Revolution many great men in France and in England have seen the dawn of the brightest hopes for the future of the world. Lamartine, looking back nearly a couple of generations, thought, probably with truth, that at the time in France, no one, possibly excepting Robespierre, had *understood* the Revolution, its real end and aim. The King saw in the movement but a sweeping reform. Mirabeau saw only its political, Lafayette only its constitutional side; the Jacobins were longing for vengeance, the people to bring down those above them to their own level. 'Nul n'osait voir encore le but final.'

'Tout était donc aveugle alors,' he continues, 'excepté la Révolution elle-même. La vertu de la Révolution était dans l'idée qui forçait ces hommes à l'accomplir et non dans ceux qui l'accomplissaient; tous ses instruments étaient viciés, corrompus ou personnels; mais l'idée était pure, incorruptible et divine. Les vices, les colères, les égoïsmes des hommes devaient produire inévitablement dans les crises ces chocs, ces violences, ces perversités et ces crimes qui sont aux passions humaines ce que les conséquences sont aux principes.'

If, he goes on to explain, men had followed their high ideals instead of their passions, had the King been wise and firm, the clergy been disinterested as regards the things of this world, the aristocracy just, the people moderate—had Mirabeau been a man of high integrity, Lafayette of decision, and Robespierre of humanity, then, indeed, 'la 'Révolution se serait déroulée, majestueuse et calme comme 'une pensée divine, sur la France, et de là sur l'Europe; 'elle se serait installée comme une philosophie dans les faits, 'dans les lois, dans les cultes.' It was not so to be. The imperfections of humanity, the eloquent historian continues, may affect for a time the most holy, the most just, the most pious thoughts.

'Mais il n'est pas donné au crime lui-même de dégrader la vérité; elle survit à tout, même à ses victimes. Le sang qui souille les hommes ne tache pas l'idée, et malgré les égoïsmes qui l'avilissent, les lâchetés

* Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh.

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qui l'entravent, les forfaits qui la déshonorent, la Révolution souillée se purifie, se reconnaît, triomphe, et triomphera.'

Still, whatever may be the imperfections of humanity, the real value of ideas depends upon what men make of them; and the practical question for us, looking back on the events of a century, is, What have Lamartine's 'Esprit de la Révolution' and the famous principles of 1789 done for the France of to-day? It is this question that Mr. Bodley essays to answer. He tries to approach the problem not as a theorist, but as an observer. He has spent seven years of his life, almost without a break, in different parts of France, for the express purpose of studying amongst Frenchmen of different classes and districts the political, social and material condition of the people. He was himself well equipped for the task he undertook. He had already travelled in France, but after the fashion only of the ordinary English traveller bent on a holiday. He had visited British self-governing colonies and the United States; and he had gained under Sir Charles Dilke, when President of the Local Government Board, some experience of the working of an English public department. Such a training would hardly tend, one would think, to prejudice the mind against democratic forms, though it might perhaps promote an almost more than ordinary English contempt for the 'mere theorist' or 'shallow doctrinaire.' How do things work? is the main question, for to him 'whate'er is best 'administered is best.'

The two volumes now published deal solely with the working of French political institutions, and with Frenchmen as politicians. Hereafter Mr. Bodley hopes to treat such matters as the Centralised Administration, the Church and Education, the Judicial and Fiscal systems, and questions relating to Capital and Labour, to the Colonies and the Army.* At present his theme is 'Political France after a 'Century of Revolution.' He has devoted himself to his task with great ability and the most praiseworthy industry, and has produced a work of undoubted value which deserves to be carefully read and pondered by Englishmen. We shall have something to say later on of the pessimistic tone that pervades his book from beginning to end, and of the conclusion to which, as it seems to us, his tendency of mind quite as much as the weight of evidence he has adduced, has brought him. It is, however, only fair to remember—

* Preface.

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indeed, it gives weight to his opinions—that if he condemns as intolerably bad the present French system of government, he writes not merely as a friend, but as an admirer of the French people as a whole. His predisposition towards them, when he knew them only as a tourist, has become strengthened and confirmed by more intimate acquaintance:—

'Even now, when I know the French provinces as few foreigners can know them, the familiar scenes of daily life which meet the casual view give me pleasureable sensations as keen as when I was a passing stranger. A bishop blessing little children in the aisles of his cathedral, a group of white-coifed peasant women in a market-place, or a red-legged regiment swinging through a village to the strains of a bugle march, has now for me not merely the sentimental or picturesque interest of former days. I know, indeed, that the lives of many of these people are neither ideal nor idyllic, but I recognise now in these provincials, with all their failings, the true force of France, which keeps her in the front rank of nations, in spite of the follies, governmental and otherwise, committed in her beautiful capital.'

In the last quarter of a century, says Mr. Bodley, accepting, as he generally does, the lead of M. Taine, the most remarkable change of French opinion consists in the discredit into which has fallen the 'legend of the Revolution.' The latest work of that writer, 'Les Origines de la France Contemporaine,' deserves, he thinks, on this account 'the 'epithet of epoch-making more than any work of this 'generation.' The Third Republic might have brought increased prestige to the Revolution had it combined with a long spell of Republican *régime* high statesmanship, pure politics, sound economy, and a recuperation of the national strength. But it is this very period, when, if ever, the true principles of 1789 ought to have found their long-delayed vindication, that has created in many thoughtful Frenchmen and in many English observers a feeling of despair in systems of popular government, and a longing after a stability which they, curiously enough, have brought themselves to imagine in the teeth of all experience attaches to autocratic personal government.

Lamartine, we have seen, declared that no one in 1789 understood the French Revolution. Since then men, as their way is, have construed the famous principles,

'. . . after their own fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.'

The First Napoleon was the child of the Revolution, the Third claimed no less to be its true interpreter. With

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Mme. de Staël, on the other hand, and with the many Frenchmen who shared her admiration for the English Constitution, the real virtue of the Revolution, when its violence and excesses had passed away, was to consist in the establishment of parliamentary institutions upon English lines. With others, again, a Republic was the only legitimate heir to the Revolution; and 'Liberté, Egalité, 'Fraternité'—the official legend at present placarded on national monuments and buildings—symbolises the triumph of democratic doctrine under the present *régime*. Mr. Bodley is, however, in search of facts, and he finds on the subject of liberty a notable divergence between theory and practice, 'due perhaps to the fact that in France liberty is a mere 'subject of the classroom and the library.'* However admirable the principles of 1789, the Revolution, before four years had passed away, resulted in a state of anarchy, to which probably nothing but the strong hand of military authority could have put an end.

In the constructive work of Napoleon our author finds the one permanent result of the Revolution:—

'The coronation of Napoleon, with all its magnificent effrontery, was the apotheosis of the revolutionary settlement. The crown which the soldier of fortune assumed that day departed from his head, but the spectacle symbolised the result of the Revolution, the civil reconstruction of France by a military adventurer.' (Vol. i. p. 117.)

Though since then dynasties and republics have risen and fallen, no great change has been attempted in the essential fabric of the Napoleonic construction. The machinery of government was established to serve the purposes of an absolute ruler. Centralisation of authority in the hands of a Dictator was the very essence of the system. Mr. Bodley admits that such a system would be repellent to the natural instincts of every Englishman, but Frenchmen have known the horrors of revolution, and they fear that if this Napoleonic fabric of centralisation were demolished 'it would bring down 'with it every institution in France with havoc more 'ruinous than that of 1789,' and then nothing but another Napoleon would be able to rebuild it.

It is natural that Frenchmen should sometimes complain that they are eaten up by functionaries, but 'all nations 'have their self-imposed crosses to bear,' and the scourge is not so devastating or so 'palpably useless, as that of the

* Vol. i. p. 125.

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'lawyers who eat us up in England.' But it is not merely its cost that renders objectionable this vast army of functionaries. They are not employed solely for the purpose of performing the various official services of the State. They afford a ready instrument to be employed for political purposes. It must be remembered 'that the 'system was constructed to work as an essential portion of 'the machinery of autocratic government,' and there need be little surprise at its incompatibility with the successful working of parliamentary and representative institutions. During Mr. Bodley's stay at Nice he had an opportunity of realising that centralised bureaucracy was little likely to bow before the local representative of the public. M. Henri, the local agent of the Republic, since then Minister of France at Bucharest,

'issued a proclamation in which, citing Napoleon's decree of Messidor, he forbade all public officials, from the clergy to the magistracy, to attend the New Year's reception of the Mayor, as the elect of popular suffrage had affronted the representatives of centralised authority. It was striking corroboration of what I have more than once suggested, that under every *régime*, Republican or Monarchical, autocratic or parliamentary, the civic life of the nation is regulated by the durable machinery of the Napoleonic settlement.'

Who, then, in the absence of an autocratic ruler, works the system constructed by and for an autocrat? Mr. Bodley replies that the machine is run by those least worthy to guide the destinies of the French people. The system involves a vast profusion of offices held directly from the State, and this patronage, which might, perhaps, be fairly well exercised by a strong central power, is certain to be abused when entrusted to irresponsible and personally interested members of Parliament.

'Each member not hostile to the Government thus becomes a wholesale dispenser of places, controlling the administrative and fiscal services in his constituency, and supervising the promotion of the judges. Moreover, to augment his popularity, a legislator likes to have as many posts as possible to bestow; so the tendency of representative government is to effect not economy, but the multiplication of State-paid offices, ruining the finances of the country, and turning the industrious French people into a nation of needy place-hunters.' (P. 32.)

Mr. Lecky, in his great work on 'Democracy and 'Liberty,' has pointed out with much force that in France the popular representative system results in the creation of an Assembly which does not represent many of the principal and best characteristics of the French people. Frenchmen

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and French women are eminently 'good managers'—generally by nature frugal—yet the National Assembly, according to all authorities, French and English, is recklessly and corruptly dissipating the national resources. Popularity for individual representatives is to be obtained by the local expenditure of State funds or the lending of State credit. No wonder that many deputies are, beyond all things, 'agents for instigating to expense!' It is in democracies, Mr. Lecky points out, that corruption is most dangerous to the State, for there corruption must be on a wholesale scale, and classes rather than individuals have to be corrupted. Unless there is a fairly high standard of public virtue amongst the people, unless they insist upon their public men coming up to this standard, it is impossible that the democratic system should succeed. An absolute or an aristocratic monarchy may render a nation great and prosperous with a much lower standard of virtue in high place or amongst the people. This, notwithstanding Mr. Bodley, was, we think, the real teaching of Montesquieu. If the former is right in holding that popular representative institutions have failed in France, it is because the very essence of popular government, according to Montesquieu, is absent; for that great man, however partial to republics, hardly went so far as to maintain that a people could be rendered virtuous by the mere overthrow of a throne.

The French, says Mr. Bodley, are not 'a parliamentary 'people.' The parliamentary system is in France an exotic. It was copied from that of England, where it had grown in the course of centuries, accommodating itself from time to time to the wants and sentiments of the people. It was introduced wholesale into France, mainly at the instance of the Czar, after the overthrow of her armies by the power of united Europe. What is there, he asks, in the system, in its origin, in its results, that should endear it to the people of France? The Napoleonic administrative system and the parliamentary system cannot successfully work together. The combination is an impossible one. The former suits the French temperament, and it has become ingrained in French habits of life; whilst the latter is of foreign origin, has failed after repeated trials, and is now regarded by the public with sentiments of general contempt. Hence, argues Mr. Bodley, the parliamentary system is and deserves to be doomed. But democracy, in the shape of manhood suffrage, is a great fact, and the wisest friends of France should seek to reconcile that fact with that system of administration which,

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rightly or wrongly, all Frenchmen deem to be their main bulwark against revolution and anarchy:—

'Plebiscite Frenchmen understand, and government by bureaucracy they understand, but parliamentary government they never will comprehend. This is the cause of their passive delegation of electoral powers to local coteries composed of the least worthy and the least disinterested elements of the population, so that the result of their legislative elections is not the spontaneous voice of the nation, save at abnormal times, like 1871, when amid invasion there was no time or place for committees to spring up and take possession of the electorate.' (Vol. ii. p. 172.)

This assuredly leads us to a very formidable, even a portentous, conclusion. Mr. Bodley is, of course, acquainted with the dislike felt by all Englishmen to personal autocratic rule, even though the ruler derives his title from a plebiscite. But he has endeavoured to divest himself of English prejudice, and he writes in the character of an impartial and close observer of French political and social life for seven long years, and as a devoted friend of the French people. Hence the grounds upon which he bases his conclusions deserve to be carefully examined. That many Frenchmen in the present day despair of the present, and almost of the future, of their country, or at least say that they do, is too true, and is amply illustrated in these volumes. One eminent political writer declares that France is one of the worst governed countries in the world; another that 'for twenty-seven years it has been a doubtful pleasure 'to be a Frenchman;' a third that 'public opinion, which 'was a reality under the monarchy and the empire, has no 'existence in our time, and the people, once ardent and 'generous, are now incapable either of love or hatred, of 'admiration or contempt.'

Yet the people are at heart sound. This exaggerated pessimism, this determined disbelief in itself, indicates something essentially wrong in the government of the country; and our author asserts that 'the root of the evil is to be 'found not in the Republican form, though the democratic 'basis of that *régime* extends the evil, but in the parliamen-'tary system.' Now in former days Englishmen used to hold the firmest faith in the saving virtues under all climes and in all circumstances of their own Constitution. A parliamentary monarchy was all that France and other nations needed to make them into staid and orderly people, such as they contemplated across the Channel. The highlanders of Corsica, for instance, were to be regenerated by an island

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House of Commons, a constitutional monarch in the person of a British viceroy, and trial by jury. Experience has taught us wisdom; yet surely we should be going too far on the other side were we to conclude that a highly civilised European nation of the first rank was incapable of exercising any popular control over its own destinies beyond that most dangerous of all expedients, the selection of an absolute ruler. It is ignorant and narrow-minded to suppose that nations very unlike ourselves can only be saved by imitating British systems; but it is hardly less so to believe that the British race alone is fit for rational freedom. Mr. Bodley's book will be read by all men, and deserves to be read with care and discrimination. The intelligent reader will distinguish between Mr. Bodley the careful and accurate observer of facts and Mr. Bodley the political theorist. He himself warns us against 'doctrinaires.' Yet he seems to contrast the constitution which he condemns, not with other practical and possible constitutions, but with some ideal system of absolutism, where an autocratic ruler, unswayed by personal ambitions, and guided by perfect wisdom, will lead the French people, without any trouble to itself, to national power, prosperity, and peace.

Let us quote Mr. Bodley the witness before we return to Mr. Bodley the counsel for autocracy founded on plebiscite. In commenting on the above-quoted wailings over the decadence of France he writes (vol. i. p. 42):—

'I should be perplexed to mention three nations which on the whole are better governed than France. Nothing which strikes the eye of the itinerant stranger suggests that the country is ill governed, and he often takes home an idea, which we in England have put into aphoristic form, that things are managed better in France than elsewhere. Moreover, on condition of never looking at a newspaper or mentioning a political subject, one might reside for years in the land without knowing that any one thought it badly governed. No doubt in the daily routine of life incidents grievous to citizens arise, similar to those which provoke the plaints of Englishmen offended by the caprices of income-tax assessors or the whims of postal authorities; but petty dolours such as these do not depress the spirit of a nation, and we must take care to discern what the ex-Minister means by ill government. His strictures refer to the parliamentary system, which has been regulated exclusively by his political friends for twenty years; while the well-organised daily life of the nation, which is but little affected, is a striking sign of the excellence of Napoleonic administrative structure.'

We are less impressed than Mr. Bodley with the exaggeration of lamentation that has assailed his ears during

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his residence in France. Since the present Republican *régime* began its course a quarter of a century ago, France has become 'a fen of stagnant waters' (like England in 1806, save the mark!). After two or three great names have passed away, this is the invariable tone adopted in all countries by persons of a certain temperament. In old countries, naturally enough, men think more of the glories that are past than in new countries, where men's thoughts are bent on the future. In the United States, however great are the difficulties of the time, the faults and the vices of politicians, the general tone of sanguine, confident belief in the future drowns the groans of the croakers. In England during the last twenty years, a period on the whole of great prosperity, we do not think it would be impossible to match with the lamentations of Frenchmen already quoted despairing utterances of distinguished men on the present troubles and immediate future of their own country. Twenty-seven years ago France met with as heavy a reverse of fortune as ever fell upon a great and proud nation. Mr. Bodley thinks that, as we get further and further from that disastrous epoch, the pessimistic tone of Frenchmen intensifies; but is that so? Seventeen years ago Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff found M. Jules Simon in Paris lamenting the disappearance from his country of all literary and political talent. He called next upon Renan, and heard from him language hardly more exhilarating.* This was the tone of the literary world long before the 'third decade of the Republic' had been reached, and we doubt, therefore, whether either the pessimistic tone itself or the causes which gave rise to it, were due to the inharmonious working of parliamentaryism with a centralised system of administration which was intended as the machinery of autocratic rule.

Mr. Bodley, in giving us a short account of modern French history, indicates very clearly his general opinions and political leanings in his references to Taine and Lamartine, to Mme. de Staël and Macaulay, and other eminent writers, French and English. He refers admiringly to Mr. Disraeli's, or rather Tancred's, description of representative government as a 'fatal drollery;' and he is unwilling to make distinctions between the Reformers and the Reds of

* See Notes from a Diary, 1873–1881, by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I. (vol. ii. p. 308), a very remarkable record of the author's relations with many of the most eminent and interesting personages in England and Europe.

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the French Revolution. This appears to us to be hardly wise, but assuredly it adds much to the interest of his work that, not content with pointing out failure, he indicates the direction in which France must turn for success. Let us consider, then, the picture he has presented of modern France, the point of view from which he has drawn it, and, lastly, the advice which he gives to Frenchmen who desire a government worthy of their great nation, one which will reflect the best characteristics of the people, and be able to secure to them stable institutions, wise and pure administration, and their old position in Europe.

By actual observation, Mr. Bodley is able to estimate for himself the value attached in France to that well-worn legend of the Republic—Liberty, Equality, Fraternity. How can the press prate of liberty, he asks, in a country where the citizen can be arrested at any moment by a police agent, immediately placed in solitary confinement, cut off from all his friends, subjected to daily interrogation by a magistrate bent on extracting a confession, whilst the police are getting up against the untried prisoner a case of which he is kept in ignorance, 'while the *juge d'instruction*, 'in his interrogations, uses the craft of a skilled expert to 'drag damaging admissions from the mouth of the man, 'bewildered with the isolation of captivity, sometimes brow-'beating him with threats, sometimes inventing the fiction 'that an accomplice has proved his guilt;' in a country where on mere suspicion that a citizen has committed the paltry offence of infringing the Government monopoly of tobacco, the police may make domiciliary visits, ransack cupboards, and break open private desks and drawers? Such hardships as these affect, no doubt, the very few. Ninety-nine Frenchmen out of every hundred suffer nothing from arbitrary arrest, harsh criminal procedure, or domiciliary visits; and outrages upon justice, as recent experience has shown, do not affect Frenchmen and Englishmen in the same way; yet, surely, individual wrongs and grievances should stir public opinion, should stir Parliament to demand reform! But, alas!

'there is no public opinion in France as we understand it in England, or, at all events, no means of expressing it. The spirit of the press of the whole country, excepting in matters of local interest, is regulated by the journalists of Paris, who interpret merely the sentiments, sometimes conflicting, sometimes unanimous, of the boulevards, and the newspaper is not used by the public for airing its grievances by means of letters to the editor. Moreover the Legislature is not utilised as a parliamentary people would make use of it for quietly redressing the grievances of the day; questions and deputations to Ministers, petitions to the two Houses, pledges demanded of members

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and, in fine, all methods of constitutional agitation, are unpractised in France. This is the corollary of the national tendency which survives all *régimes*. Louis Napoleon may take down the inscription of "Liberty" and the Third Republic may put it up again, but all the time the French people like to be governed; in the intervals of their revolutions they prefer to be driven, not with a loose rein, but feeling the hand of authority directing them. In a democracy which voluntarily confers on the State such arbitrary powers to encroach on its personal liberty, a special signification must be attached to that word.' (Vol. i. p. 131.)

And if in France small regard is paid in practice to the sacredness of personal liberty, not much more respect is shown by State authority to freedom of opinion. In England the rivalry and strife of sects have, on the whole, contributed to a general sentiment and practice of toleration; whereas in France, religion and secularism have formed into two hostile camps, between which no friendly relations are possible. *Here*, no one was surprised that Cardinal Manning and Matthew Arnold were personally on friendly terms. *There*, Mgr. Dupanloup, advocate though he was of his own liberty against Papal absolutism, actually withdrew in 1871 from the Academy because he would not meet the newly elected M. Littré, who was a Positivist. It is a singular comment on the intolerant action of the State, and of State officials, that it is practised in the name of liberty. Were the Clericals in the ascendency we can well believe in the spirit of narrow intolerance which would characterise their rule; but it is less easy to understand or to palliate the narrow bigotry of those who have made a dogma of Anti-Clericalism. Here is an instance for which Mr. Bodley can vouch his own observation:—

'The postmaster of a town in the Vendée, who, as is usual in that region, observed his religious duties, was sent for by the sous-préfet, who said to him: "It is reported that you are a constant attendant at church on Sundays; more than that, you always take a book with you; and a man who follows the service with a book must not be surprised if he is put down as a Clerical. Besides . . . one of your daughters is being educated at a convent and sings in the chapel choir, and another makes a collection at the parish church. Now all these facts are noted against you in your *dossier*, and I think it fair to warn you that you are getting the reputation of being a Clerical." The postmaster consulted his curé, who was a man of the world. "You have your wife and children to think of," said he, "so you should not sacrifice your chances of promotion for things not essential. Leave your prayer-book at home if it offends the Anti-Clericals, tell the good sisters not to let your daughter sing in the convent

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choir, and I will find another of our young friends to take the place of your second girl in making the collection here on Sunday."'

The sous-préfet probably meant the warning kindly, but, doubtless, he had received 'strict orders from the Ministry of 'the Interior to flatter the zeal of the Anti-Clerical party.'

The public functionaries of the Republic, amongst a people of whom the vast majority are Roman Catholic, and where the Roman Catholic Church is supported by the State, submit, from the highest to the lowest, to the terrorism of an anti-religious minority. Thus the President himself did not venture, on the occasion of the inauguration of a statue of Joan of Arc at Rheims, to set his foot inside the cathedral, nor when making an official tour amongst the religious peasantry of Brittany did he dare, however pleasing it would have been to his provincial fellow-citizens, to show himself in church on a Sunday. In so much awe of the criticisms of the Anti-Clerical journals of Paris stands the representative of the French nation! Mr. Bodley supports the testimony of many other observers, in giving a very favourable account of the simple virtues and unostentatious well-doing of the average country clergy. They may be—as indeed their education and their environment make almost inevitable—men with limited horizons, of little intellectual developement; but on the whole they contrast very favourably with their antagonists, the local leaders of freethought;

'the doctor who dreams that the town council may be his stepping-stone to the Chamber of Deputies; the journalist who hopes that the violence of his pen may take him to the provincial capital, or even to Paris. *Their* virtues are theoretical. In the name of Liberty they would emancipate the human spirit from superstition. The local application of the principle involves the removal of the crucifix from the cemetery and the schoolroom, and the prohibition of religious processions in the streets.'

Hardly less strange is modern French practice with regard to the great Republican doctrine of equality. In the early days of the French Revolution, before its course had been stained with the violence and outrage of later years, all ranks and privileges, which raised one man or one class above another, were swept away with the approval of the vast majority of the Assembly and the wildly enthusiastic rejoicings of the French people. No Frenchman thereafter, on pain of loss of civic right, was to take or use the title of duke, prince, marquis, count, or baron. The Revolution did, indeed, make an end, once for all, of the unjust privileges and

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exemptions which in France had hitherto accompanied the possession of rank; but the passion for social rank, for titles of honour, which may enable one citizen of France to look down upon another, was never greater than it is to-day. The Government of the Republic, in State documents and in the official lists of the Legislative Chambers, acknowledges these titles, which for the most part are self-assumed. To an obscure man of means a title is of importance, and enables him to ask for larger dowries for his sons when he arranges their marriages. Hence ranks and titles, abolished in theory, are assumed wholesale in practice with impunity; and indeed, as Mr. Bodley says, the only wonder is that any persons are left of sufficient self-restraint not to endow themselves with these ornamental advantages!

Now, though this very strong and general craving for social rank amongst a people professing the doctrines of the Revolution may provoke the smile of an observer, the real mischief that comes of it is not at first very apparent. If, reasons the ordinary Englishman, every fifth Frenchman of comfortable means chose to call himself a duke or count, and could get his friends to accept his rank, would it greatly signify to any one else? The French noble, whether he derives his title from the old royal line of France, from Napoleon, or, as is far more usual, only from himself, enjoys no privileges whatever. He is, in the eye of the law, but a simple citizen, his rank is decorative only; though, as we have seen, it has a certain commercial value. Here, however, as in so many other instances, Mr. Bodley's experience of French life brings enlightenment to the outside observer. He declares this reckless addition to the ranks of the nobility objectionable on economical as well as social grounds. It adds to the 'loafing' class of the community, while 'it debases the national standard of intelli-'gence.' Public sentiment treats it as a matter of course that 'the aristocracy' should give itself up to the pursuit of pleasure at Paris and in other resorts of Parisians. Young aristocrats are hardly expected to enter the professions, and if one of them, led by an unusual spirit of adventure, travels beyond the borders of European civilisation, so singular is his conduct that he finds himself lauded as a hero. Were the aristocracy 'an exclusive caste, living apart from the 'world, composed of fossilised patricians isolated in the 'pride of their parchments, such as are sometimes found 'in the provinces,' it would matter little; but unluckily 'the exponents of sterile aristocratic pretension are an

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'expanding multitude. . . . Thus the peril to society lies in 'the fact that every year a great section of the population, 'increasing by the operation of the laws of nature and of 'human vanity, is diverted from profitable and praiseworthy 'pursuits to form an idle class, without tradition, ideal, or 'prospects.'

In some respects, whatever the cause, civilisation permeates to lower classes in France than in England. Our author appeals to the evidence of his own eyes to prove how unlike the truth of the general picture are many of the powerful presentations of M. Zola. He regards with still greater distrust the heated descriptions by deputies in Paris of the savage districts by which they are elected.

'No doubt there are regions where the peasants are boorish and their personal habits unattractive; but, on the whole, their civilisation is remarkable. Their stores of household linen, their excellent cooking, the propriety of their attire, though not universal, exist as signs of the force of the French race which resists the disorderliness of its governors. At nightfall the traveller who passes through remote villages sometimes sees through the open cottage door the evening meal neatly laid, with a comfort unknown in middle-class houses in other civilised lands. If he visits a rural mining district, which, from the language of the deputies who represent it, he might believe was peopled by anarchical savages, he will not find a population given to brutal diversion or to intemperance; but if he enters the humble abode of a collier or of an ironworker he may perhaps see him, surrounded by his family, taking his dinner served with accessories only found at the tables of the rich in other countries.'

Whatever may be the shortcomings of French citizens in the present day in realising conceptions of true liberty and equality, still more disastrous is their failure in establishing practical 'fraternity' as one of the three grand features of Republican rule. The Revolution was to break down every barrier of race and nation, no less than every distinction between one French citizen and another. 'Let extreme 'Patriotism,' exclaims Carlyle, 'rejoice, and chiefly Ana-'charsis and Mankind: for now' (June 20, 1790) 'it seems 'to be taken for granted that one Adam is Father of us all.' The 'brotherhood of nations' was one of the great principles of 1789. Its acceptance by the French people cannot be said, in the light of the experience of a century, to have introduced much improvement in their amiability of attitude towards other nations. But here we are concerned with Frenchmen in their own land; and we are afraid that the evidence of a hundred years amply bears out Mr. Bodley's emphatic testimony as to the depth of the divisions, and the

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intensity of hostility, which, more than in any other civilised country of the world, keep fellow-citizens apart. Old antipathies are kept fresh by the violence of an unscrupulous press, by the too frequent prostitution of art to the purpose of embittering party feeling, and by the determination of sections of the public to celebrate past events associated in the minds of large numbers of their countrymen with disaster and disgrace. It certainly seems strange that within the last half-dozen years the municipality of Paris should have erected conspicuous statues to Danton and Marat, and that Frenchmen should select for their chief public holidays anniversaries of days not glorious to the nation as a whole, but recalling the internecine struggles between Frenchmen and Frenchmen. If not British temperament, at least the course of British domestic history has led us to associate our popular rejoicings with days rendered famous by the saving, not by the extinction of British lives.

'There was Royal Oak Day, in honour of the preservation of the not very valuable life of Charles II. at Boscobel, and there was the Fifth of November, which solemnised the escape from Gunpowder Plot of the Houses of Parliament. With regard to the latter festival, however, it may be open to doubt whether in any modern community the deliverance from destruction of its legislative bodies would now be deemed a benefit sufficiently precious to justify its inscription in a ferial calendar.' (Vol. i. p. 211.)

A humorous paragraph, casting, however, some light upon the estimation in which the author at least, though not, we hope, 'modern communities,' holds representative institutions. Across the Irish Channel men, unfortunately, still endeavour to keep green the memories of the Boyne on the one side, and of '98 on the other; but then they, unlike the French, have the excuse, poor enough at this time of day, of national rivalry—of a long war of race and of religion—for not forgiving or forgetting the mutual hatreds and injuries of an earlier age.

The patriotism of the Frenchman shows itself rather in devotion to the land of France than in affection for his own race. It is, perhaps, going too far to ascribe this excessive local attachment—'this unimperial form of patriotism,' which has destroyed the colonising spirit—entirely, or chiefly, to the material results of the Revolution. Doubtless these have had their effects. The distribution of the land amongst a peasant proprietary, and the legal requirements which compel its subdivision on an owner's death amongst his children, have afforded strong reasons for stay-

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ing at home to vast numbers of those very classes which, with us, swarming out from the limits of the United Kingdom, have built up the British Colonial Empire. In our last number we discussed other causes which have contributed to Anglo-Saxon success in spreading Western civilisation over the barbarous and waste places of the earth.* It is almost certain that a race which loves to live in its own land, where, moreover, there is no pressure due to increasing population to urge men abroad, will leave the work of colonisation to others. But the non-increase of the population is itself in part the result of excessive French thrift and caution, encouraged by the operation of the testamentary laws.

'The lapse of several generations has caused such an excessive subdivision of landed property, that peasant proprietors meet the inevitable difficulty by limiting the number of their children. Whence the shrinking birth rate of France, which is a further check in colonial enterprise, and, in the days of universal conscription on the Continent, is a menace to French security in the face of the steady growth of the armed nation beyond the Vosges.'†

In the conduct of their own lives Frenchmen display, beyond other men, a love of thrift, of method, of order. Why are dispositions so marked in the habits of the race, so conspicuously absent from the Government of their choice? As to one legacy of the Revolution, there is at least no dispute. Since the abolition of the Monarchy in 1792 there has been no stable Government in France; and till Government again becomes stable it is impossible to expect the better qualities of Frenchmen to be reflected in their political system. In a sense, the constitution of the Third Republic has shown itself more stable than any—imperial, monarchical, or republican—of the last hundred years. Yet no general sense of permanence attaches to it in the public mind. It has once or twice narrowly escaped shipwreck; and, indeed, in Mr. Bodley's volumes there are many indications that, in his opinion at least, an entirely different *régime* might almost at any moment take its place. The parliamentary Republic, constructed and established by an anti-republican assembly, has lasted for a generation; yet under it 'every President has abdicated, save one, who was 'murdered, and every minister who has retained his port-'folio for a year is a curiosity.' Our author again and again

* 'The Success of the Anglo-Saxons,' 'Edinburgh Review,' January 1898.

† Vol. i. p. 225.

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invites his readers to draw one moral from the contemplation of French politics—viz. that the parliamentary system, call it republican or what you will, is foreign to French nature. It does not suit the French people; whilst in the administrative system founded by Napoleon, and which has ever since endured, 'with its series of stable official hierarchies, 'administrative, ecclesiastical, military, and judicial, we see 'incarnate the spirit of the nation.' Napoleon showed his complete understanding of French wants and of French nature in the machinery which he introduced, but with it the parliamentary system will not work. Napoleon's administrative system survived him, 'fitted with its hierarchies suitable to 'the wants and tastes of the nation, and to it was super-'added the improvised simulacrum of the British Constitu-'tion.' Many and great have been the ills inflicted on France by 'the empirical importation of a flimsy copy of a 'structure slowly built up by a dissimilar people.'

The second and third books of Mr. Bodley's 'France' are descriptive of the existing French Constitution, and explain and comment upon its actual working. M. Thiers, declared by the National Assembly at Bordeaux in 1871, 'Chief of 'the Executive of the French Republic,' was invested six months later by Act of the same body with the title of 'President.' M. Thiers was a member of the Assembly, and used, whilst President, to take part in its debates. Upon his resignation Marshal MacMahon was proclaimed his successor. The monarchical majority, torn by dissensions amongst themselves, were able to effect nothing, contenting themselves with the vain hope that the rule of the new President would prove a short interlude to the restoration of the monarchical system. The Marshal was thus appointed for his seven years' term before the Constitution of 1875, under which France is now governed, came into effect; and so it happened that *his* successor, M. Grévy, became, in 1879, the first President elected by the two chambers according to the provisions of the new Constitution. It is needless to trace the history of the Presidents of the Republic down to the present time. Marshal MacMahon was appointed, it is not too much to say, in order that the republican system might itself come to an end; but the troubles of the Seize Mai of 1877 proved ultimately fatal only to the rule of the Marshal himself. M. Grévy's second term was rendered memorable not only by the disclosure of corruption amongst his own intimate associates, but by General Boulanger's undertaking the Ministry of War, and by the

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commencement of that singular movement which, under M. Grévy and M. Carnot, shook the Republic to its foundations. M. Carnot, it will be remembered, was assassinated in 1894, just before the expiration of his seven years' term, his successor being M. Casimir Périer, the son of an ambassador, and grandson of the Prime Minister of Louis Philippe. For reasons which it is not very easy for an Englishman to understand, M. Casimir Périer, a member of a family of some mark, and descended from eminent ancestors, was popularly regarded as the very type and pattern of French *bourgeoisie*; yet when, after a short experience of greatness, he retired into private life, M. Faure, the present President, a man essentially of the middle and commercial class, was accepted by enthusiastic extremists as a 'man of the 'people.'

The history of France has not accustomed Frenchmen to rulers who do not actually govern. Revolution may follow revolution, the doctrines of equality and of democracy may be shouted again and again, but Frenchmen still like to be governed rather than to govern themselves, still long for a leader who may satisfy the imagination of the popular mind. The men who have filled the first place in the Republic, under the Constitution of 1875, have been respectable citizens, honourably bent upon serving the State. But that is all. 'The day will come,' predicts Mr. Bodley, 'when no power will prevent France from hailing a hero of 'her choice. Whether he will bear a name of a once 'reigning dynasty, or whether he will be a statesman to 'inspire, or a soldier to lead to victory, the next generation 'will know.' It is abundantly clear that as yet no one of the Presidents of the Republic has possessed qualities which have helped to strengthen the existing *régime* in popular affection; but the singularity of the position lies in the fact that nothing probably would be so dangerous to the Constitution as the popularity and power of its head.

In his second volume Mr. Bodley describes and discusses that parliamentary system which he considers fatal to the stability of the present French Constitution. Hitherto he has been treating of France alone, of French characteristics, needs, and aspirations. Now we shall find that much of his reasoning takes a wider sweep, and that questions of second chambers, of plebiscites, of representative institutions, and the advantages of the party system, are discussed on general grounds, as to which it is of course desirable that the practice and experience of other nations should be

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borne in mind. We regret that we have no space to enter into the general discussion suggested by many chapters of this interesting volume.

Under the Constitution of 1875, as we all know, the French Legislature consists of a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The former, originally in part composed of members nominated for life, now rests entirely on an electoral basis. The senators are not less than forty years of age, and are chosen for nine years, in each department, by an electoral college composed of the deputies, the members of the general council, of the members of the councils of the arrondissements, and of delegates chosen by the councils of the communes of towns; and one-third of the Senate retire every three years. It was owing to the fact of the immense preponderance in the electoral colleges of the delegates of the communes, that Gambetta described the Senate as the Great Council of the Communes of France.* The Chamber of Deputies is elected for four years by manhood suffrage, the voting being in single-member districts by secret ballot; and it may be dissolved, though it has not been since the days of Marshal MacMahon, by the President of the Republic with the consent of the Senate.

In describing the Parliamentary system and practice in France, Mr. Bodley points out many great faults. Nevertheless the Constitution of the Chambers in its main outlines would probably answer well enough the purposes of any Anglo-Saxon people, who would proceed to patch and repair it as experience revealed its weak points. We need not, however, concern ourselves with details, for our author takes objection to the Parliamentary Constitution root and branch.

We do not consider that Mr. Bodley, able as his book is, and great as has been his experience of French life and habits of thought, has succeeded in establishing his principal contention. The argument, sometimes express and sometimes implied, amounts to this, that parliamentary institutions—we may even use the wider expression, viz. representative institutions—are unsuited to the French people, that the centralised system of administration created by Napoleon is the real sheet-anchor of order in France, and that the best hope for the future greatness and prosperity of the nation lies in its early return to that personal and

* For a concise and clear account of the French Constitution see that very useful work 'Governments and Parties in Continental Europe,' by A. Lawrence Lowell. London and New York, 1896.

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autocratic government for which the administrative machinery was constructed. Manhood suffrage accepted after 1848, instead of the very limited franchise previously existing, has, Mr. Bodley thinks, been accepted once for all. But this is quite compatible with autocratic rule. Let the autocrat be chosen by plebiscite, and the thing is done! This, practically, is his advice. Democracy is a great fact, and the institution of manhood suffrage recognises and accepts it. The centralised administrative system is another great fact, but it requires an autocrat to work it. In order to produce stable government the facts of the case and the nature of the French people must be taken into account in their political system. The exotic representative principle must be dismissed to its old home across the Channel, for the French are not a parliamentary people. They need a ruler who will strike the imagination and fire the enthusiasm of the people. Indeed 'an emperor as the chief of a republic, far 'from being an anomaly, might under favourable circum-'stances solve the unravelled problem of the century.'

We have followed Mr. Bodley's book with the greatest interest. It is a work which no intelligent man can read without learning much that is useful of the internal politics of France; but for all that we do not like his teaching. 'Wanted, an Emperor!' That is the prescription which an elaborate diagnosis of French political maladies has led him to recommend. It is a prescription, we would remark, which has been tried before. It is true, as Mr. Bodley says—at least in some degree—that the difficulties and dangers which beset peoples are not quite the same as those that beset their ancestors a hundred years ago; yet he sees signs to-day 'that the French nation may need as strong a hand to guide 'it out of the nineteenth century as that of the First Consul 'which brought it thither.' But surely Napoleon led the French nation into a good many things that could hardly be described as prosperity, stability, and order! Frenchmen must have, and will have, 'a hero to worship and a master 'to submit to'—so we are told. The general tone of pessimism, the political corruption, the reckless expenditure, are due to the parliamentary system. When autocracy takes its place France will once more resume its old position in the van of the nations.

The last popular hero who seemed likely to endanger the parliamentary system was General Boulanger. 'It has be-'come a commonplace,' says Mr. Bodley, 'to applaud the 'patriotism of politicians who, aided by circumstances, ridded

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'France of that soldier of fortune, yet no one knows for 'certain that the country would have been worse off had he 'been called to power, and the Government of the Republic 'since his day has not been so perfect as to make it impos- 'sible to conceive a better. Because he was a pitiful ad- 'venturer, it does not of necessity follow that he would have 'been a bad administrator.'* So that even a 'pitiful ad- 'venturer,' enthroned by a plebiscite, is to be preferred, it seems, to any prolongation of the experiment of governing France by Ministers supported by a popular Assembly, itself elected by manhood suffrage. We do not think that many Frenchmen will, in their calmer moments, support this view.

There is much reason for doubting whether the acceptance by the French people of the centralised system of administration is due so much to the genius of Napoleon and the force of his constructive ability as to older and deeper causes. Under Louis XIV. and his successors, the doctrine 'L'état c'est moi' expressed the simple truth. Mr. Bodley has well pointed out that the old French nobility were not an aristocracy themselves, the depositaries of power in the State; but that they owed their importance to the fact that they surrounded the throne, and shone in popular estimation, and, indeed, in their own, solely by its reflected light. It was as servants of the king that they regarded themselves. They were accessories and ornaments of the throne; and when, at last, the monarch lost first his power and then his life, the very basis on which the nobles rested gave way, and all their influence, individual and class, perished with the authority of their king. Nothing is more remarkable in the history of 1792, 1793, and 1794 than the absence of all stand made by leading men in the cause of order in their own country. Emigrés crossed the frontier by tens of thousands, and took up arms with the foreigner to invade France, and re-establish the throne; but, except in one or two remote districts, no efforts were made by Frenchmen to rally Frenchmen in France to re-assert the rule of law and order. Frenchmen had been for generations habituated to an autocratic, absolute, and centralised system of government, which had done its evil work so thoroughly that when the central authority tottered to its fall, no men were found to whom the people could look to lead or guide them. Indeed, a very strong case might be made out for believing that it is the absolutism of the past, and the centralisation of the present, that have prevented and

* Vol. i. p. 312.

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still prevent the growth of local leadership, the rise of responsible men unconnected with government and officialism, to whom their neighbours might look for guidance in troubled times. Mr. Bodley asserts that the dearth of men is due to the parliamentary system, or, rather, to the combination between that baneful importation from across the Channel with the machinery of centralisation recreated by Napoleon. But he has not proved his case. If ever there was a system which seemed fitted to destroy the germs of local popular spirit, it is that very machinery of ubiquitous officialism, worked by a politician or politicians in Paris, which finds so much favour in Mr. Bodley's eyes.

Now, what are the faults charged against the representative system which should make true friends of France desire to substitute for it a Dictatorship founded on a plebiscite? The Parliament is extravagant, it is corrupt, it is broken up into groups, it is without the steadying influence of party, it is not representative of the best qualities of Frenchmen. Members abuse for their own personal advantage the vast patronage placed at their disposal. The Legislature gives its confidence to the Executive, and withholds it, on the most frivolous grounds; and thus no Ministry can be looked upon, or indeed look upon itself, as much more than the passing possessor of place without power. Again, the Press is so violent and scurrilous that men of refined natures prefer to keep aloof from public life. The better, and far the larger, part of the electorate takes no interest whatever in politics, unless, indeed, at times when almost the existence of the nation is at stake, as in the elections which constituted the National Assembly of 1871. Indifferentism pervades the electorate, 'abstention des 'capacités' marks the composition of the Chambers; and in support of every one of these charges Mr. Bodley is able to array a formidable mass of evidence. It may be granted that for a time the installation by plebiscite of 'a popular 'hero' and the suppression of representative institutions, and we presume of a free press, might possibly make life easier for those indifferent persons who 'ne s'occupent pas de politique.' But what prospect does all this afford of real and lasting improvement? To us, at least, nothing seems *less* stable than personal government, where the policy—nay, the very fate—of a nation hangs upon a single life.

Many of the faults alleged against Parliamentaryism in France have existed, and still exist, in more or less degree,

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elsewhere; and, again, many of them appear to be not essential to the system. We are no doubt a 'parliamentary 'people,' and it strikes us as a singular remedy to abolish Parliaments altogether because members of Parliament and electors are very frequently corrupt. Nothing could be worse, indeed, than the delegation of State patronage to irresponsible and self-seeking representatives, and Mr. Bodley, in his instructive chapters on the French Legislative Bodies, points to many other faults and defects which it hardly seems to be beyond the wit of man to repair. No doubt statesmanship is needed, and when we are told there are no statesmen, we ask, in reply, Where is the 'popular 'hero'? Is France really to be advised to begin once more the weary round under another Napoleon? Or to hope for improved administration under the rule of 'a pitiful adven- 'turer' like Boulanger? It is, perhaps, conceivable that a plebiscite might place in power an absolute ruler with no ambition but that of seeking the good of his people, and with wisdom and ability to attain his end; but is this likely, or more likely than that the sound-heartedness of the French people, to which Mr. Bodley testifies, should at last make itself felt through a representative system, faulty and unsatisfactory though it be?

The condition of France is peculiar. Democracy is an accepted fact. Manhood suffrage, according to Mr. Bodley, is the absolutely immutable basis upon which constitutional architects must of necessity build. But, though the democracy asserts its power, it will not take the trouble to rule itself. Popular indifferentism and the grossest political ignorance prevail. Can a democratic system succeed where the people will not take the trouble to interest themselves in politics? We agree with Montesquieu rather than with Mr. Bodley* in thinking that public indifference to the common weal is, in a republic, full of danger to the State. It might be thought, says the latter, that the

'wholesale abstention from the polls of hard-working, self-denying, and often highly civilised members of society, whose political representation sorely needs sanitation, is an evident evil. It would be so in a community which had adopted with the parliamentary system its necessary corollary, the party system; but as things are in France, it is perhaps for the public good that so large a proportion of the population voluntarily refrains from politics. Doubtless if the three million

* Vol. ii. p. 75.

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abstainers were organised into one party, they could control the Chamber; but the only result of driving them to the poll would be to scatter their votes among the candidates representing existing groups.'

So again, when Mr. Bodley discusses the rancorous political strife of the French popular press, he notes with approval the small degree of attention it excites amongst the general public. 'At the end of the century of which 'one of the boasted triumphs is a cheap press, it has to be 'avowed that a most salutary feature of national life in 'France is that a large proportion of the people of all 'classes never read the newspapers.'* Surely it is not mere foolishness to hope that French interest in politics will increase; that a demand for creditable political literature will in time create a supply; and that, as this fatal indifference diminishes, the whole tone of the press will improve. We hope that Mr. Bodley does not contemplate the extinction of a 'cheap press' along with the parliamentary system under the vigorous heel of the coming 'popular hero.'

Two lasting consequences of the violence of the revolutionary period stand out very clearly in the history of France during the last hundred years. First of all, the irreparable mischief done by the complete break with tradition. The extreme difficulty of introducing amongst a people from elsewhere, or of suddenly creating amongst them, systems of government to which they are unaccustomed, is illustrated again and again. The mere fact that a constitution is brand new tells against it in the popular mind, when a day of trial comes, far more than its theoretical—perhaps even its intrinsic—merits tell in its favour. Therefore wise reformers always try to combine with substantial improvements the retention of as much as possible of old form and character, so as to attach to renovated institutions traditional sentiment and respect. Secondly, the almost paralysing terror which takes possession of the orderly classes of the community at the most distant rumour of the possibility of revolution and anarchy. The strength of absolutism in France has been due to the fact that the people saw in the supreme authority of one man the only certain alternative to anarchy. It was this feeling quite as much as love of the name of Napoleon that brought about, and for a time maintained, the Second Empire. Anarchical violence has gone far to unman the orderly section of the French people. They have lost the consciousness of their own strength, and

* Vol. i. p. 215.

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imagine in their panic that to preserve order they must surrender freedom.

It is certainly premature to despair altogether of the Republican parliamentary system of the last seven-and-twenty years. At present it holds the field, and for the present at all events it has no serious competitor. Moreover, it has accomplished some good work, for it has reconstructed and strengthened the army and the national defences, which, after the disasters of 1870 and 1871, naturally appeared to Frenchmen to be the first great duty of their Government; and the army, according to Mr. Bodley, is the one great institution of the country that deserves unrestricted praise. It is something gained when a people learn that they can change their executive government without upsetting their constitution. But the greatest success which the Republic has won, a success which may be expected to tell more and more in its favour as time passes, lies in the new relations that have been established between itself and Rome.

From 1871 to 1892 the Catholic Church, in its political capacity, was 'a vast political agency of the Monarchical 'party.' Perhaps Mr. Bodley may be right in stating that the famous 'Papal Encyclical of 1892 should be looked on 'rather as a signal that the Monarchical opposition to the 'Third Republic was extinct of life, than as a cause of its 'extinction.'* Even so, the change of attitude on the part of the Church is hardly less important; and it must, in a country where so large a proportion of the people is essentially Catholic, weigh heavily in the scale of the Republic. Every circumstance of the present seems to us to indicate that the best hope for France lies not in the overturning, but in the maintenance and improvement, of representative institutions. Whether the head of the State is a President, as under the present Constitution, or a Constitutional Monarch, is of infinitely less importance than the question whether representative institutions are to make way altogether for the rule of a dictator, appointed by the direct vote of manhood suffrage. We are loth to believe that the only permanent result of the great French Revolution has been the establishment in France of an all-pervading bureaucracy, created to carry into effect the will of an Autocrat in Paris.

Mr. Bodley has produced a work of much interest and of real value. Nevertheless, we remain not merely with Mr. Bodley

* Vol. ii. p. 388.

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well-wishers of France, but well-wishers also of the French Parliamentary Republic. It may be that, as the Duc de Broglie said to the late Mr. Henry Reeve, 'l'art de gouverner 'les hommes devient, de jour en jour, plus difficile,'* and that plebiscites may, perhaps, once more be made to play the game of Imperialism; but in such a prospect we can find no hope of either permanence or progress; and we do not believe that that is the direction in which French democracy will ultimately work out its salvation.

* Sir M. E. Grant Duff's 'Notes from a Diary,' Vol. ii.

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